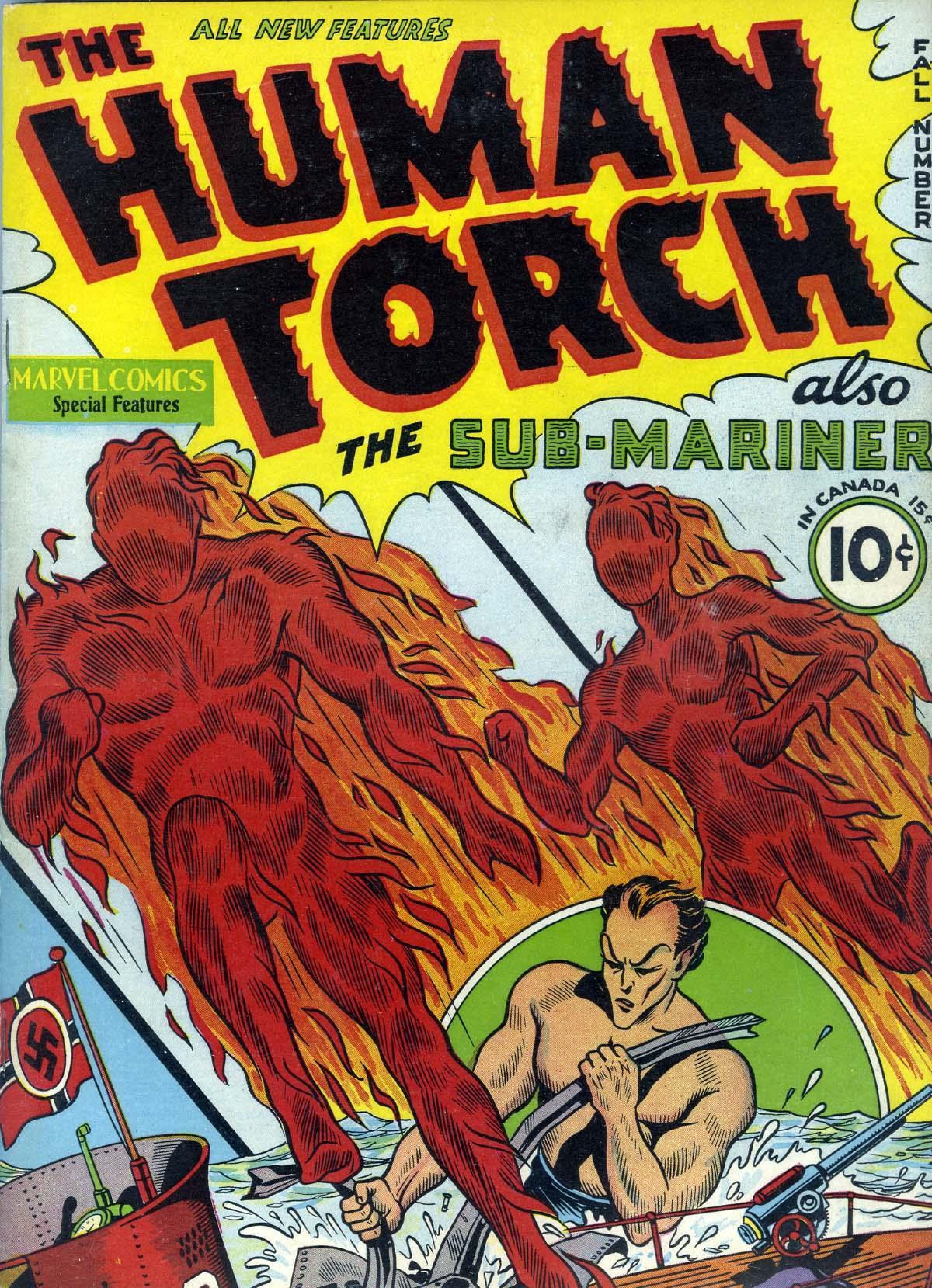
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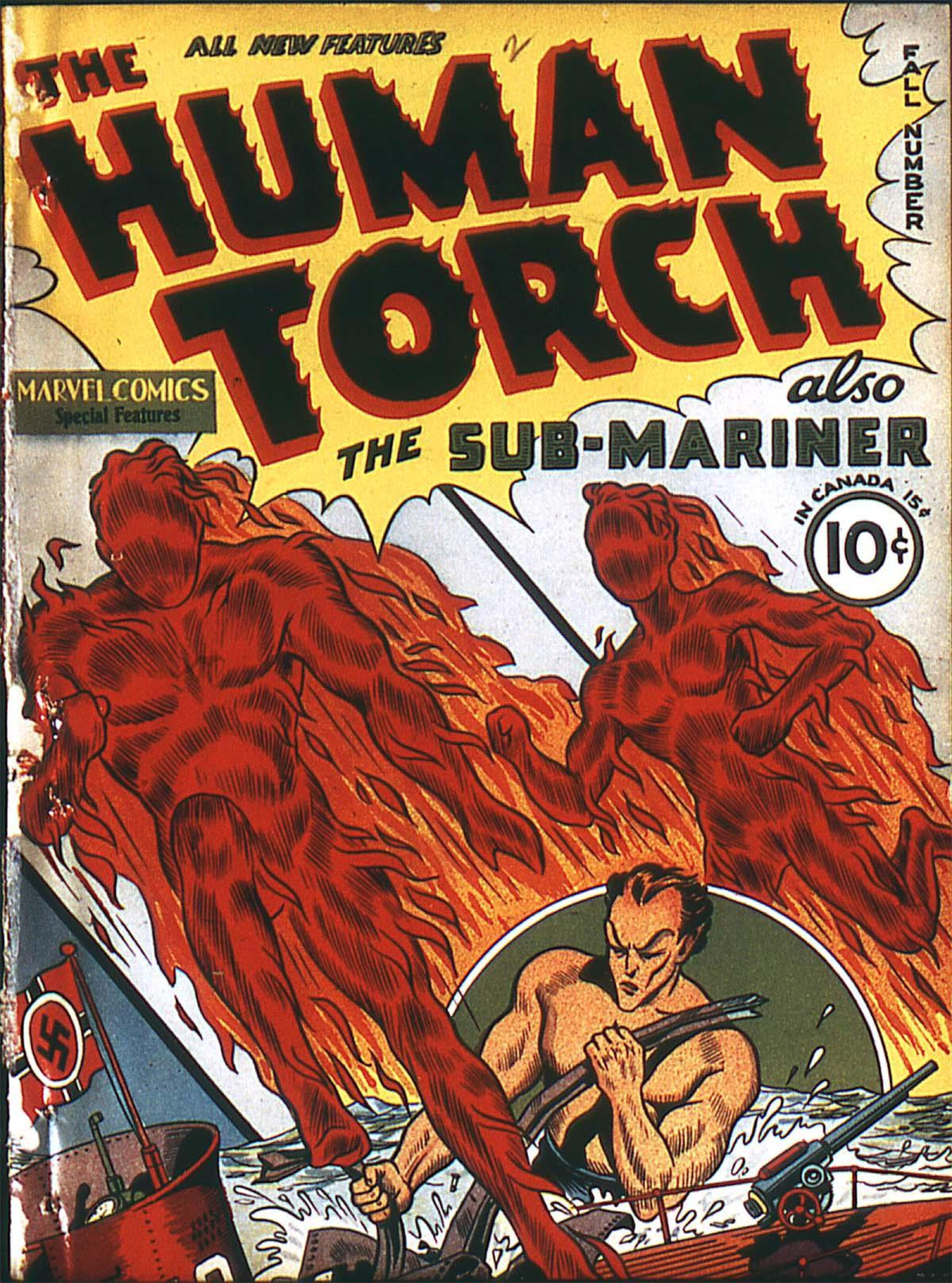
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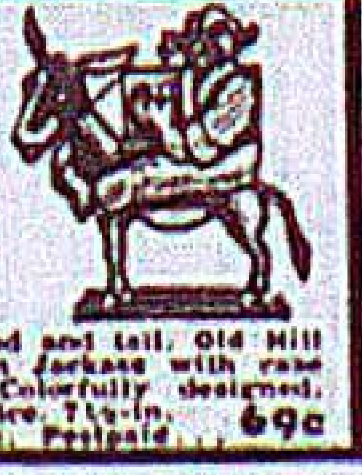

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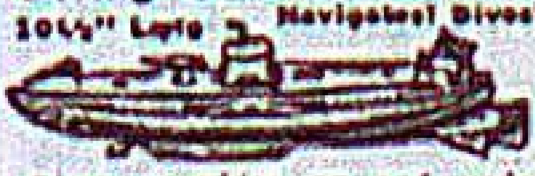

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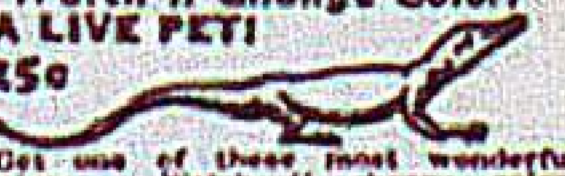

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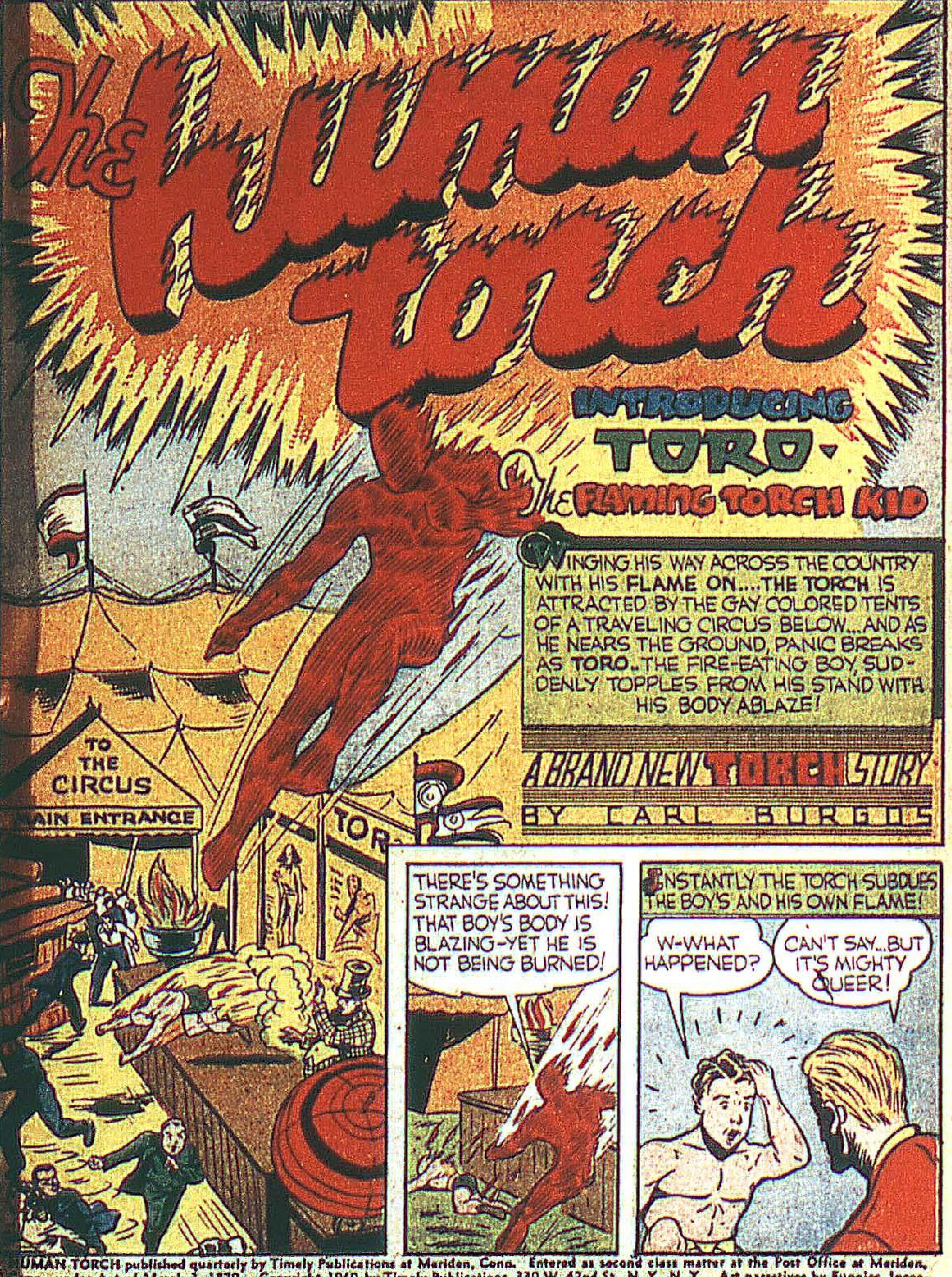
The Human Torch

INTRODUCING TORO – The FLAMING TORCH KID



TO THE CIRCUS
AIN ENTRANCE
TOR

WINGING HIS WAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY WITH HIS **FLAME ON... THE TORCH** IS ATTRACTED BY THE GAY COLORED TENTS OF A TRAVELING CIRCUS BELOW... AND AS HE NEARS THE GROUND, PANIC BREAKS AS **TORO**, THE FIRE-EATING BOY, SUDDENLY TOPPLES FROM HIS STAND WITH HIS BODY ABLAZE!

A BRAND NEW TORCH STORY

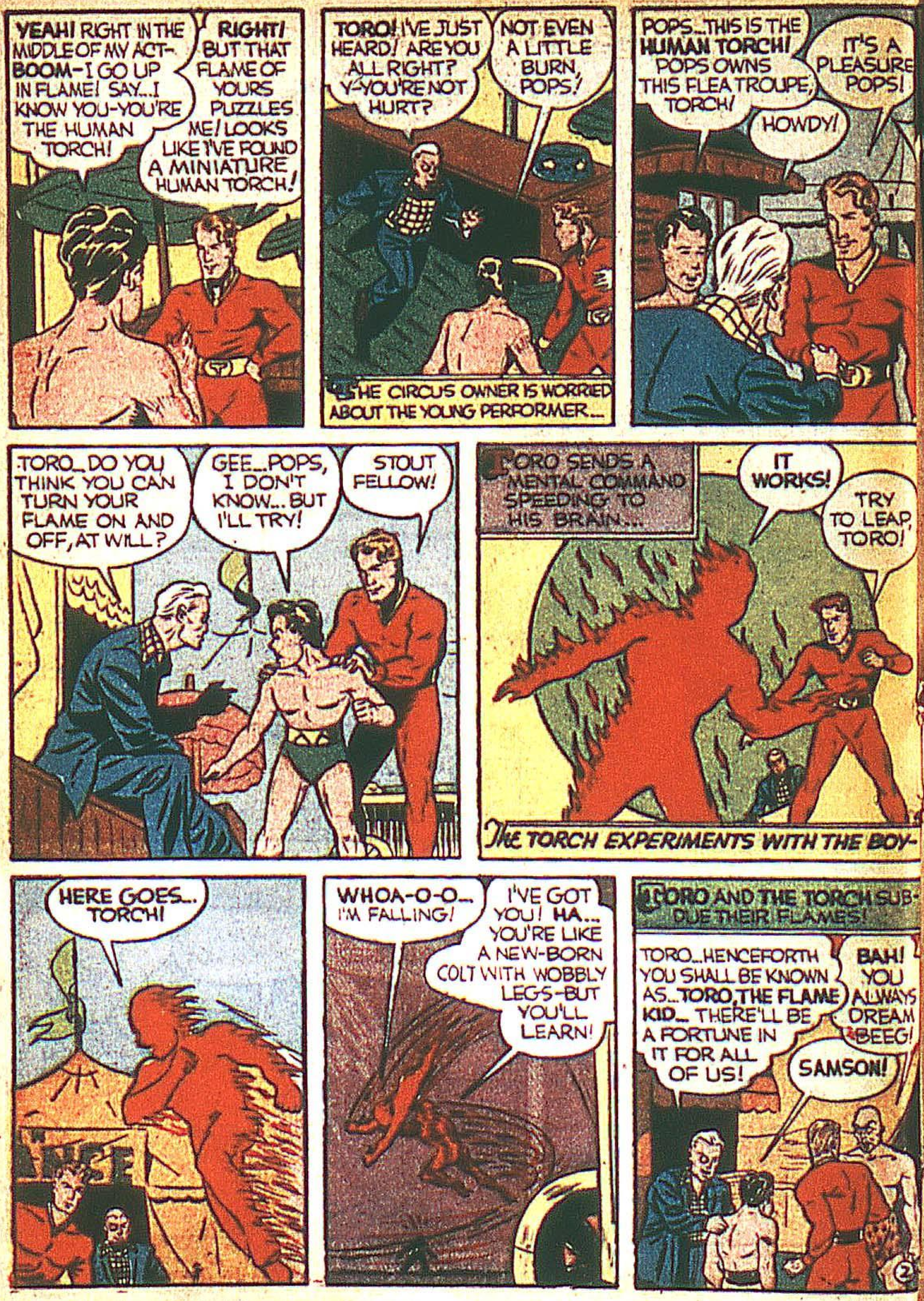
BY CARL BURGOS

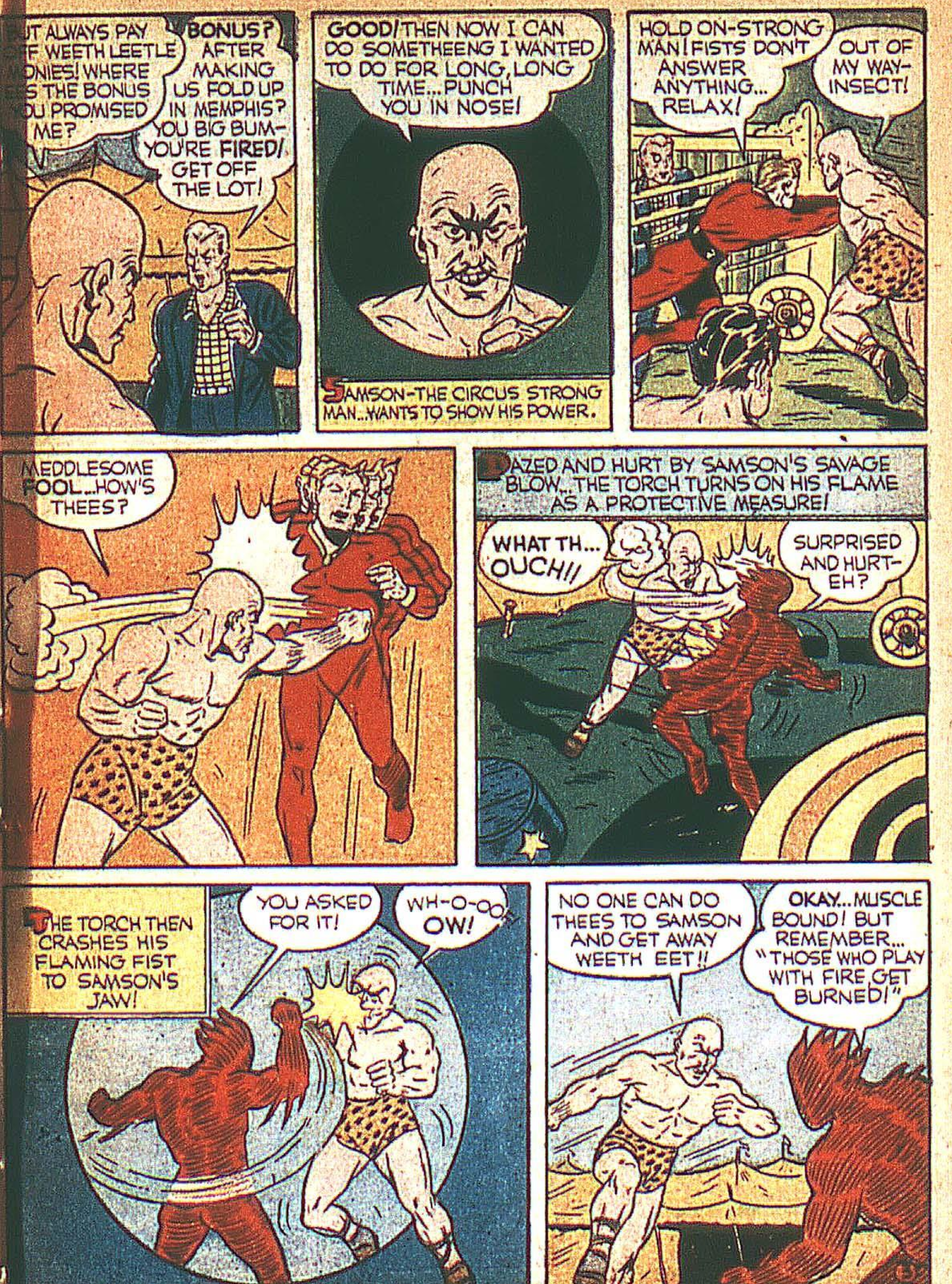
THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS! THAT BOY'S BODY IS BLAZING–YET HE IS NOT BEING BURNED!

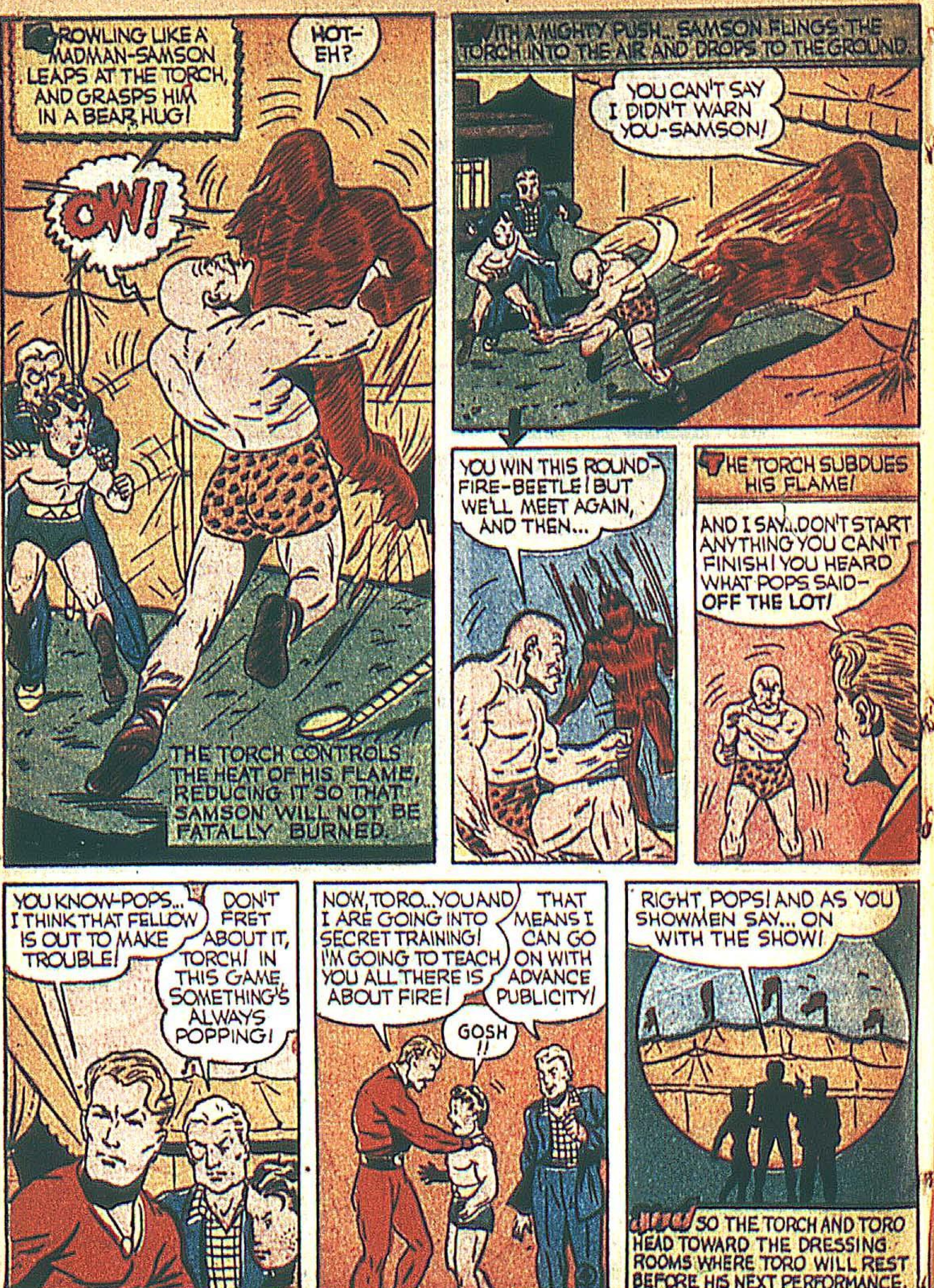
INSTANTLY THE TORCH SUBDUES THE BOY'S AND HIS OWN FLAME!

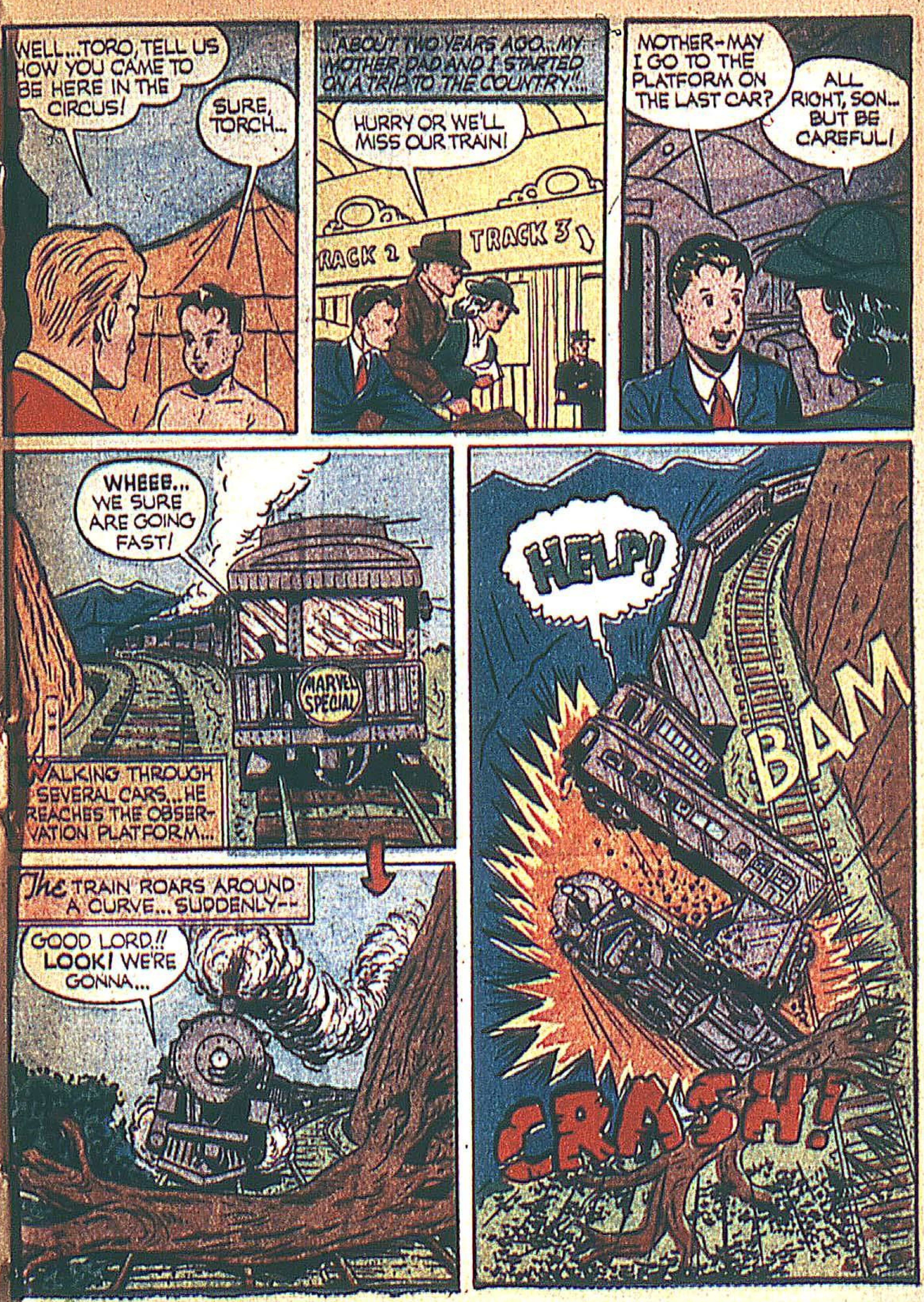
W-WHAT HAPPENED?
CAN'T SAY...BUT IT'S MIGHTY QUEER!

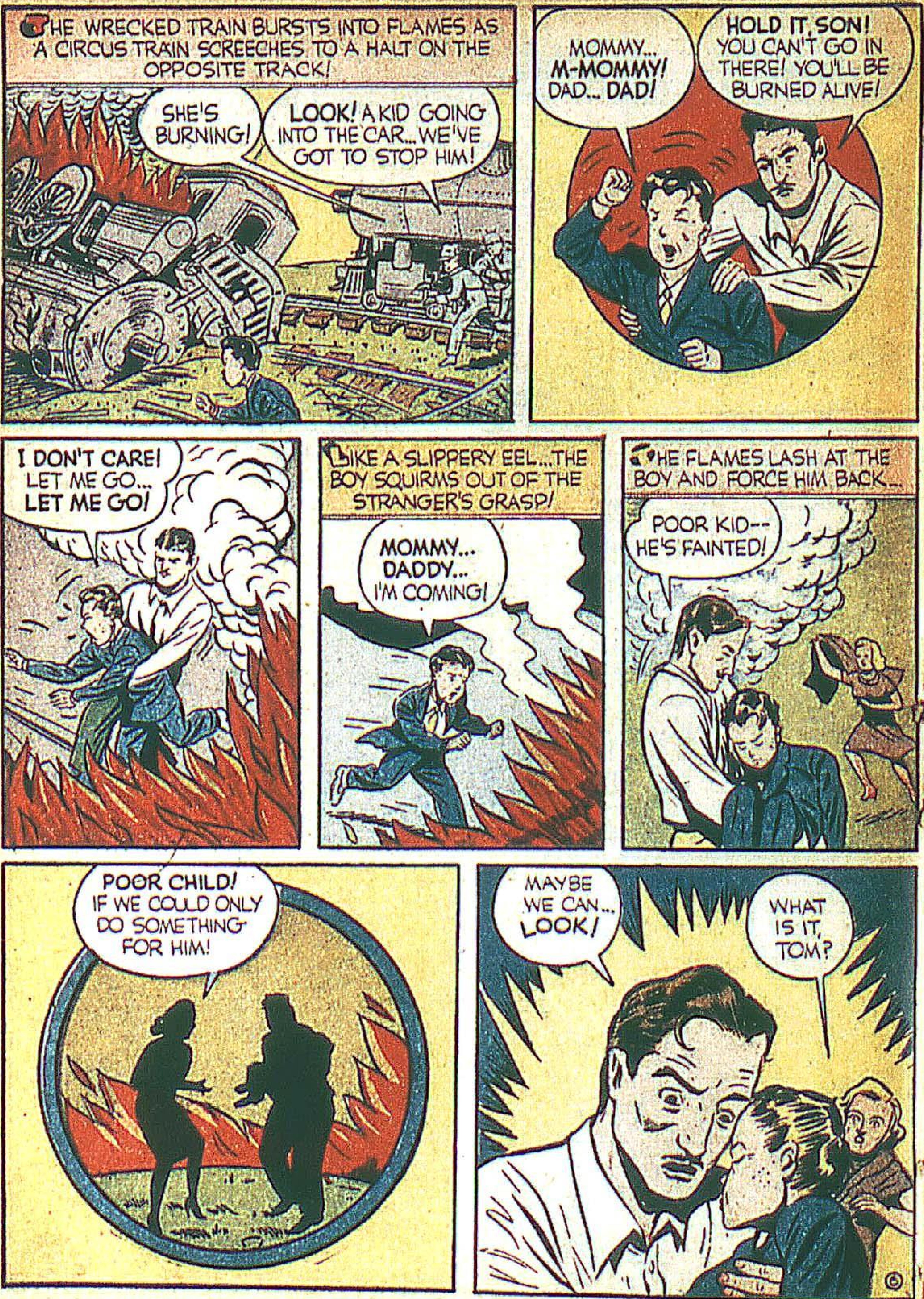
UMAN TORCH published quarterly by Timely Publications at Meriden, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Meriden, onn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1940 by Timely Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. Art narratives by Funnies, Incorporated, N. Y., N. Y. Volume 1, No. 2, Fall issue. Printed in U.S.A. Single copies 10c; in Canada 15c. Yearly subscription $.40.

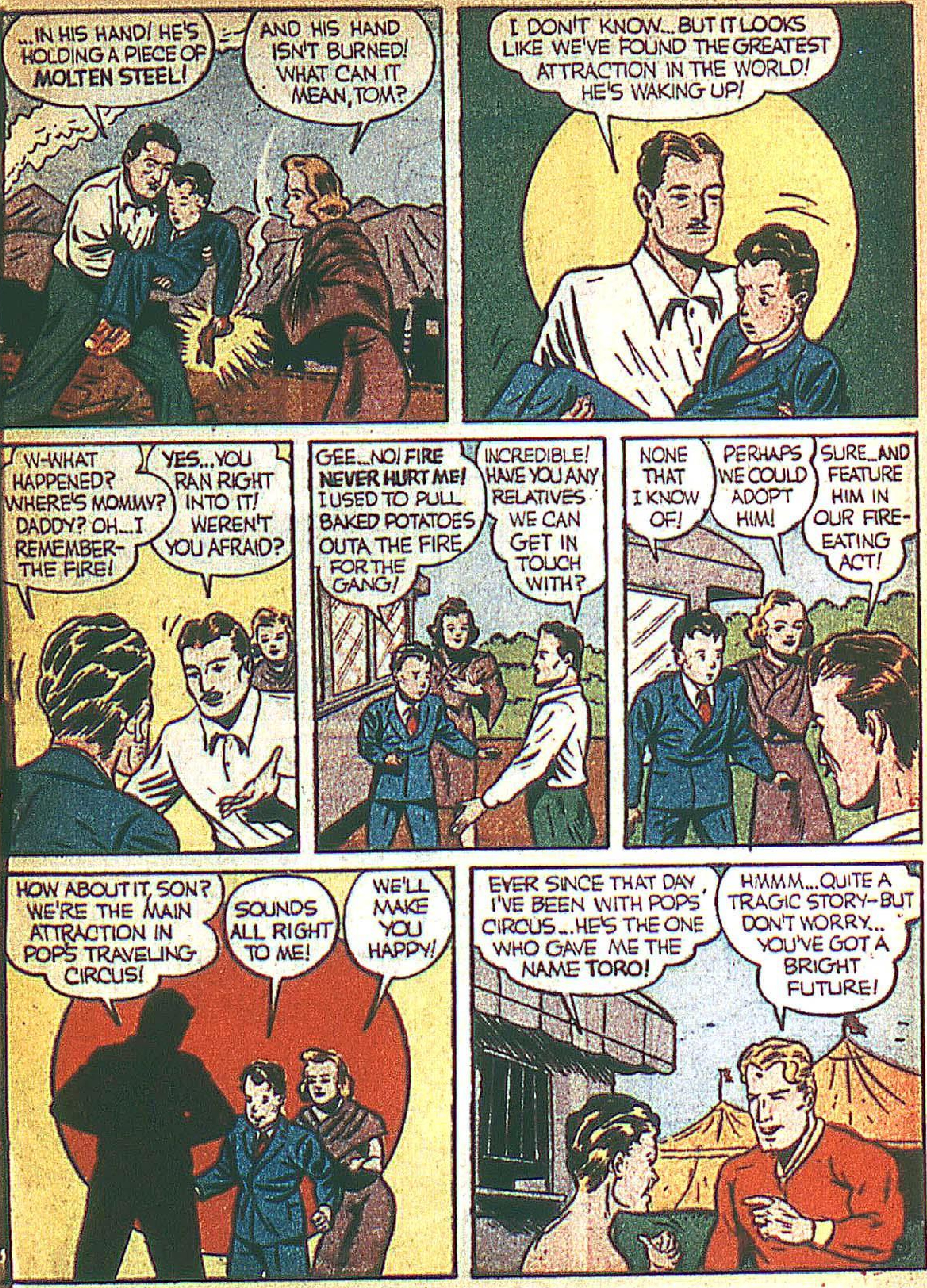

YEAH! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY ACT- BOOM-I GO UP IN FLAME! SAY...I KNOW YOU-YOU'RE THE HUMAN TORCH!
RIGHT! BUT THAT FLAME OF YOURS PUZZLES ME! LOOKS LIKE I'VE FOUND A MINIATURE HUMAN TORCH!
TORO! I'VE JUST HEARD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? Y-YOU'RE NOT HURT?
NOT EVEN A LITTLE BURN, POPS!
THE CIRCUS OWNER IS WORRIED ABOUT THE YOUNG PERFORMER...
POPS...THIS IS THE HUMAN TORCH! POPS OWNS THIS FLEA TROUPE, TORCH!
IT'S A PLEASURE POPS!
HOWDY!
TORO...DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TURN YOUR FLAME ON AND OFF, AT WILL?
GEE...POPS, I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'LL TRY!
STOUT FELLOW!
TORO SENDS A MENTAL COMMAND SPEEDING TO HIS BRAIN...
IT WORKS!
TRY TO LEAP, TORO!
THE TORCH EXPERIMENTS WITH THE BOY-
HERE GOES... TORCH!
WHOA-O-O... I'M FALLING!
I'VE GOT YOU! HA... YOU'RE LIKE A NEW-BORN COLT WITH WOBBLY LEGS-BUT YOU'LL LEARN!
TORO AND THE TORCH SUBDUE THEIR FLAMES!
TORO...HENCEFORTH YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS...TORO, THE FLAME KID... THERE'LL BE A FORTUNE IN IT FOR ALL OF US!
BAH! YOU ALWAYS DREAM BEEG!
SAMSON!

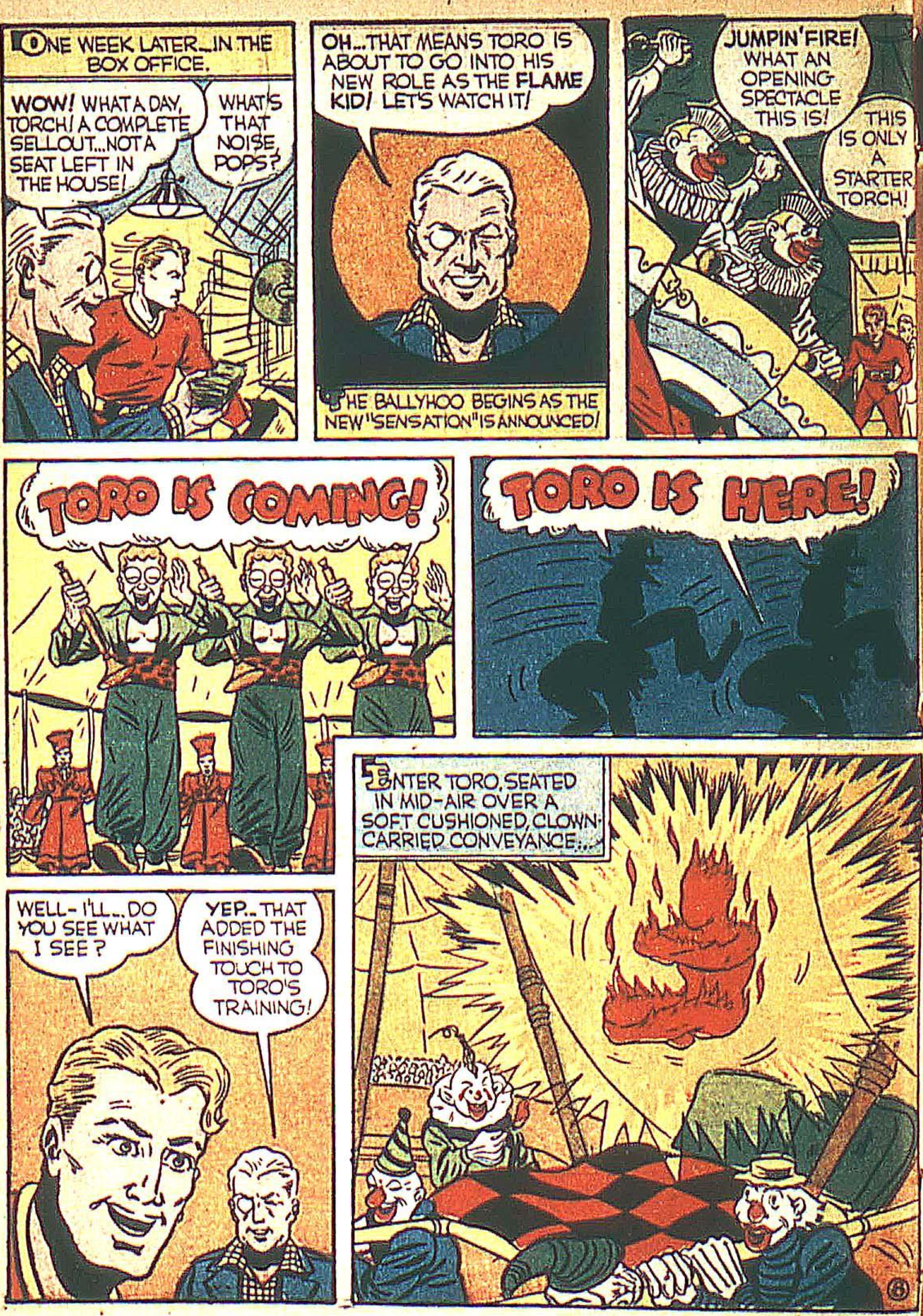

UT ALWAYS PAY FF WEETH LEETLE ONIES! WHERE S THE BONUS OU PROMISED ME?
BONUS? AFTER MAKING US FOLD UP IN MEMPHIS? YOU BIG BUM- YOU'RE FIRED! GET OFF THE LOT!
GOOD! THEN NOW I CAN DO SOMETHEENG I WANTED TO DO FOR LONG, LONG TIME... PUNCH YOU IN NOSE!
SAMSON-THE CIRCUS STRONG MAN...WANTS TO SHOW HIS POWER.
HOLD ON-STRONG MAN! FISTS DON'T ANSWER ANYTHING... RELAX!
OUT OF MY WAY- INSECT!
MEDDLESOME FOOL...HOW'S THEES?
DAZED AND HURT BY SAMSON'S SAVAGE BLOW...THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AS A PROTECTIVE MEASURE!
WHAT TH... OUCH!!
SURPRISED AND HURT- EH?
THE TORCH THEN CRASHES HIS FLAMING FIST TO SAMSON'S JAW!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
WH-O-OO OW!
NO ONE CAN DO THEES TO SAMSON AND GET AWAY WEETH EET!!
OKAY...MUSCLE BOUND! BUT REMEMBER... "THOSE WHO PLAY WITH FIRE GET BURNED!"

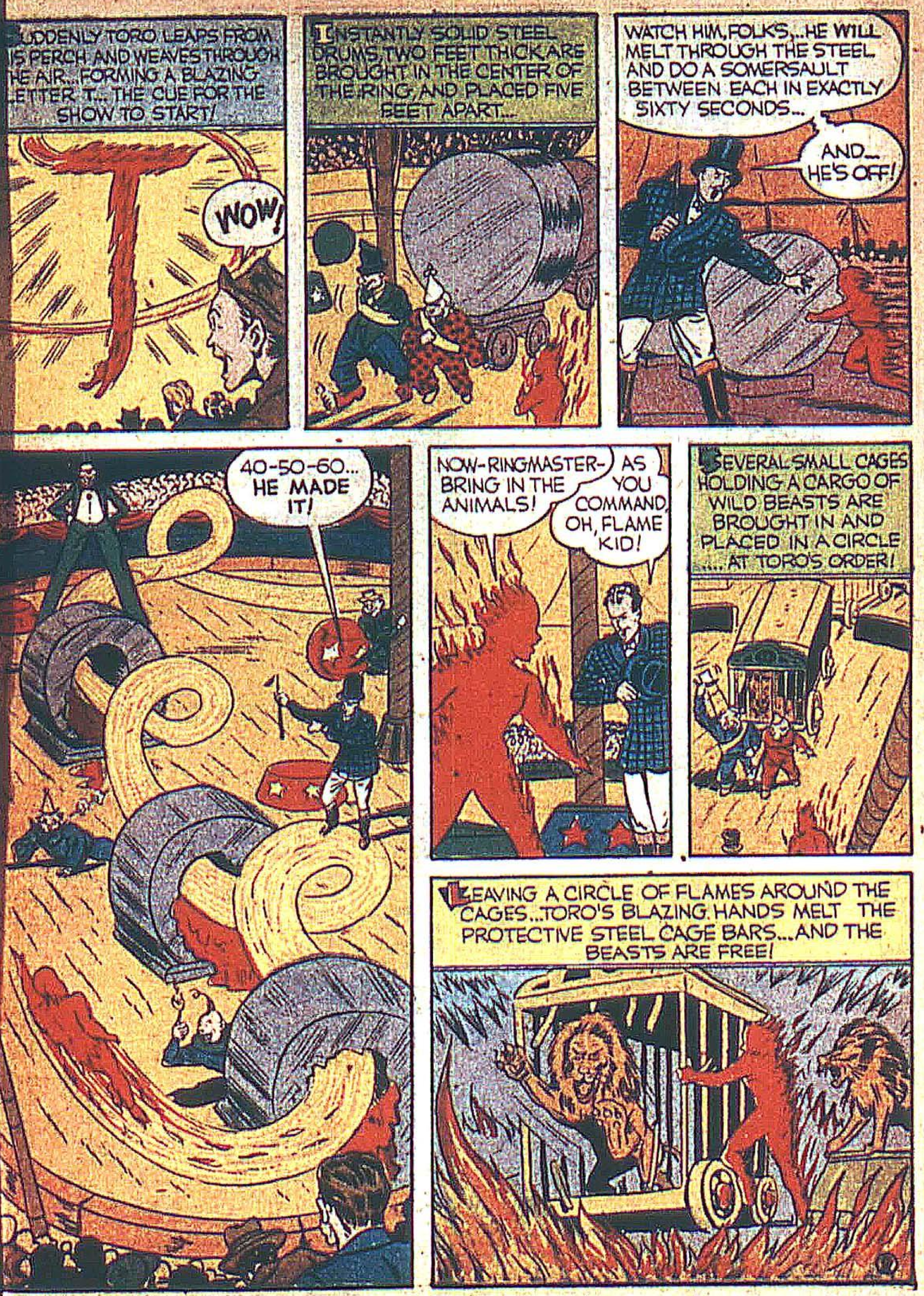

GROWLING LIKE A MADMAN-SAMSON LEAPS AT THE TORCH, AND GRASPS HIM IN A BEAR HUG!
HOT-EH?
OW!
THE TORCH CONTROLS THE HEAT OF HIS FLAME, REDUCING IT SO THAT SAMSON WILL NOT BE FATALLY BURNED.
WITH A MIGHTY PUSH... SAMSON FLINGS THE TORCH INTO THE AIR AND DROPS TO THE GROUND.
YOU CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU-SAMSON!
YOU WIN THIS ROUND-FIRE-BEETLE! BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN, AND THEN...
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME!
AND I SAY...DON'T START ANYTHING YOU CAN'T FINISH! YOU HEARD WHAT POPS SAID-**OFF THE LOT!**
YOU KNOW-POPS... I THINK THAT FELLOW IS OUT TO MAKE TROUBLE!
DON'T FRET ABOUT IT, TORCH! IN THIS GAME, SOMETHING'S ALWAYS POPPING!
NOW, TORO...YOU AND I ARE GOING INTO SECRET TRAINING! I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU ALL THERE IS ABOUT FIRE!
THAT MEANS I CAN GO ON WITH ADVANCE PUBLICITY!
GOSH!!
RIGHT, POPS! AND AS YOU SHOWMEN SAY... ON WITH THE SHOW!
SO THE TORCH AND TORO HEAD TOWARD THE DRESSING ROOMS WHERE TORO WILL REST BEFORE HIS NEXT PERFORMANCE.

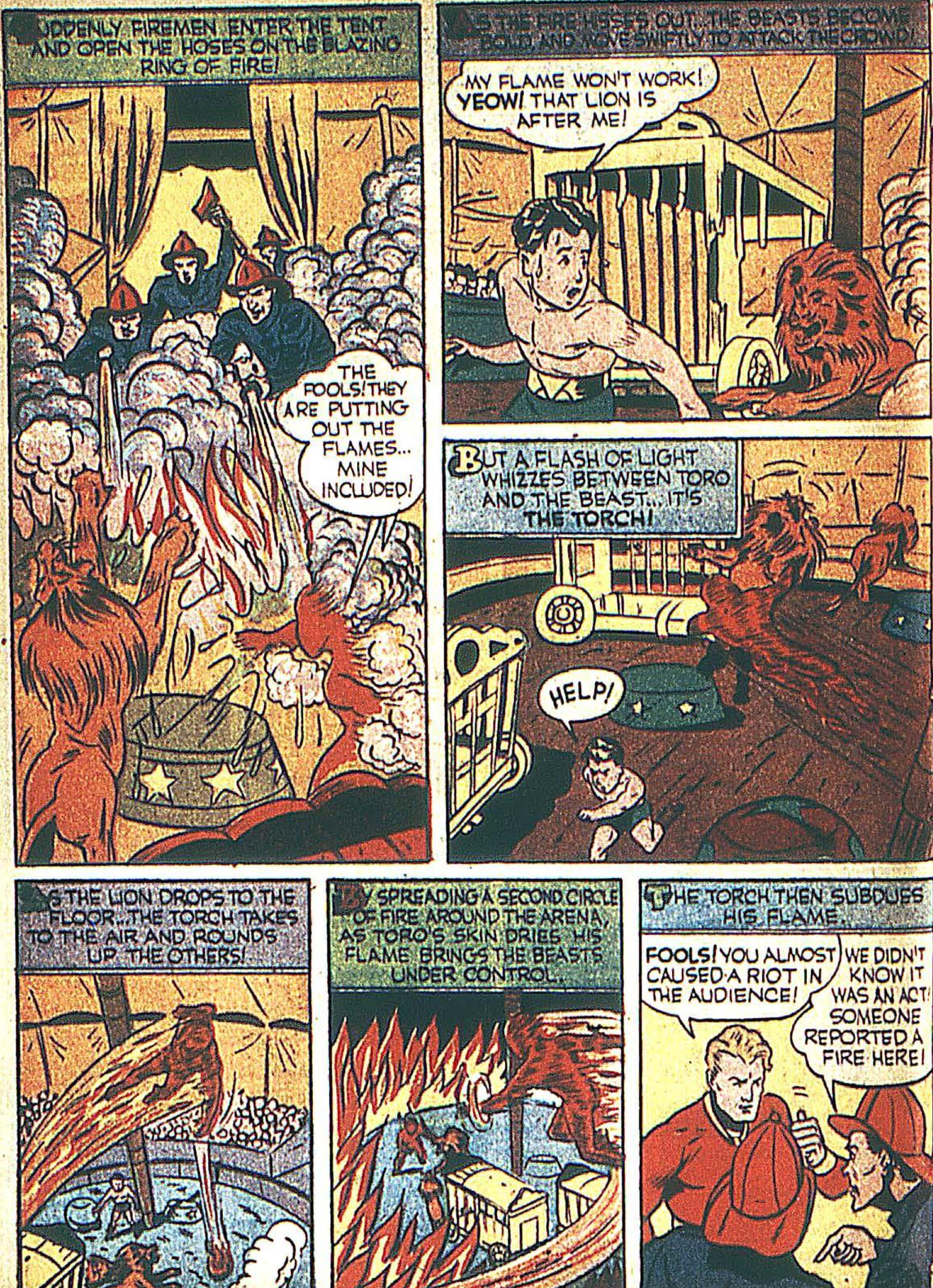

WELL...TORO, TELL US HOW YOU CAME TO BE HERE IN THE CIRCUS!
SURE, TORCH...
..ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO...MY MOTHER, DAD AND I STARTED ON A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY"...
HURRY OR WE'LL MISS OUR TRAIN!
TRACK 2
TRACK 3
MOTHER--MAY I GO TO THE PLATFORM ON THE LAST CAR?
ALL RIGHT, SON... BUT BE CAREFUL!
WHEEE... WE SURE ARE GOING FAST!
MARVEL SPECIAL
WALKING THROUGH SEVERAL CARS...HE REACHES THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM...
The TRAIN ROARS AROUND A CURVE... SUDDENLY--
GOOD LORD!! LOOK! WE'RE GONNA...
HELP!
BAM
CRASH!

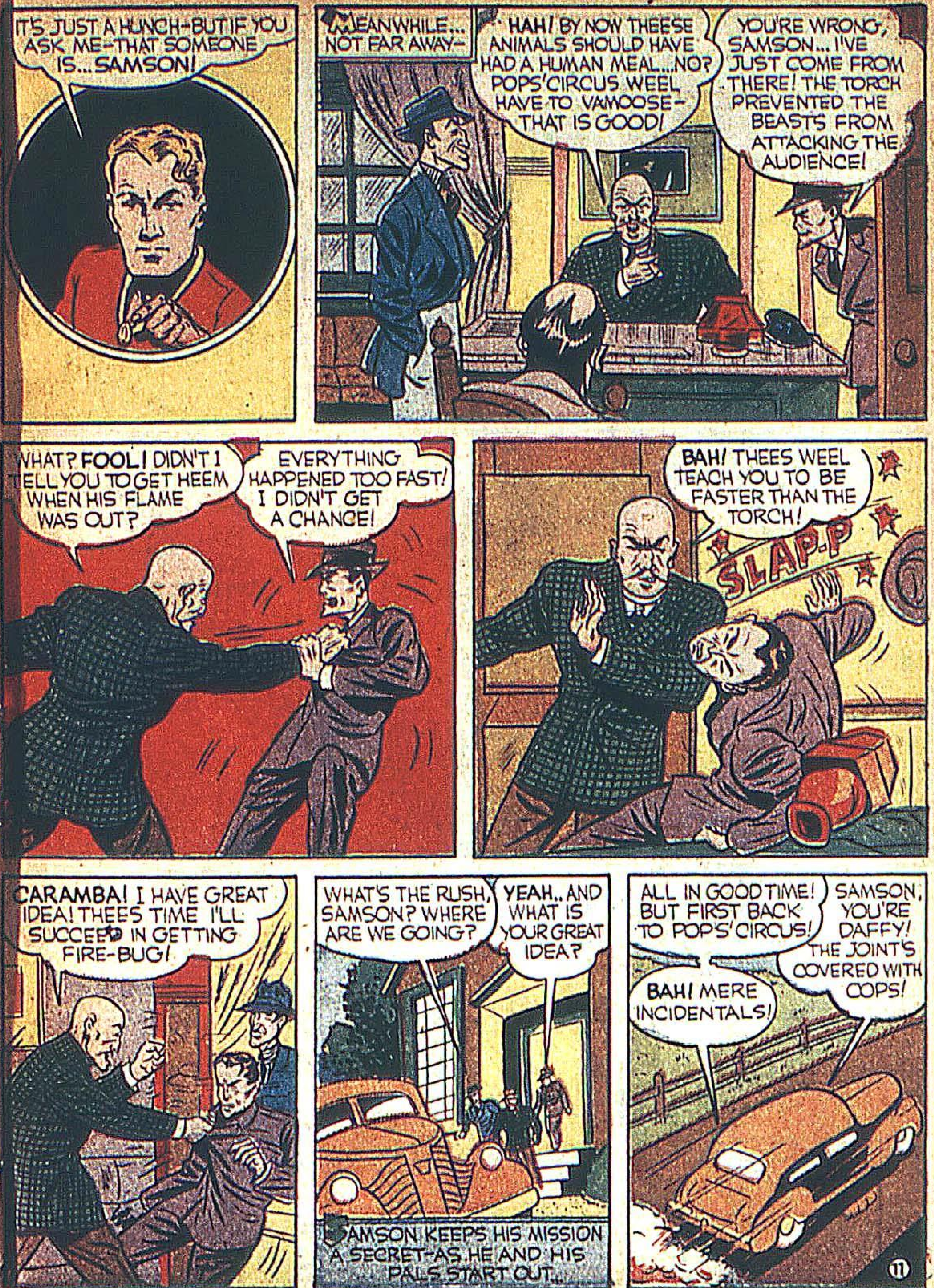

THE WRECKED TRAIN BURSTS INTO FLAMES AS A CIRCUS TRAIN SCREECHES TO A HALT ON THE OPPOSITE TRACK!
SHE'S BURNING!
LOOK! A KID GOING INTO THE CAR...WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
MOMMY... M-MOMMY! DAD... DAD!
HOLD IT, SON! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! YOU'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!
I DON'T CARE! LET ME GO... LET ME GO!
LIKE A SLIPPERY EEL...THE BOY SQUIRMS OUT OF THE STRANGER'S GRASP!
MOMMY... DADDY... I'M COMING!
THE FLAMES LASH AT THE BOY AND FORCE HIM BACK...
POOR KID-- HE'S FAINTED!
POOR CHILD! IF WE COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING FOR HIM!
MAYBE WE CAN... LOOK!
WHAT IS IT, TOM?
6

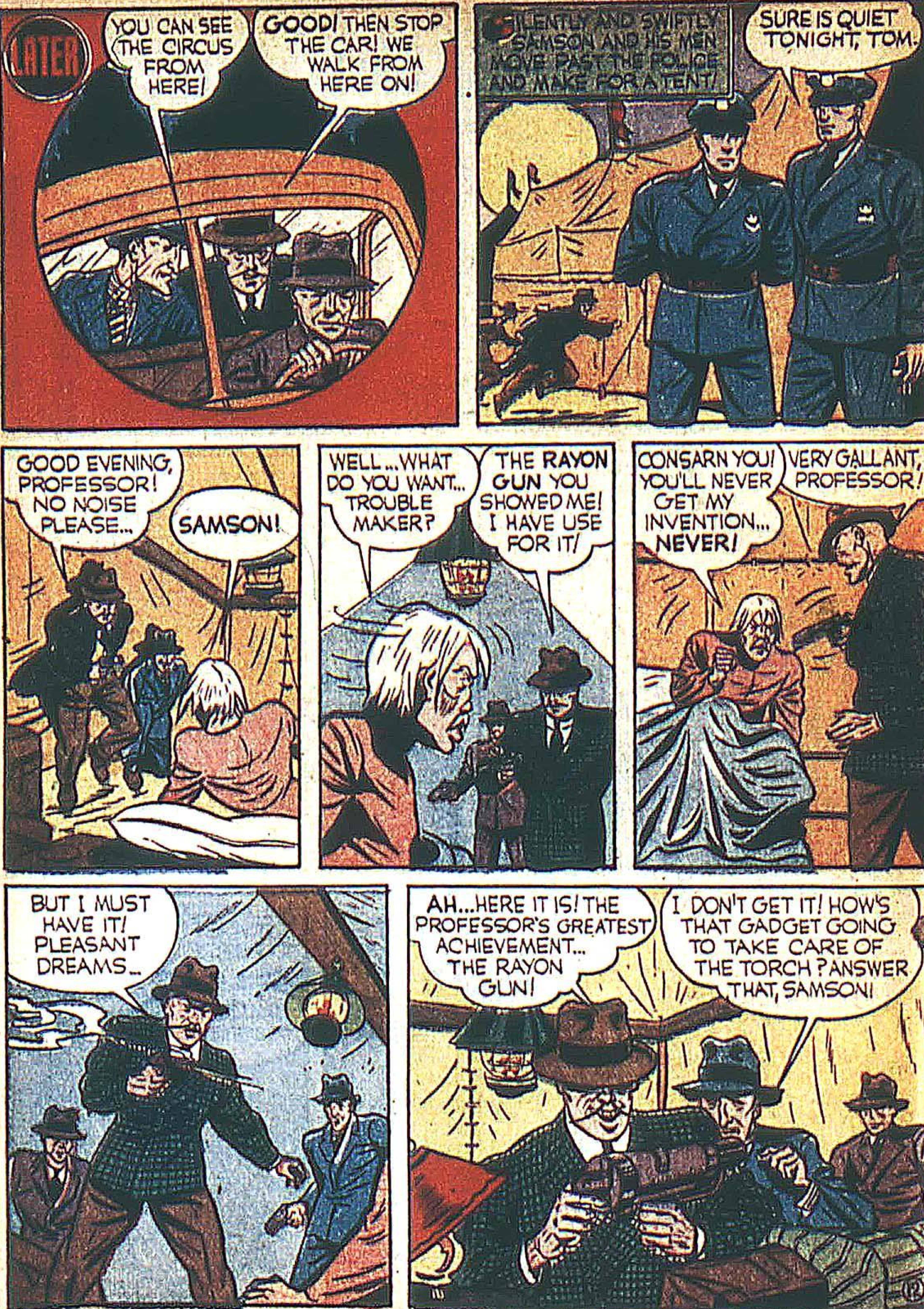

...IN HIS HAND! HE'S HOLDING A PIECE OF **MOLTEN STEEL!**
AND HIS HAND ISN'T BURNED! WHAT CAN IT MEAN, TOM?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND THE GREATEST ATTRACTION IN THE WORLD! HE'S WAKING UP!
W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S MOMMY? DADDY? OH...I REMEMBER- THE FIRE!
YES...YOU RAN RIGHT INTO IT! WEREN'T YOU AFRAID?
GEE...NO! **FIRE NEVER HURT ME!** I USED TO PULL BAKED POTATOES OUTA THE FIRE FOR THE GANG!
INCREDIBLE! HAVE YOU ANY RELATIVES WE CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH?
NONE THAT I KNOW OF!
PERHAPS WE COULD ADOPT HIM!
SURE...AND FEATURE HIM IN OUR FIRE-EATING ACT!
HOW ABOUT IT, SON? WE'RE THE MAIN ATTRACTION IN POP'S TRAVELING CIRCUS!
SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO ME!
WE'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY!
EVER SINCE THAT DAY I'VE BEEN WITH POPS' CIRCUS...HE'S THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THE NAME **TORO!**
HMMM...QUITE A TRAGIC STORY-BUT DON'T WORRY... YOU'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE!

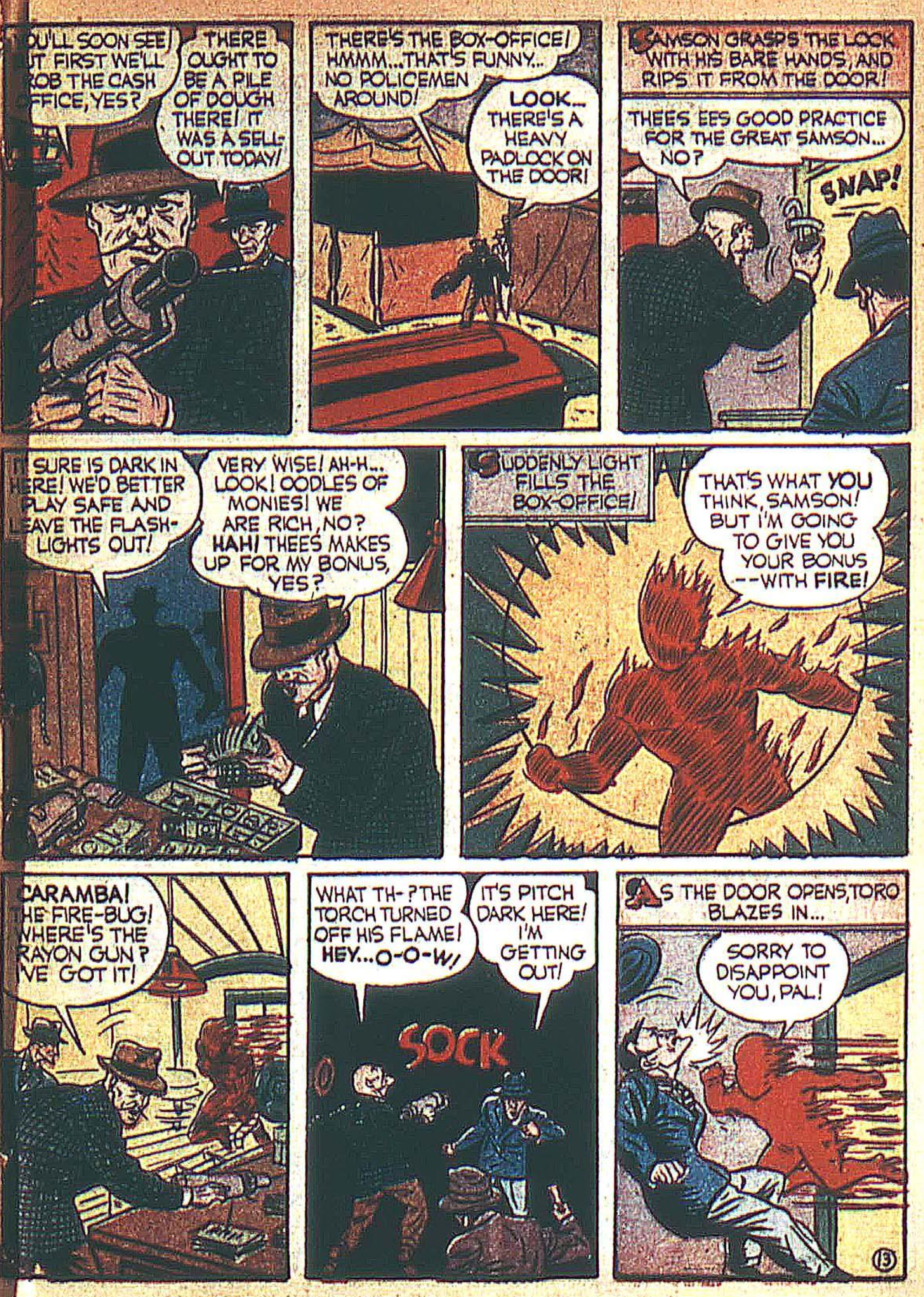

ONE WEEK LATER...IN THE BOX OFFICE.
WOW! WHAT A DAY, TORCH! A COMPLETE SELLOUT...NOT A SEAT LEFT IN THE HOUSE!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE, POPS?
OH...THAT MEANS TORO IS ABOUT TO GO INTO HIS NEW ROLE AS THE FLAME KID! LET'S WATCH IT!
THE BALLYHOO BEGINS AS THE NEW "SENSATION" IS ANNOUNCED!
JUMPIN' FIRE! WHAT AN OPENING SPECTACLE THIS IS!
THIS IS ONLY A STARTER TORCH!
TORO IS COMING!
TORO IS HERE!
WELL- I'LL...DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YEP...THAT ADDED THE FINISHING TOUCH TO TORO'S TRAINING!
ENTER TORO, SEATED IN MID-AIR OVER A SOFT CUSHIONED, CLOWN-CARRIED CONVEYANCE...

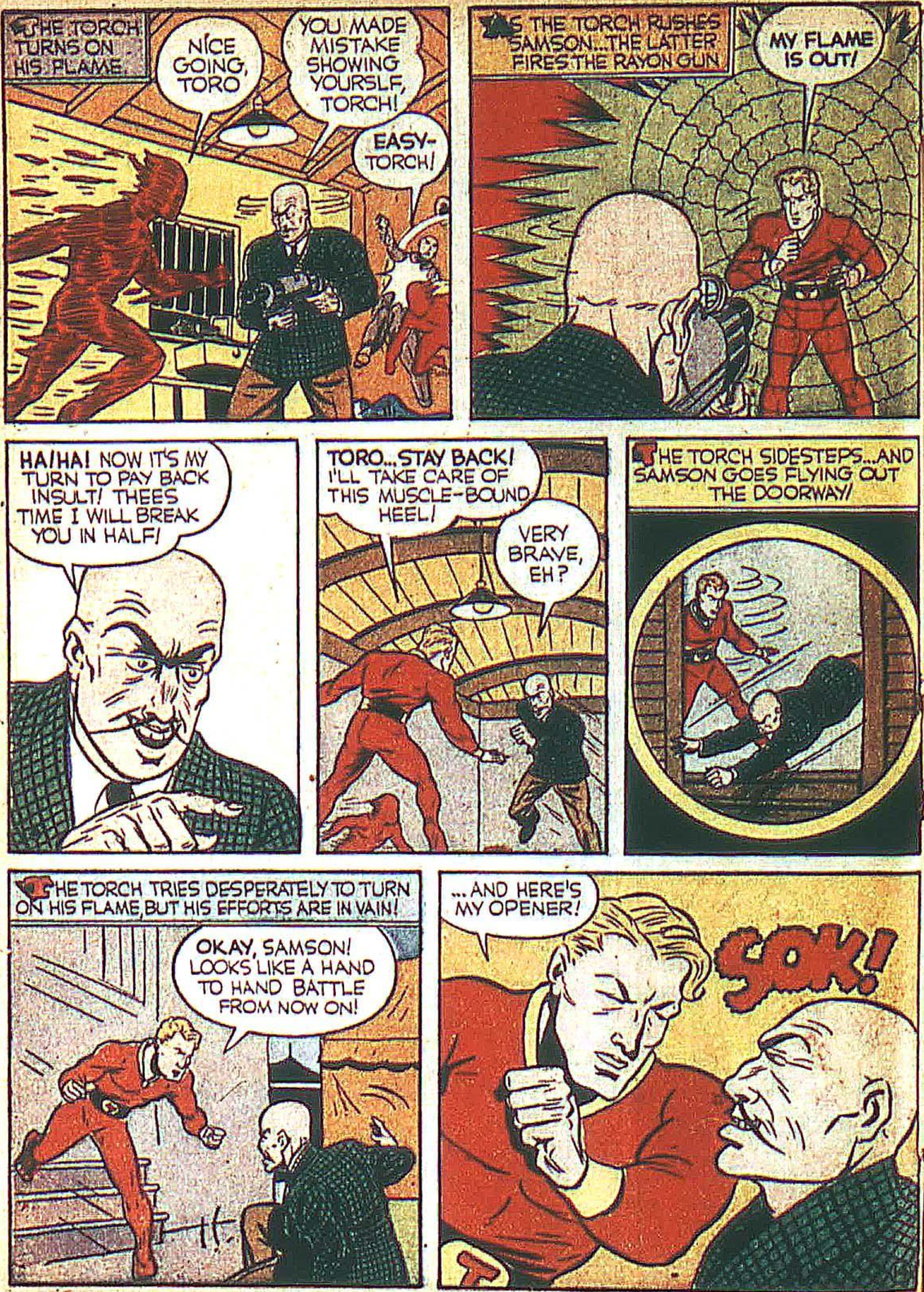

UDDENLY TORO LEAPS FROM IS PERCH AND WEAVES THROUGH HE AIR... FORMING A BLAZING LETTER T... THE CUE FOR THE SHOW TO START!
WOW!
INSTANTLY SOLID STEEL DRUMS, TWO FEET THICK ARE BROUGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, AND PLACED FIVE FEET APART...
WATCH HIM, FOLKS... HE WILL MELT THROUGH THE STEEL AND DO A SOMERSAULT BETWEEN EACH IN EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS...
AND... HE'S OFF!
40-50-60... HE MADE IT!
NOW-RINGMASTER-BRING IN THE ANIMALS!
AS YOU COMMAND, OH, FLAME KID!
SEVERAL SMALL CAGES HOLDING A CARGO OF WILD BEASTS ARE BROUGHT IN AND PLACED IN A CIRCLE ... AT TORO'S ORDER!
LEAVING A CIRCLE OF FLAMES AROUND THE CAGES... TORO'S BLAZING HANDS MELT THE PROTECTIVE STEEL CAGE BARS... AND THE BEASTS ARE FREE!

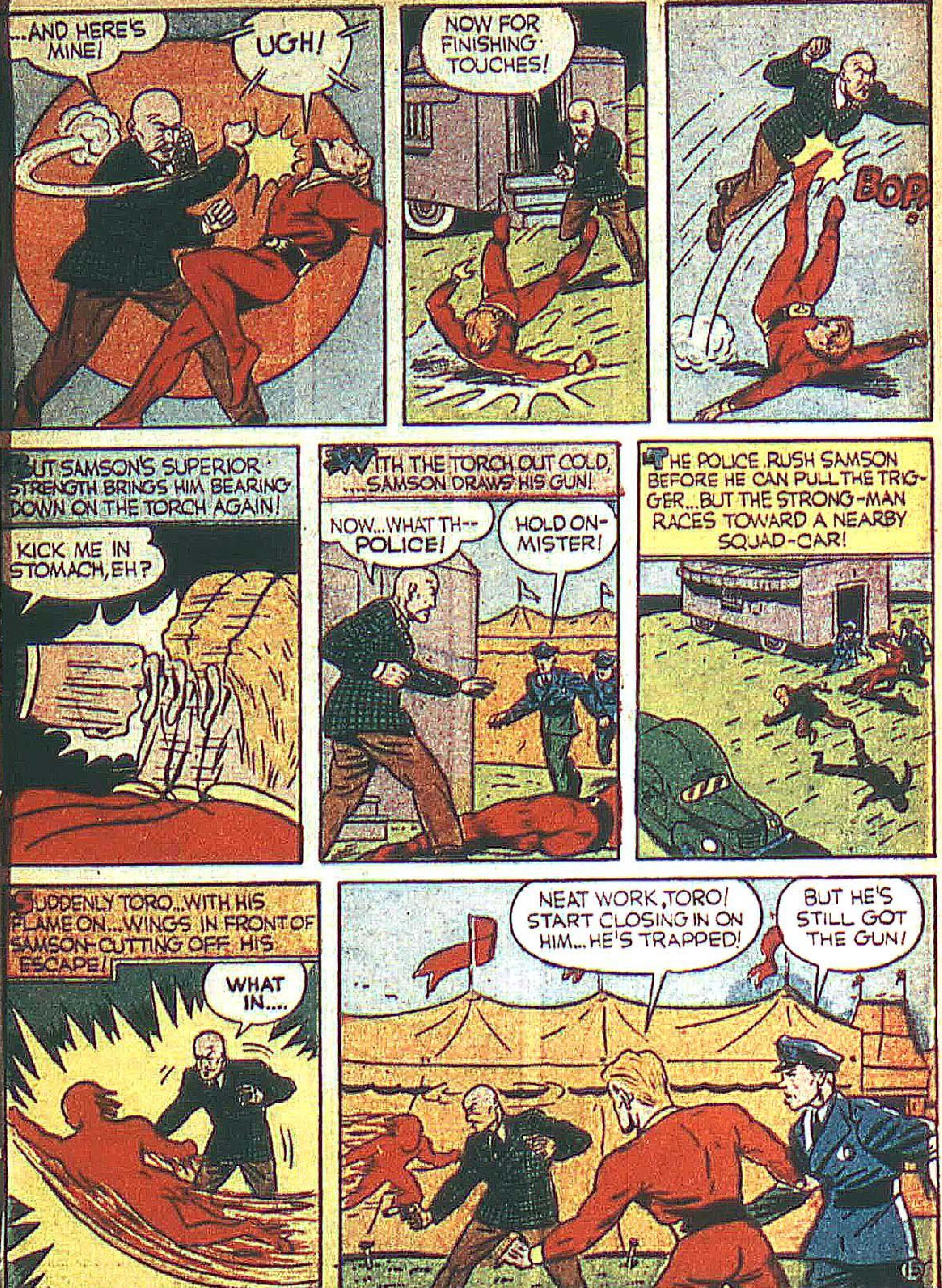

SUDDENLY FIREMEN ENTER THE TENT AND OPEN THE HOSES ON THE BLAZING RING OF FIRE!
THE FOOLS! THEY ARE PUTTING OUT THE FLAMES... MINE INCLUDED!
AS THE FIRE HISSES OUT, THE BEASTS BECOME BOLD AND MOVE SWIFTLY TO ATTACK THE CROWD!
MY FLAME WON'T WORK! YEOW! THAT LION IS AFTER ME!
BUT A FLASH OF LIGHT WHIZZES BETWEEN TORO AND THE BEAST... IT'S THE TORCH!
HELP!
AS THE LION DROPS TO THE FLOOR...THE TORCH TAKES TO THE AIR AND ROUNDS UP THE OTHERS!
BY SPREADING A SECOND CIRCLE OF FIRE AROUND THE ARENA, AS TORO'S SKIN DRIES HIS FLAME BRINGS THE BEASTS UNDER CONTROL.
THE TORCH THEN SUBDUES HIS FLAME.
FOOLS! YOU ALMOST CAUSED A RIOT IN THE AUDIENCE!
WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS AN ACT! SOMEONE REPORTED A FIRE HERE!

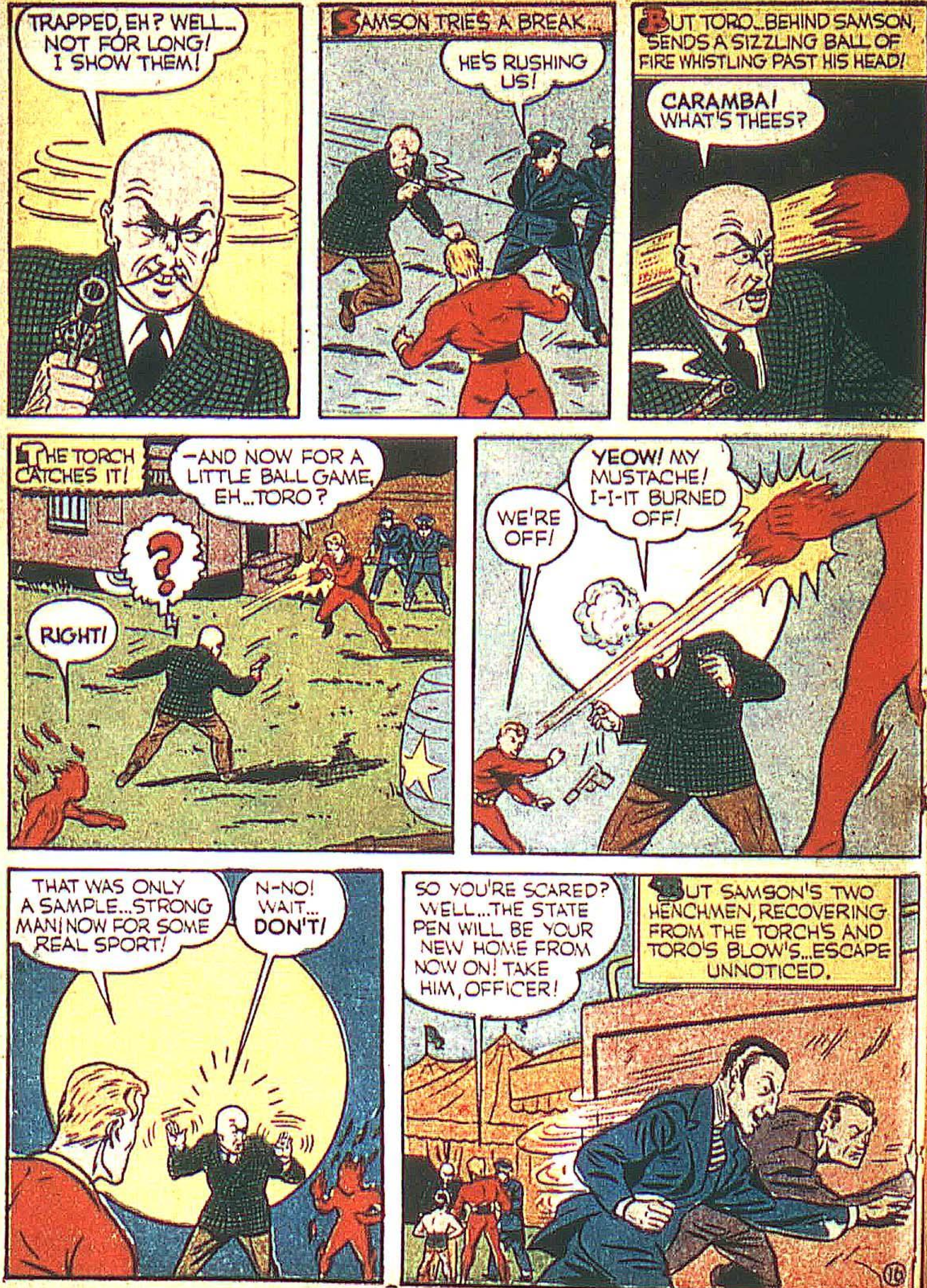

IT'S JUST A HUNCH–BUT IF YOU ASK ME–THAT SOMEONE IS... SAMSON!
MEANWHILE... NOT FAR AWAY–
HAH! BY NOW THEESE ANIMALS SHOULD HAVE HAD A HUMAN MEAL... NO? POPS' CIRCUS WEEL HAVE TO VAMOOSE– THAT IS GOOD!
YOU'RE WRONG, SAMSON... I'VE JUST COME FROM THERE! THE TORCH PREVENTED THE BEASTS FROM ATTACKING THE AUDIENCE!
WHAT? FOOL! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GET HEEM WHEN HIS FLAME WAS OUT?
EVERYTHING HAPPENED TOO FAST! I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE!
BAH! THEES WEEL TEACH YOU TO BE FASTER THAN THE TORCH!
SLAP-P
CARAMBA! I HAVE GREAT IDEA! THEES TIME I'LL SUCCEED IN GETTING FIRE-BUG!
WHAT'S THE RUSH, SAMSON? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
YEAH.. AND WHAT IS YOUR GREAT IDEA?
SAMSON KEEPS HIS MISSION A SECRET–AS HE AND HIS PALS START OUT...
ALL IN GOOD TIME! BUT FIRST BACK TO POP'S' CIRCUS!
SAMSON, YOU'RE DAFFY! THE JOINT'S COVERED WITH COPS!
BAH! MERE INCIDENTALS!

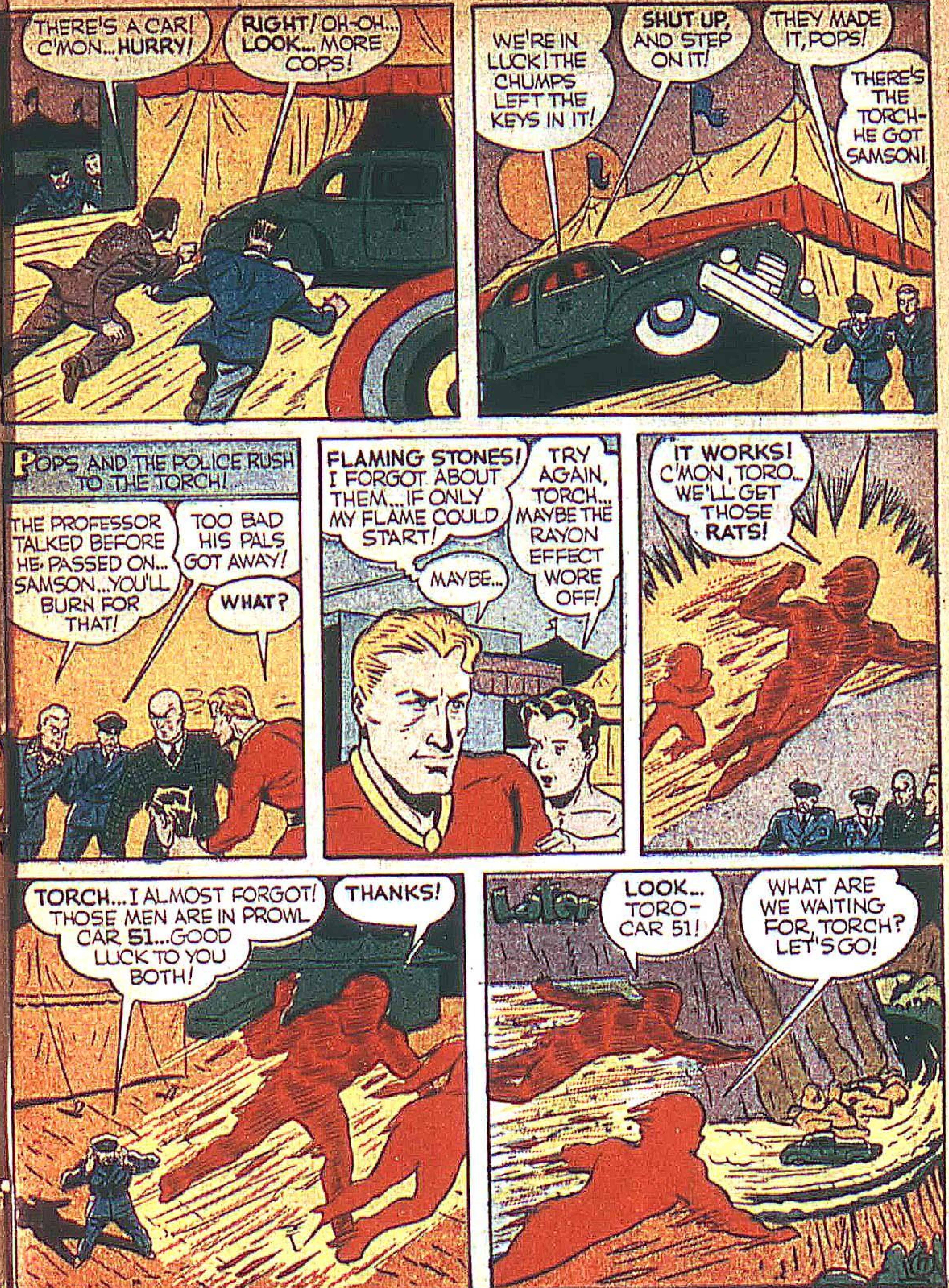

LATER
YOU CAN SEE THE CIRCUS FROM HERE!
GOOD! THEN STOP THE CAR! WE WALK FROM HERE ON!
SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY SAMSON AND HIS MEN MOVE PAST THE POLICE AND MAKE FOR A TENT!
SURE IS QUIET TONIGHT, TOM.
GOOD EVENING, PROFESSOR! NO NOISE PLEASE...
SAMSON!
WELL...WHAT DO YOU WANT... TROUBLE MAKER?
THE RAYON GUN YOU SHOWED ME! I HAVE USE FOR IT!
CONSARN YOU! YOU'LL NEVER GET MY INVENTION... NEVER!
VERY GALLANT, PROFESSOR!
BUT I MUST HAVE IT! PLEASANT DREAMS...
AH...HERE IT IS! THE PROFESSOR'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT... THE RAYON GUN!
I DON'T GET IT! HOW'S THAT GADGET GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THE TORCH? ANSWER THAT, SAMSON!

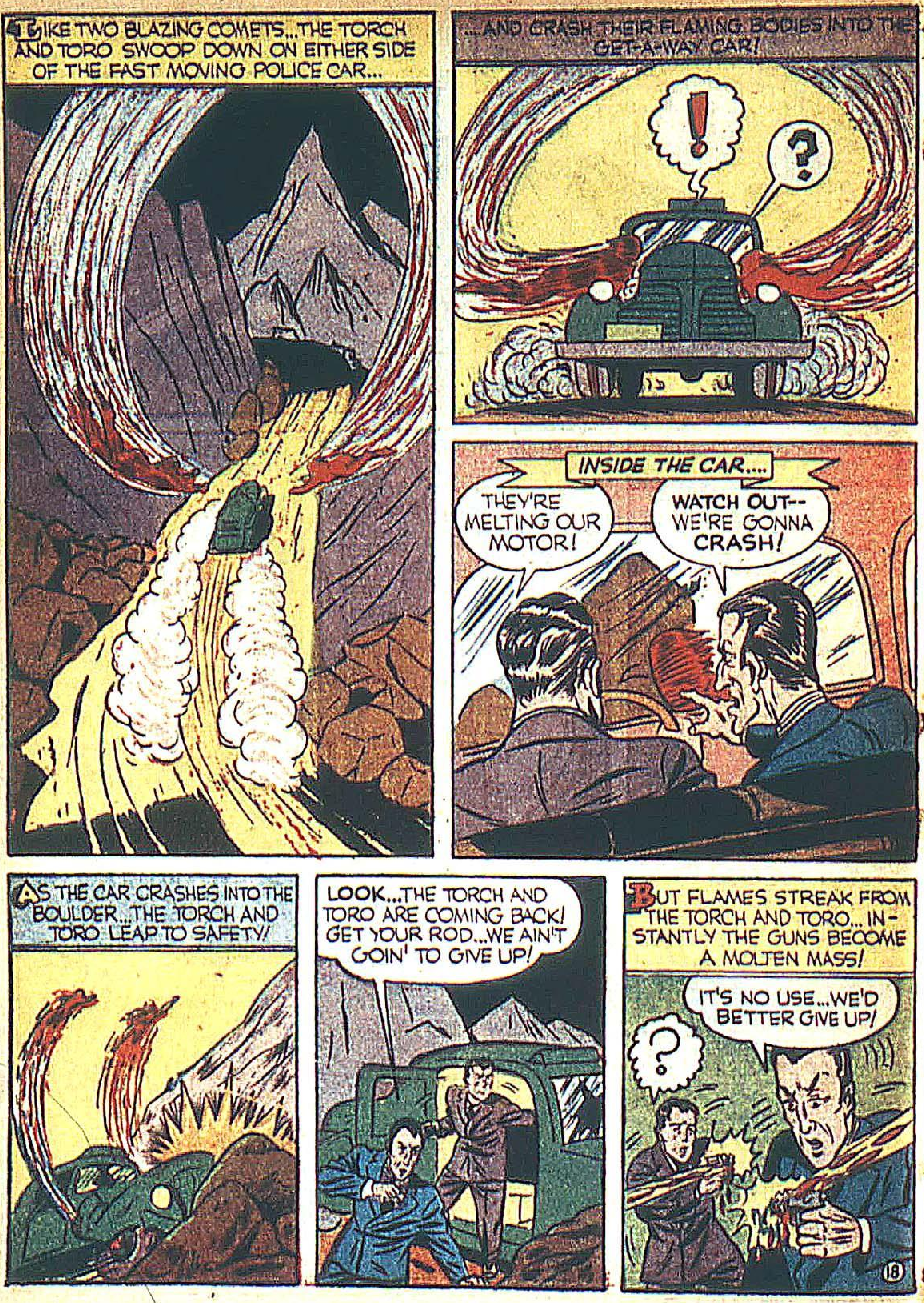

OU'LL SOON SEE! UT FIRST WE'LL ROB THE CASH FFICE, YES?
THERE OUGHT TO BE A PILE OF DOUGH THERE! IT WAS A SELL-OUT TODAY!
THERE'S THE BOX-OFFICE! HMMM...THAT'S FUNNY... NO POLICEMEN AROUND!
LOOK... THERE'S A HEAVY PADLOCK ON THE DOOR!
SAMSON GRASPS THE LOCK WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AND RIPS IT FROM THE DOOR!
THEES EES GOOD PRACTICE FOR THE GREAT SAMSON... NO?
SNAP!
I SURE IS DARK IN ERE! WE'D BETTER PLAY SAFE AND EAVE THE FLASH-LIGHTS OUT!
VERY WISE! AH-H... LOOK! OODLES OF MONIES! WE ARE RICH, NO? HAH! THEES MAKES UP FOR MY BONUS, YES?
SUDDENLY LIGHT FILLS THE BOX-OFFICE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SAMSON! BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU YOUR BONUS --WITH FIRE!
CARAMBA! HE FIRE-BUG! WHERE'S THE RAYON GUN? 'VE GOT IT!
WHAT TH-? THE TORCH TURNED OFF HIS FLAME! HEY...O-O-W!
IT'S PITCH DARK HERE! I'M GETTING OUT!
SOCK
AS THE DOOR OPENS, TORO BLAZES IN...
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, PAL!

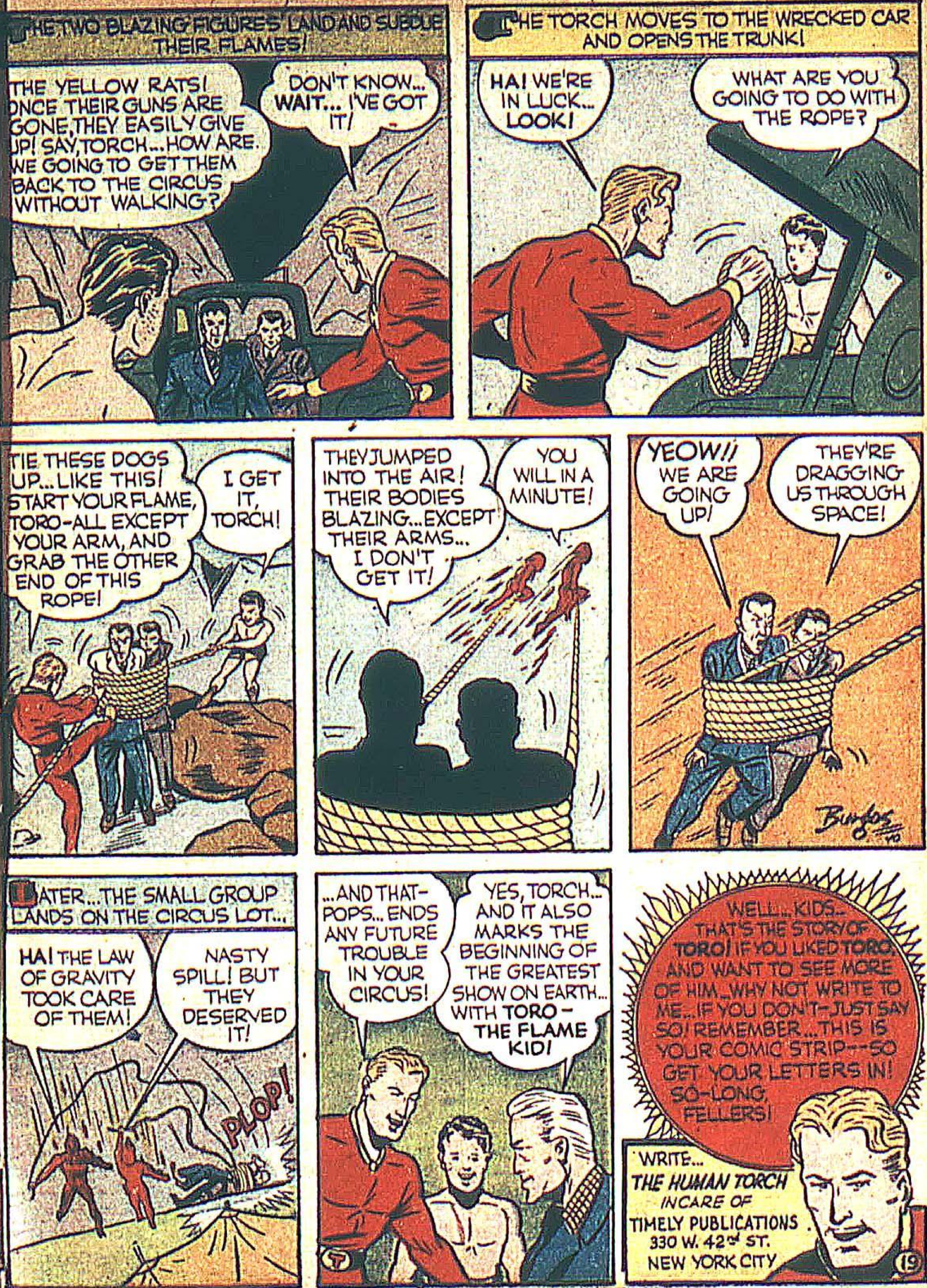

THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME.
NICE GOING, TORO
YOU MADE MISTAKE SHOWING YOURSLF, TORCH!
EASY-TORCH!
AS THE TORCH RUSHES SAMSON...THE LATTER FIRES THE RAYON GUN
MY FLAME IS OUT!
HA!HA! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PAY BACK INSULT! THEES TIME I WILL BREAK YOU IN HALF!
TORO...STAY BACK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MUSCLE-BOUND HEEL!
VERY BRAVE, EH?
THE TORCH SIDESTEPS...AND SAMSON GOES FLYING OUT THE DOORWAY!
THE TORCH TRIES DESPERATELY TO TURN ON HIS FLAME, BUT HIS EFFORTS ARE IN VAIN!
OKAY, SAMSON! LOOKS LIKE A HAND TO HAND BATTLE FROM NOW ON!
...AND HERE'S MY OPENER!
SOK!

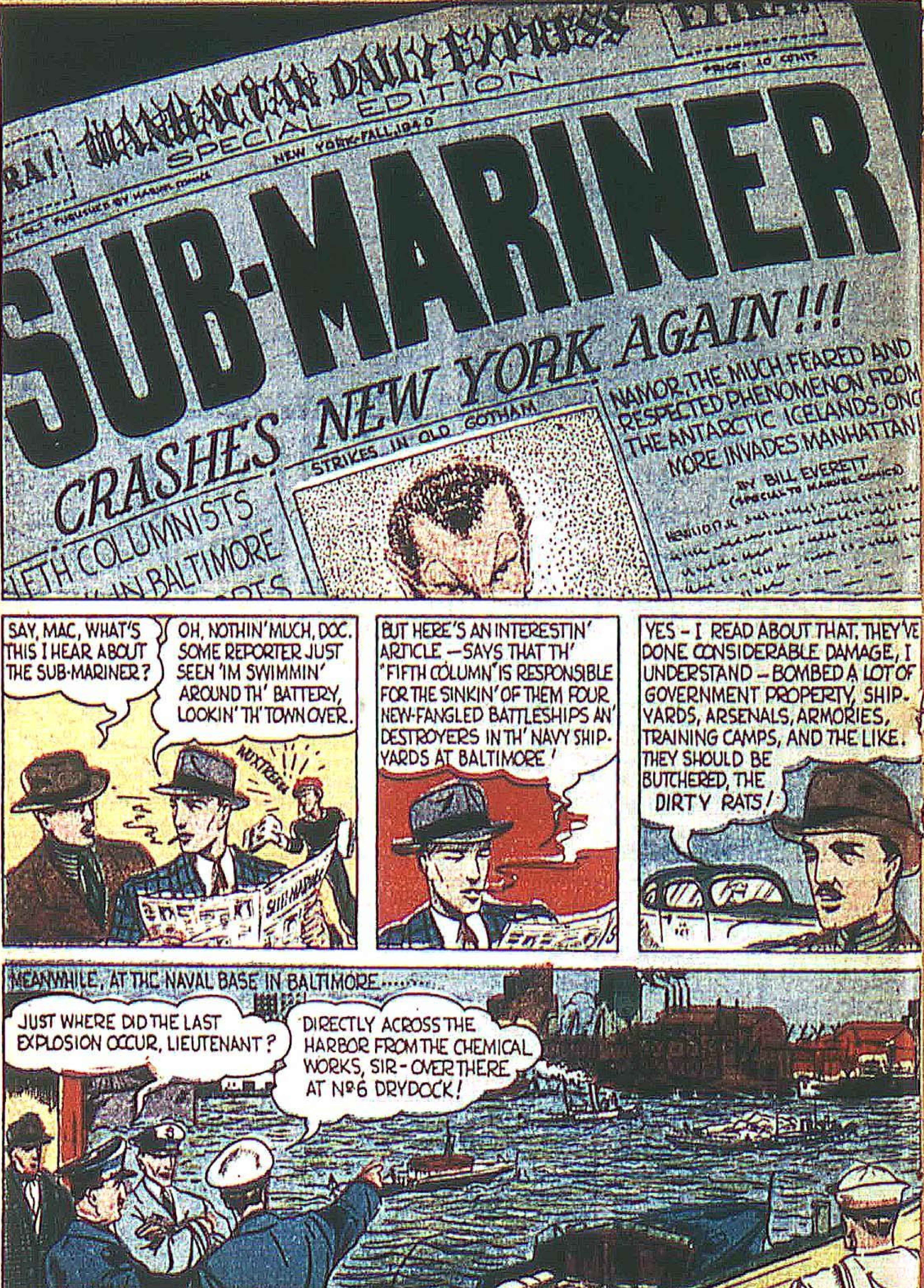

...AND HERE'S MINE!
UGH!
NOW FOR FINISHING TOUCHES!
BOP!
BUT SAMSON'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH BRINGS HIM BEARING DOWN ON THE TORCH AGAIN!
KICK ME IN STOMACH, EH?
WITH THE TORCH OUT COLD, ...SAMSON DRAWS HIS GUN!
NOW...WHAT TH-- POLICE!
HOLD ON-MISTER!
THE POLICE RUSH SAMSON BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER...BUT THE STRONG-MAN RACES TOWARD A NEARBY SQUAD-CAR!
SUDDENLY TORO...WITH HIS FLAME ON...WINGS IN FRONT OF SAMSON-CUTTING OFF HIS ESCAPE!
WHAT IN....
NEAT WORK, TORO! START CLOSING IN ON HIM...HE'S TRAPPED!
BUT HE'S STILL GOT THE GUN!
15

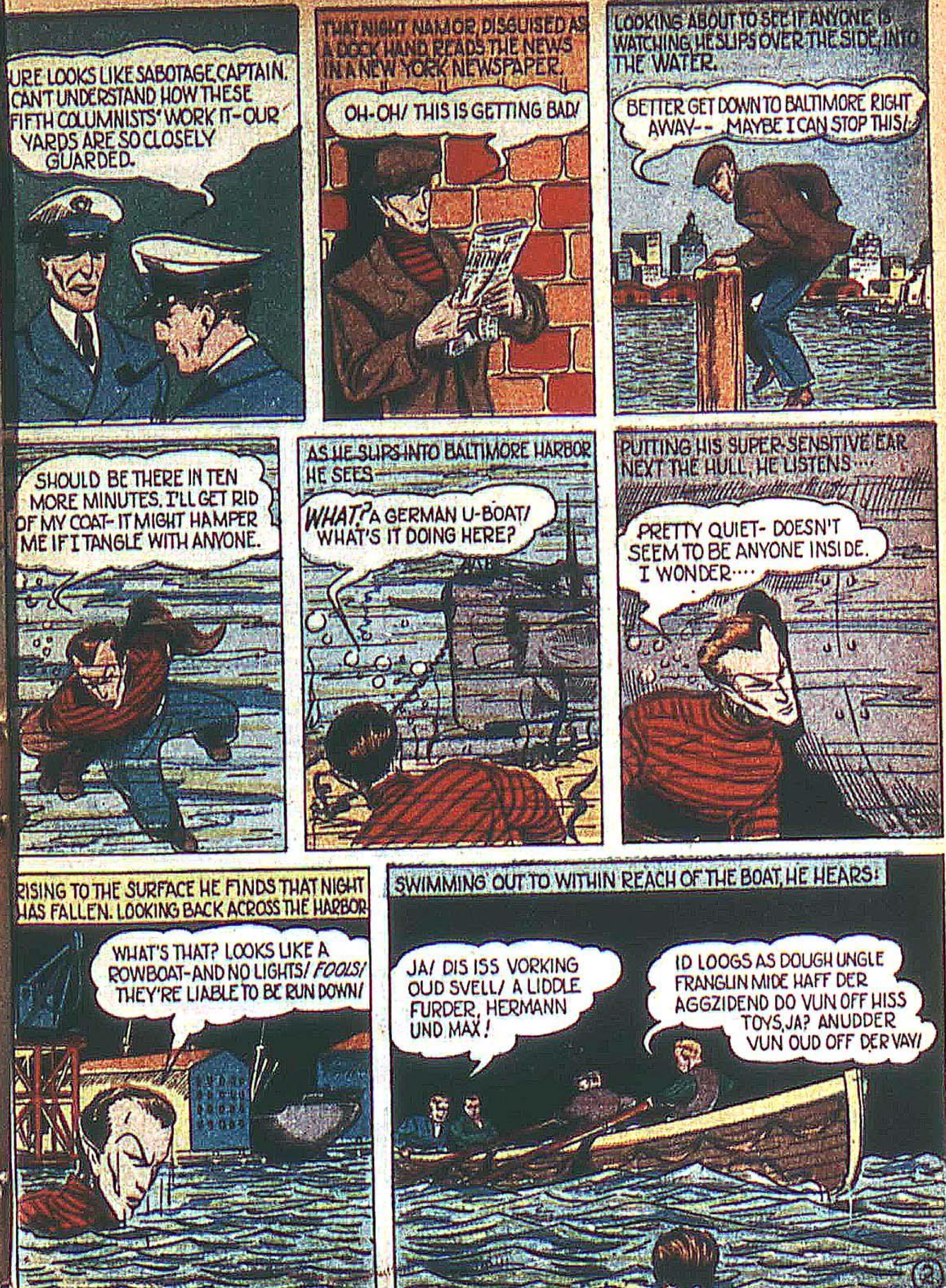

TRAPPED, EH? WELL... NOT FOR LONG! I SHOW THEM!
SAMSON TRIES A BREAK...
HE'S RUSHING US!
BUT TORO...BEHIND SAMSON, SENDS A SIZZLING BALL OF FIRE WHISTLING PAST HIS HEAD!
CARAMBA! WHAT'S THEES?
THE TORCH CATCHES IT!
—AND NOW FOR A LITTLE BALL GAME, EH...TORO?
?
RIGHT!
WE'RE OFF!
YEOW! MY MUSTACHE! I-I-IT BURNED OFF!
THAT WAS ONLY A SAMPLE...STRONG MAN! NOW FOR SOME REAL SPORT!
N-NO! WAIT... DON'T!
SO YOU'RE SCARED? WELL...THE STATE PEN WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME FROM NOW ON! TAKE HIM, OFFICER!
BUT SAMSON'S TWO HENCHMEN, RECOVERING FROM THE TORCH'S AND TORO'S BLOW'S...ESCAPE UNNOTICED.

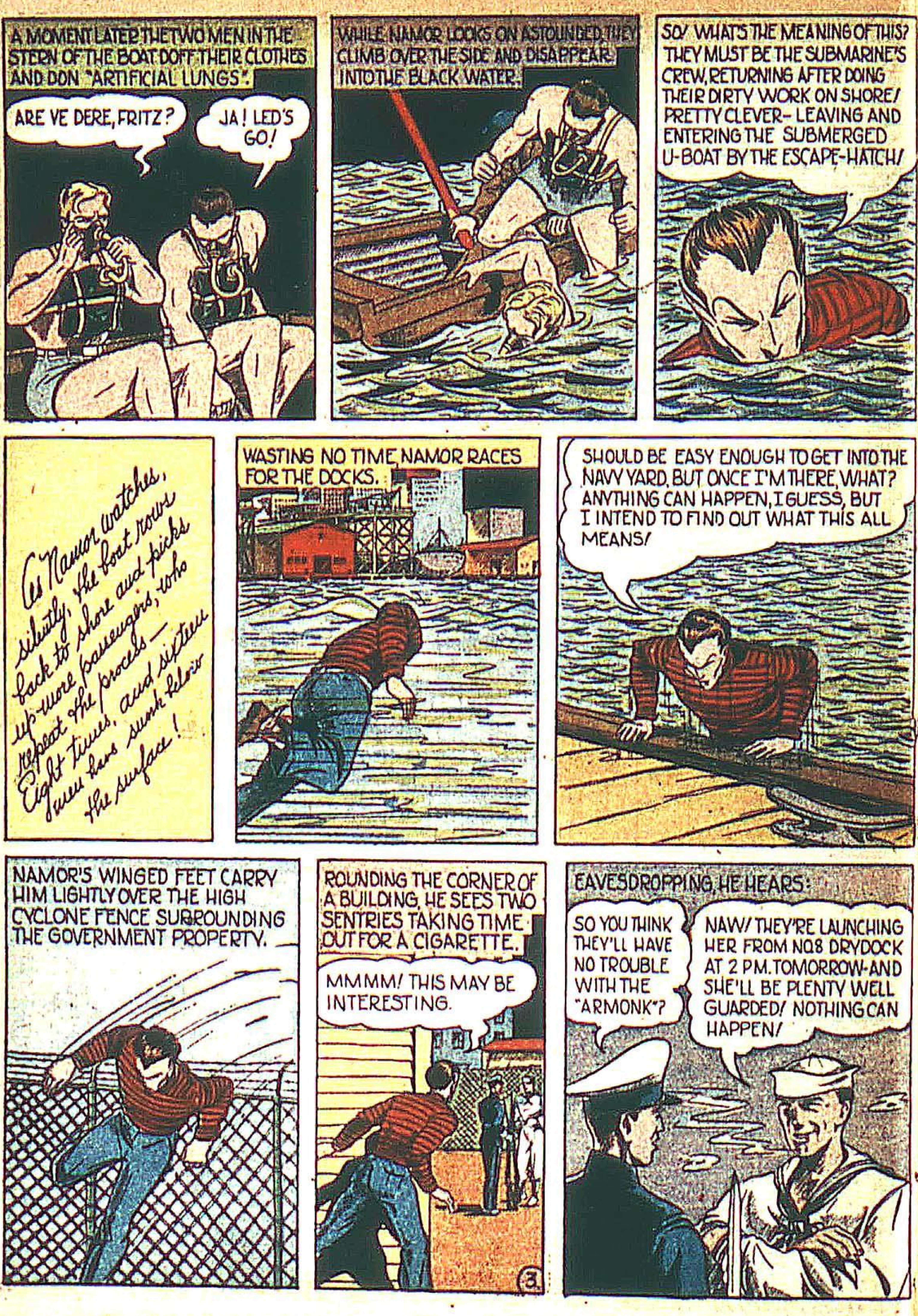

THERE'S A CAR! C'MON...HURRY!
RIGHT! OH-OH... LOOK... MORE COPS!
WE'RE IN LUCK! THE CHUMPS LEFT THE KEYS IN IT!
SHUT UP, AND STEP ON IT!
THEY MADE IT, POPS!
THERE'S THE TORCH- HE GOT SAMSON!
POPS AND THE POLICE RUSH TO THE TORCH!
THE PROFESSOR TALKED BEFORE HE PASSED ON... SAMSON...YOU'LL BURN FOR THAT!
TOO BAD HIS PALS GOT AWAY!
WHAT?
FLAMING STONES! I FORGOT ABOUT THEM...IF ONLY MY FLAME COULD START!
TRY AGAIN, TORCH... MAYBE THE RAYON EFFECT WORE OFF!
MAYBE...
IT WORKS! C'MON, TORO.. WE'LL GET THOSE RATS!
TORCH...I ALMOST FORGOT! THOSE MEN ARE IN PROWL CAR 51...GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH!
THANKS!
Later
LOOK... TORO- CAR 51!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, TORCH? LET'S GO!

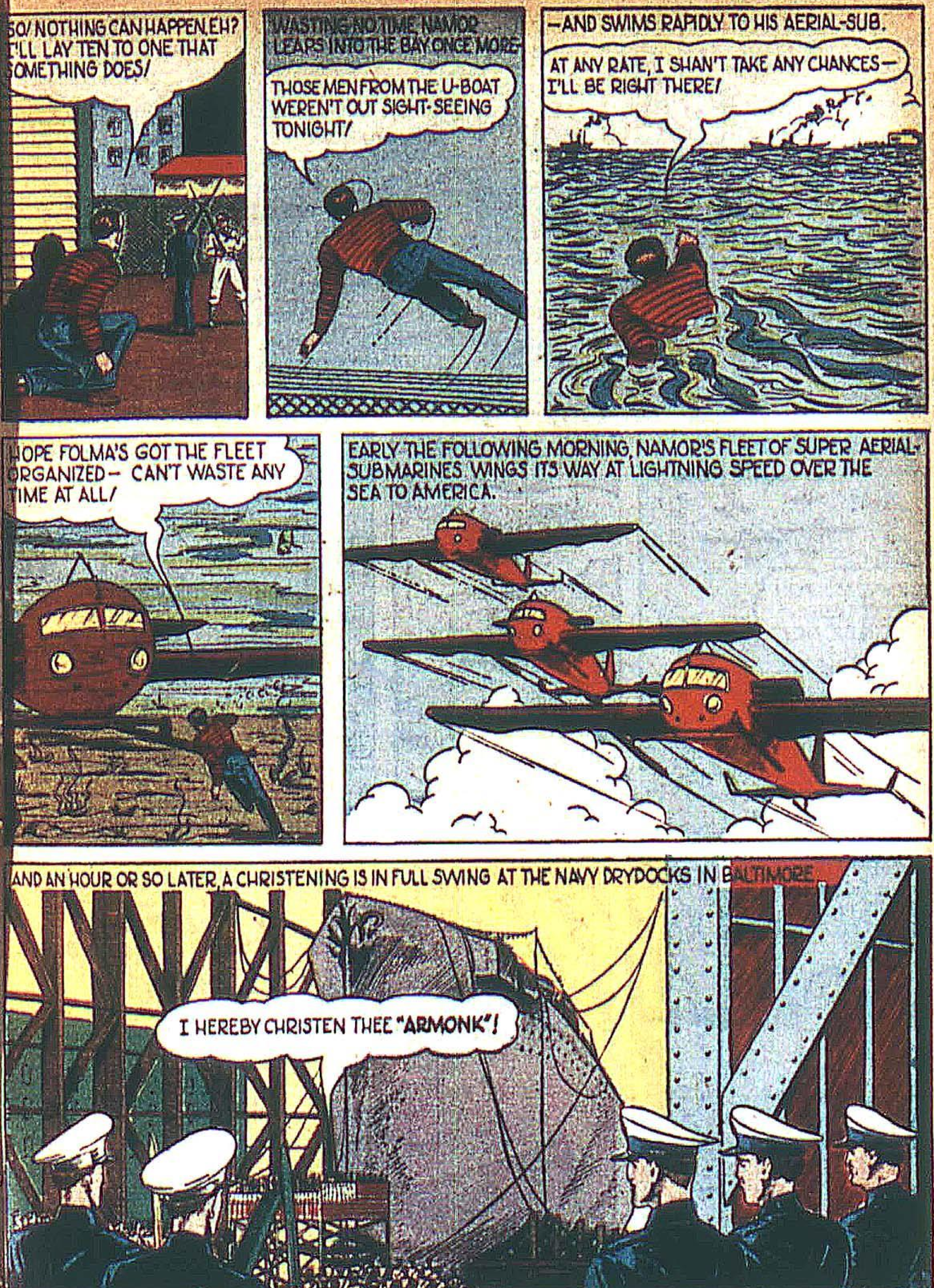

LIKE TWO BLAZING COMETS...THE TORCH AND TORO SWOOP DOWN ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FAST MOVING POLICE CAR...
...AND CRASH THEIR FLAMING BODIES INTO THE GET-A-WAY CAR!
!
?
INSIDE THE CAR....
THEY'RE MELTING OUR MOTOR!
WATCH OUT-- WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
AS THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE BOULDER...THE TORCH AND TORO LEAP TO SAFETY!
LOOK...THE TORCH AND TORO ARE COMING BACK! GET YOUR ROD...WE AIN'T GOIN' TO GIVE UP!
BUT FLAMES STREAK FROM THE TORCH AND TORO... INSTANTLY THE GUNS BECOME A MOLTEN MASS!
IT'S NO USE...WE'D BETTER GIVE UP!
?

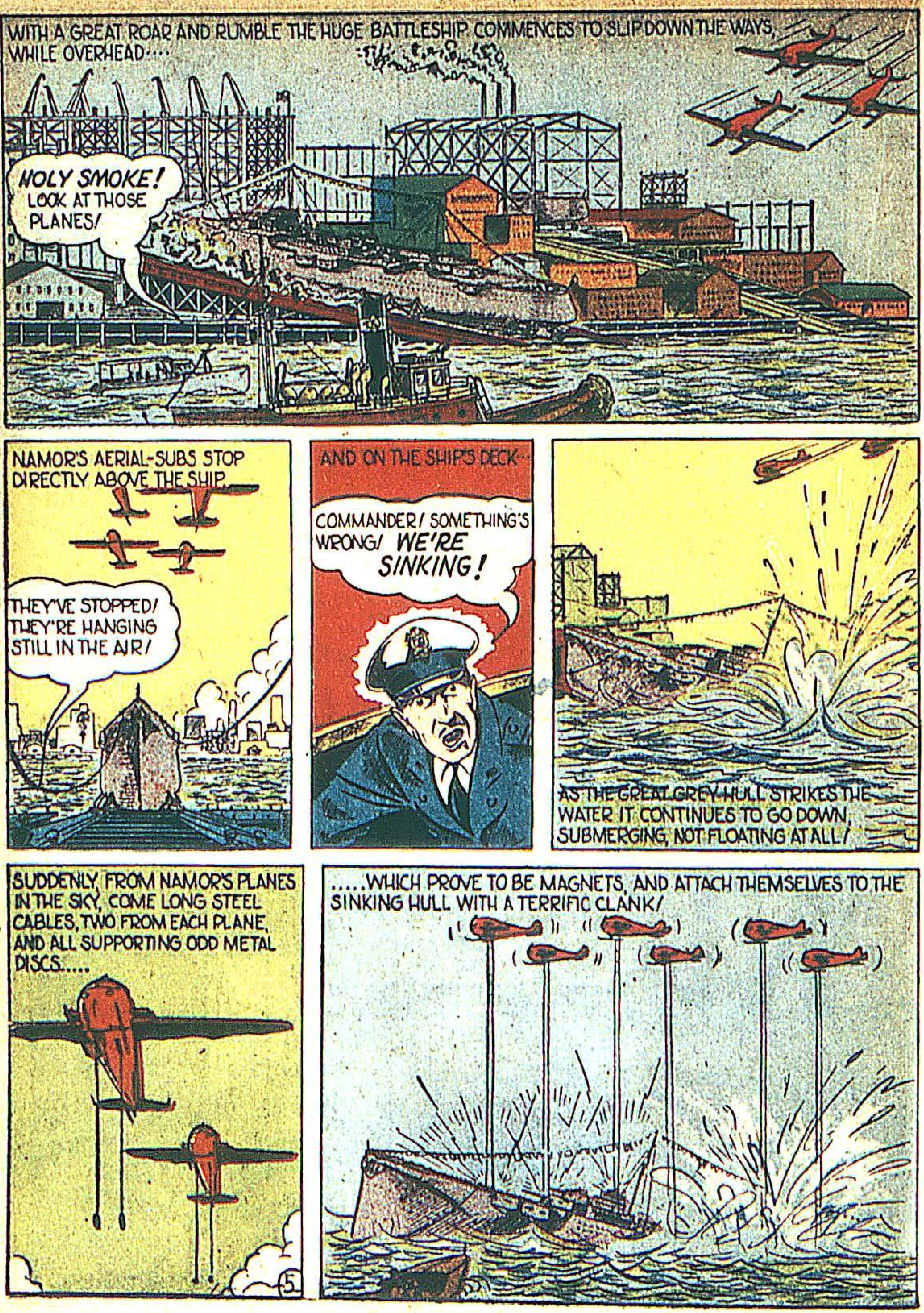

THE TWO BLAZING FIGURES LAND AND SUBDUE THEIR FLAMES!
THE YELLOW RATS! ONCE THEIR GUNS ARE GONE, THEY EASILY GIVE UP! SAY, TORCH... HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THEM BACK TO THE CIRCUS WITHOUT WALKING?
DON'T KNOW... WAIT... I'VE GOT IT!
THE TORCH MOVES TO THE WRECKED CAR AND OPENS THE TRUNK!
HA! WE'RE IN LUCK... LOOK!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE ROPE?
TIE THESE DOGS UP... LIKE THIS! START YOUR FLAME, TORO-ALL EXCEPT YOUR ARM, AND GRAB THE OTHER END OF THIS ROPE!
I GET IT, TORCH!
THEY JUMPED INTO THE AIR! THEIR BODIES BLAZING... EXCEPT THEIR ARMS... I DON'T GET IT!
YOU WILL IN A MINUTE!
YEOW!! WE ARE GOING UP!
THEY'RE DRAGGING US THROUGH SPACE!
Burgos
LATER... THE SMALL GROUP LANDS ON THE CIRCUS LOT...
HA! THE LAW OF GRAVITY TOOK CARE OF THEM!
NASTY SPILL! BUT THEY DESERVED IT!
PLOP!
...AND THAT-POPS... ENDS ANY FUTURE TROUBLE IN YOUR CIRCUS!
YES, TORCH... AND IT ALSO MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH... WITH TORO — THE FLAME KID!
WELL... KIDS... THAT'S THE STORY OF TORO! IF YOU LIKED TORO AND WANT TO SEE MORE OF HIM...WHY NOT WRITE TO ME... IF YOU DON'T—JUST SAY SO! REMEMBER... THIS IS YOUR COMIC STRIP--SO GET YOUR LETTERS IN! SO-LONG, FELLERS!
WRITE... THE HUMAN TORCH IN CARE OF TIMELY PUBLICATIONS 330 W. 42nd ST. NEW YORK CITY

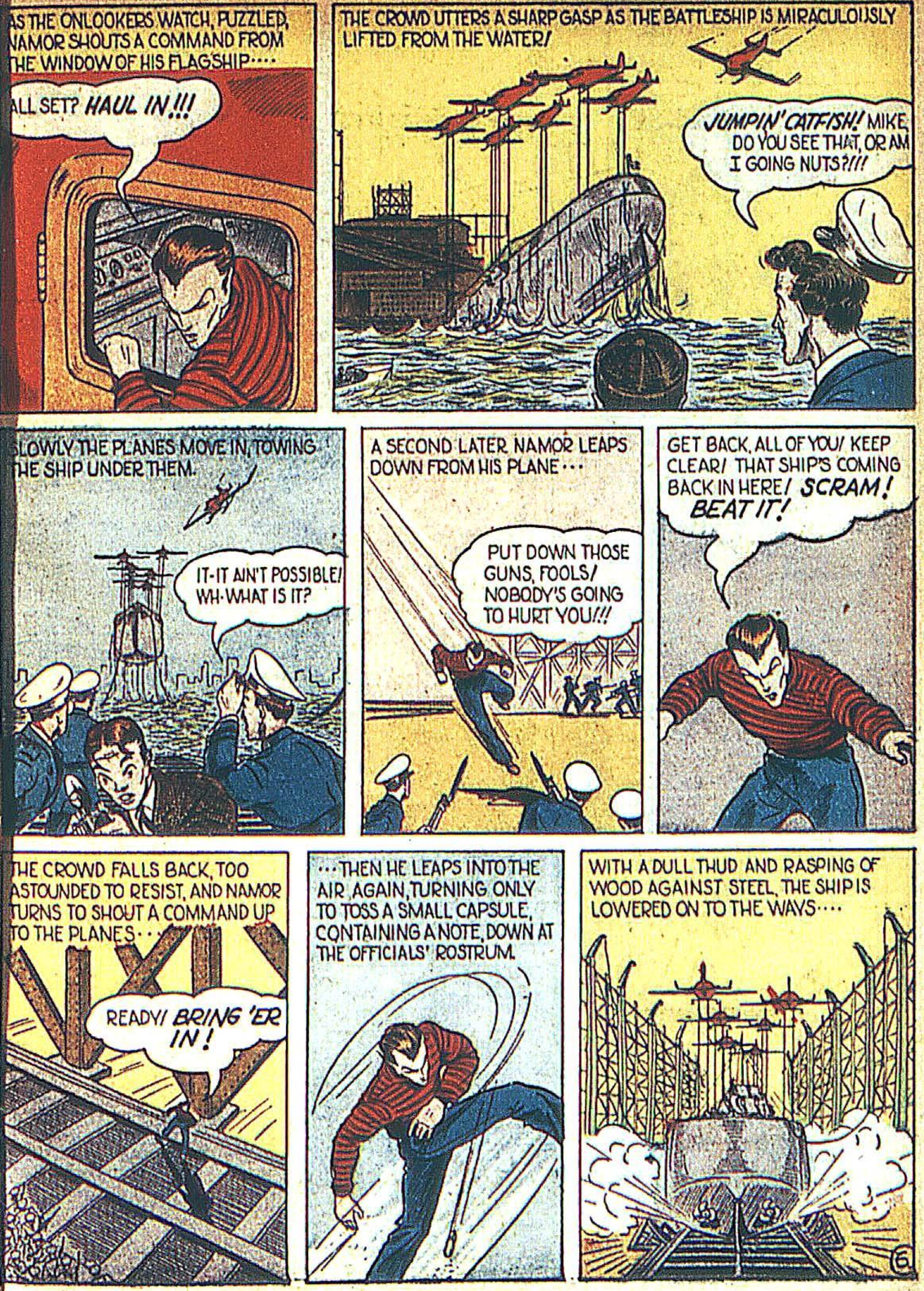

RA!
MANHATTAN DAILY EXPRESS
SPECIAL EDITION
NEW YORK-FALL, 1940
PUBLISHED BY MARVEL COMICS
PRICE: 10 CENTS
SUB-MARINER
CRASHES NEW YORK AGAIN!!!
NAMOR, THE MUCH FEARED AND RESPECTED PHENOMENON FROM THE ANTARCTIC ICELANDS, ONCE MORE INVADES MANHATTAN!
BY BILL EVERETT (SPECIAL TO MARVEL COMICS)
STRIKES IN OLD GOTHAM
FIFTH COLUMNISTS IN BALTIMORE
SAY, MAC, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT THE SUB-MARINER?
OH, NOTHIN' MUCH, DOC. SOME REPORTER JUST SEEN 'IM SWIMMIN' AROUND TH' BATTERY, LOOKIN' TH' TOWN OVER.
WUXTRY!
SUB-MARINER
BUT HERE'S AN INTERESTIN' ARTICLE —SAYS THAT TH' "FIFTH COLUMN" IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINKIN' OF THEM FOUR NEW-FANGLED BATTLESHIPS AN' DESTROYERS IN TH' NAVY SHIP-YARDS AT BALTIMORE!
YES - I READ ABOUT THAT. THEY'VE DONE CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE, I UNDERSTAND - BOMBED A LOT OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, SHIP-YARDS, ARSENALS, ARMORIES, TRAINING CAMPS, AND THE LIKE. THEY SHOULD BE BUTCHERED, THE DIRTY RATS!
MEANWHILE, AT THE NAVAL BASE IN BALTIMORE......
JUST WHERE DID THE LAST EXPLOSION OCCUR, LIEUTENANT?
DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM THE CHEMICAL WORKS, SIR - OVER THERE AT Nº6 DRYDOCK!

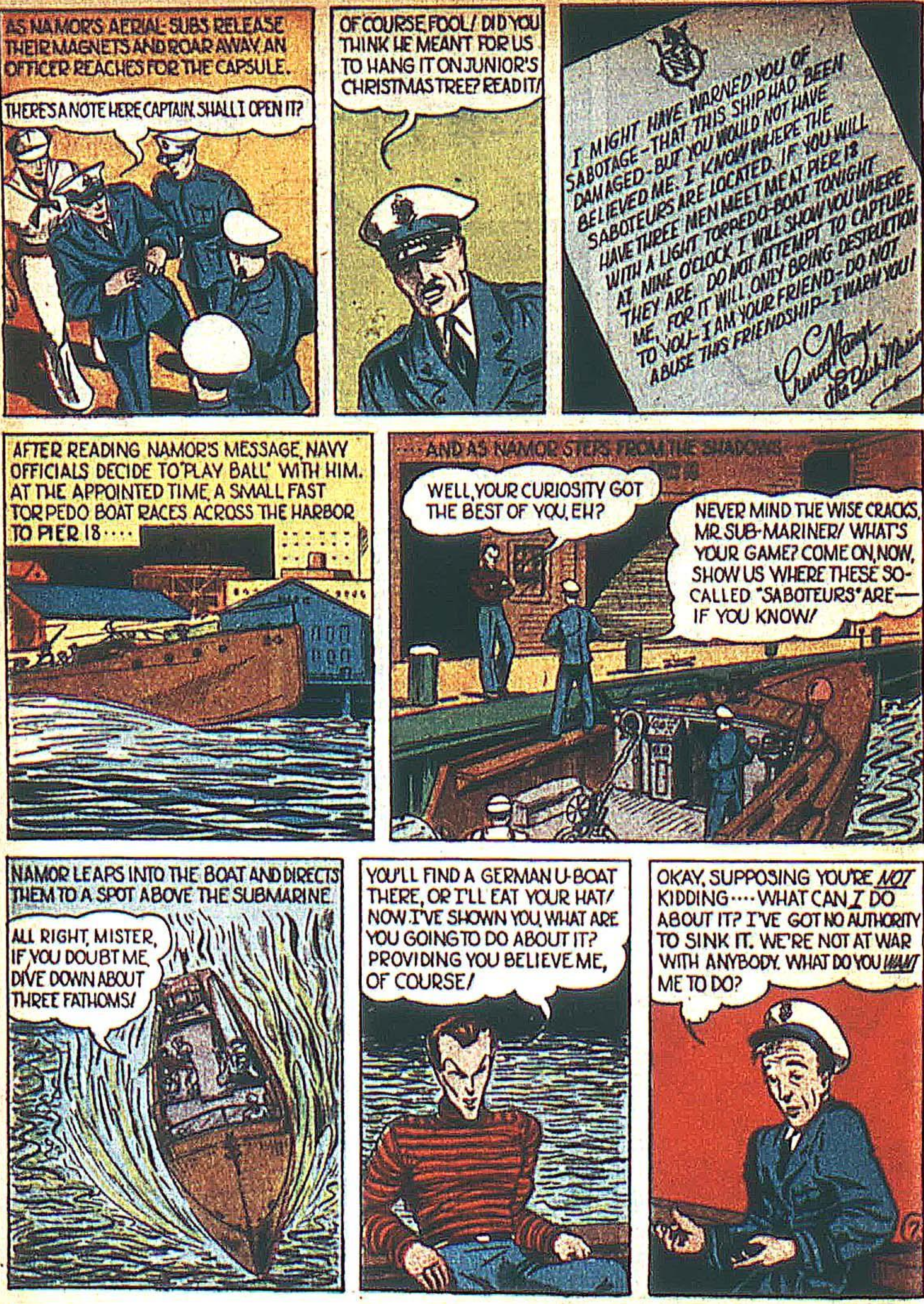

URE LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE, CAPTAIN. CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THESE FIFTH COLUMNISTS' WORK IT- OUR YARDS ARE SO CLOSELY GUARDED.
THAT NIGHT NAMOR, DISGUISED AS A DOCK HAND, READS THE NEWS IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.
OH-OH! THIS IS GETTING BAD!
LOOKING ABOUT TO SEE IF ANYONE IS WATCHING, HE SLIPS OVER THE SIDE, INTO THE WATER.
BETTER GET DOWN TO BALTIMORE RIGHT AWAY-- MAYBE I CAN STOP THIS!
SHOULD BE THERE IN TEN MORE MINUTES. I'LL GET RID OF MY COAT- IT MIGHT HAMPER ME IF I TANGLE WITH ANYONE.
AS HE SLIPS INTO BALTIMORE HARBOR HE SEES
WHAT? A GERMAN U-BOAT! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE?
PUTTING HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EAR NEXT THE HULL, HE LISTENS....
PRETTY QUIET- DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE INSIDE. I WONDER....
RISING TO THE SURFACE HE FINDS THAT NIGHT HAS FALLEN. LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE HARBOR
WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A ROWBOAT- AND NO LIGHTS! FOOLS! THEY'RE LIABLE TO BE RUN DOWN!
SWIMMING OUT TO WITHIN REACH OF THE BOAT, HE HEARS:
JA! DIS ISS VORKING OUD SVELL! A LIDDLE FURDER, HERMANN UND MAX!
ID LOOGS AS DOUGH UNGLE FRANGLIN MIDE HAFF DER AGGZIDEND DO VUN OFF HISS TOYS, JA? ANUDDER VUN OUD OFF DER VAY!

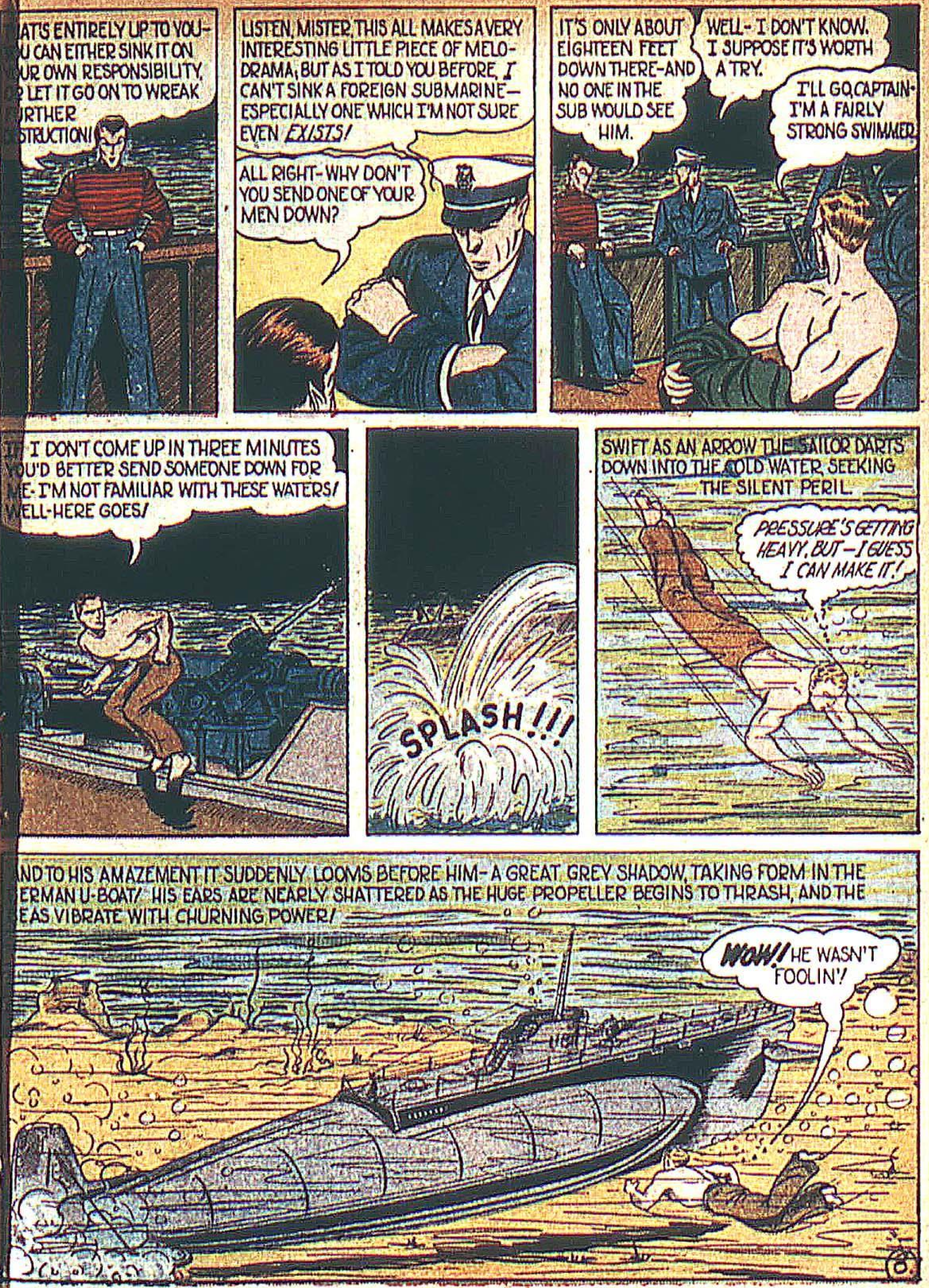

A MOMENT LATER THE TWO MEN IN THE STERN OF THE BOAT DOFF THEIR CLOTHES AND DON "ARTIFICIAL LUNGS".
ARE VE DERE, FRITZ?
JA! LED'S GO!
WHILE NAMOR LOOKS ON ASTOUNDED, THEY CLIMB OVER THE SIDE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACK WATER.
SO! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THEY MUST BE THE SUBMARINE'S CREW, RETURNING AFTER DOING THEIR DIRTY WORK ON SHORE! PRETTY CLEVER- LEAVING AND ENTERING THE SUBMERGED U-BOAT BY THE ESCAPE-HATCH!
As Namor watches, silently, the boat rows back to shore and picks up more passengers, who repeat the process — Eight times, and sixteen men have sunk below the surface!
WASTING NO TIME, NAMOR RACES FOR THE DOCKS.
SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET INTO THE NAVY YARD, BUT ONCE I'M THERE, WHAT? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, I GUESS, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS ALL MEANS!
NAMOR'S WINGED FEET CARRY HIM LIGHTLY OVER THE HIGH CYCLONE FENCE SURROUNDING THE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.
ROUNDING THE CORNER OF A BUILDING, HE SEES TWO SENTRIES TAKING TIME OUT FOR A CIGARETTE.
MMMM! THIS MAY BE INTERESTING.
3
EAVESDROPPING, HE HEARS:
SO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE "ARMONK"?
NAW! THEY'RE LAUNCHING HER FROM NO. 8 DRYDOCK AT 2 PM. TOMORROW-AND SHE'LL BE PLENTY WELL GUARDED! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

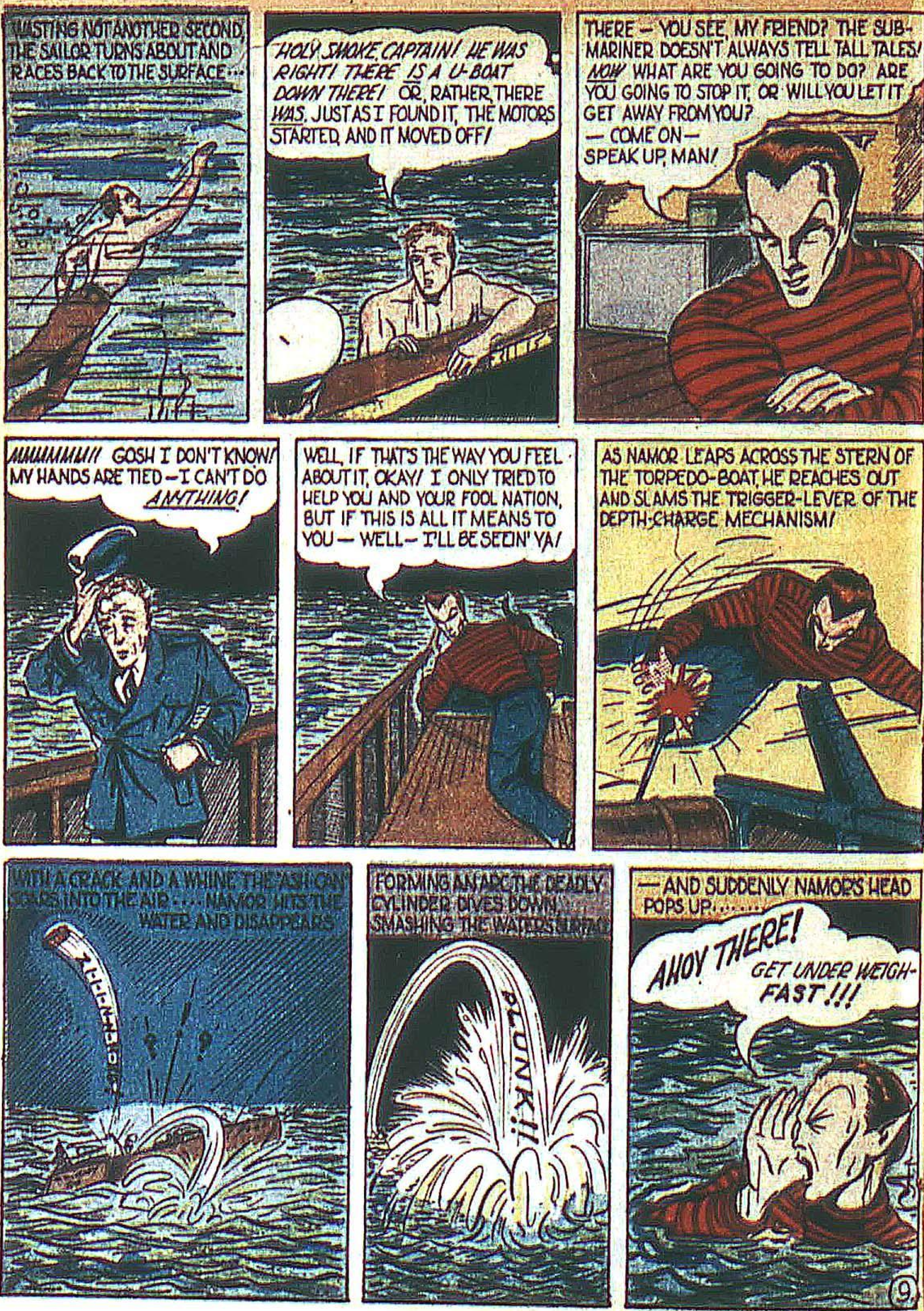

SO! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN, EH? I'LL LAY TEN TO ONE THAT SOMETHING DOES!
WASTING NO TIME, NAMOR LEAPS INTO THE BAY ONCE MORE-
THOSE MEN FROM THE U-BOAT WEREN'T OUT SIGHT-SEEING TONIGHT!
—AND SWIMS RAPIDLY TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.
AT ANY RATE, I SHAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES— I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
HOPE FOLMA'S GOT THE FLEET ORGANIZED— CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME AT ALL!
EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUPER AERIAL-SUBMARINES WINGS ITS WAY AT LIGHTNING SPEED OVER THE SEA TO AMERICA.
AND AN HOUR OR SO LATER, A CHRISTENING IS IN FULL SWING AT THE NAVY DRYDOCKS IN BALTIMORE.
I HEREBY CHRISTEN THEE "ARMONK"!

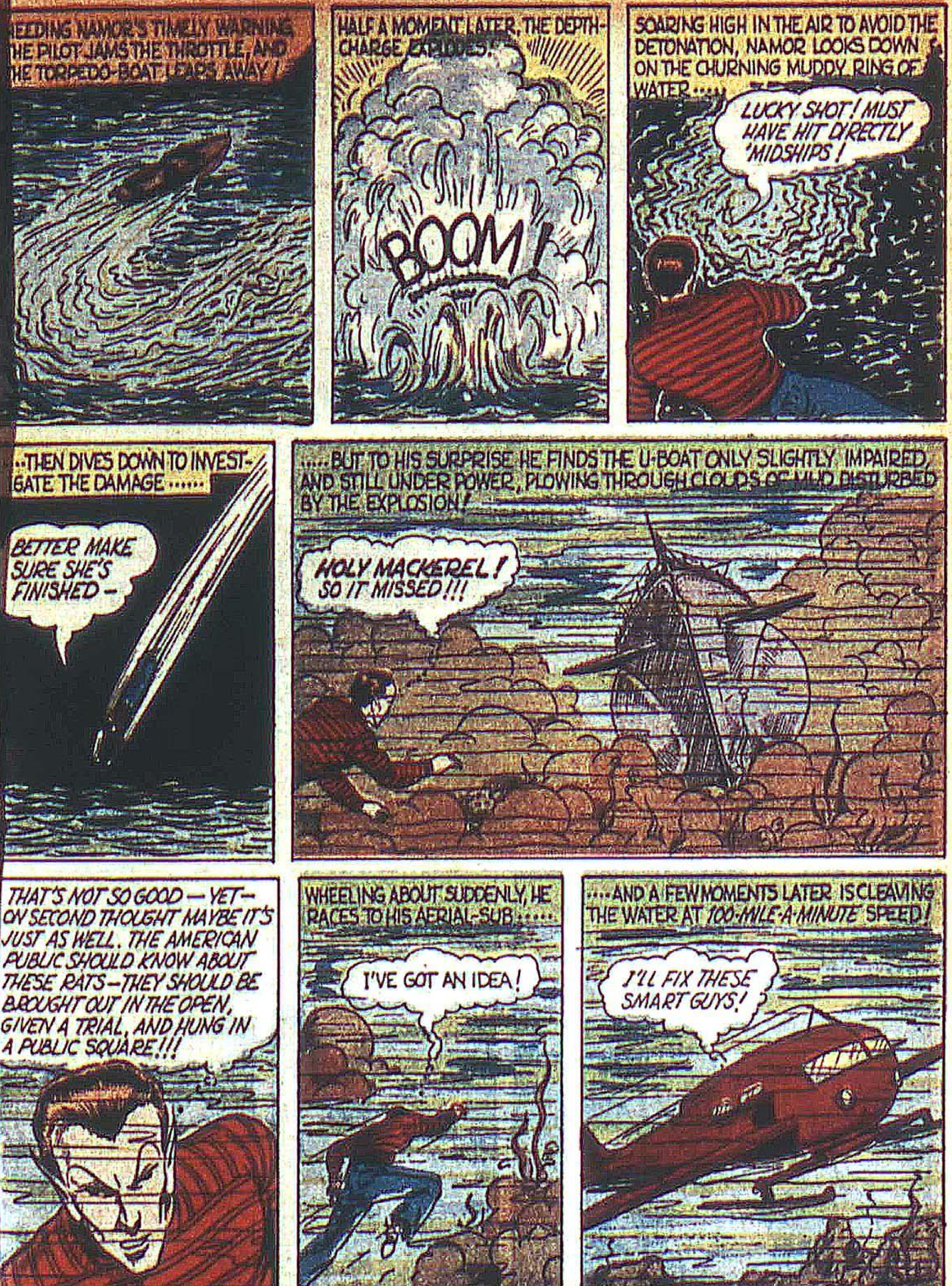

WITH A GREAT ROAR AND RUMBLE THE HUGE BATTLESHIP COMMENCES TO SLIP DOWN THE WAYS, WHILE OVERHEAD....
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THOSE PLANES!
NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS STOP DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SHIP.
THEY'VE STOPPED! THEY'RE HANGING STILL IN THE AIR!
AND ON THE SHIP'S DECK...
COMMANDER! SOMETHING'S WRONG! WE'RE SINKING!
AS THE GREAT GREY HULL STRIKES THE WATER IT CONTINUES TO GO DOWN, SUBMERGING, NOT FLOATING AT ALL!
SUDDENLY, FROM NAMOR'S PLANES IN THE SKY, COME LONG STEEL CABLES, TWO FROM EACH PLANE, AND ALL SUPPORTING ODD METAL DISCS.....
.....WHICH PROVE TO BE MAGNETS, AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE SINKING HULL WITH A TERRIFIC CLANK!

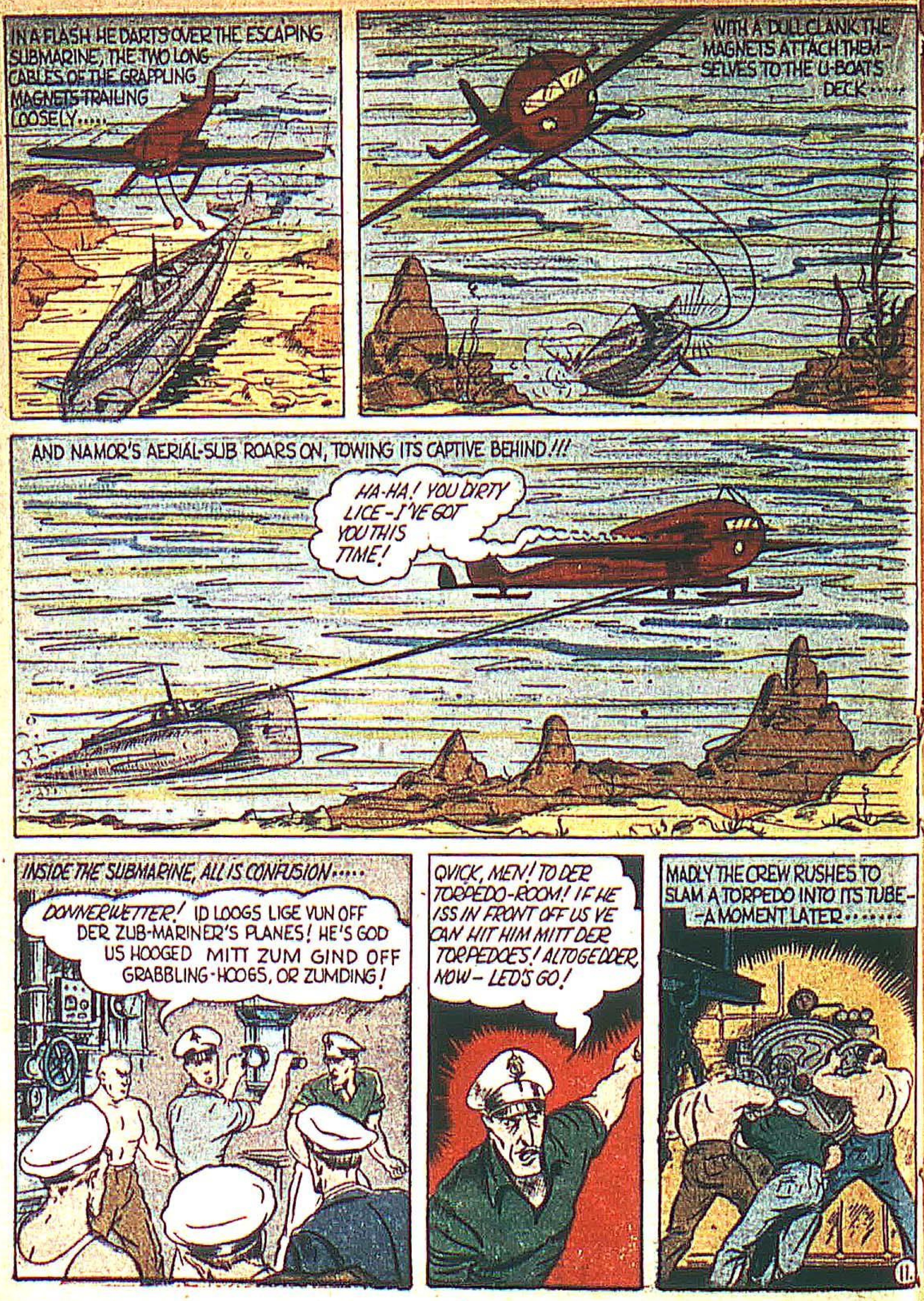

AS THE ONLOOKERS WATCH, PUZZLED, NAMOR SHOUTS A COMMAND FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS FLAGSHIP....
ALL SET? HAUL IN!!!
THE CROWD UTTERS A SHARP GASP AS THE BATTLESHIP IS MIRACULOUSLY LIFTED FROM THE WATER!
JUMPIN' CATFISH! MIKE, DO YOU SEE THAT, OR AM I GOING NUTS?!!!
SLOWLY THE PLANES MOVE IN, TOWING THE SHIP UNDER THEM.
IT-IT AIN'T POSSIBLE! WH-WHAT IS IT?
A SECOND LATER NAMOR LEAPS DOWN FROM HIS PLANE...
PUT DOWN THOSE GUNS, FOOLS! NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU!!!
GET BACK, ALL OF YOU! KEEP CLEAR! THAT SHIP'S COMING BACK IN HERE! SCRAM! BEAT IT!
THE CROWD FALLS BACK, TOO ASTOUNDED TO RESIST, AND NAMOR TURNS TO SHOUT A COMMAND UP TO THE PLANES...
READY! BRING 'ER IN!
...THEN HE LEAPS INTO THE AIR AGAIN, TURNING ONLY TO TOSS A SMALL CAPSULE, CONTAINING A NOTE, DOWN AT THE OFFICIALS' ROSTRUM.
WITH A DULL THUD AND RASPING OF WOOD AGAINST STEEL, THE SHIP IS LOWERED ON TO THE WAYS....

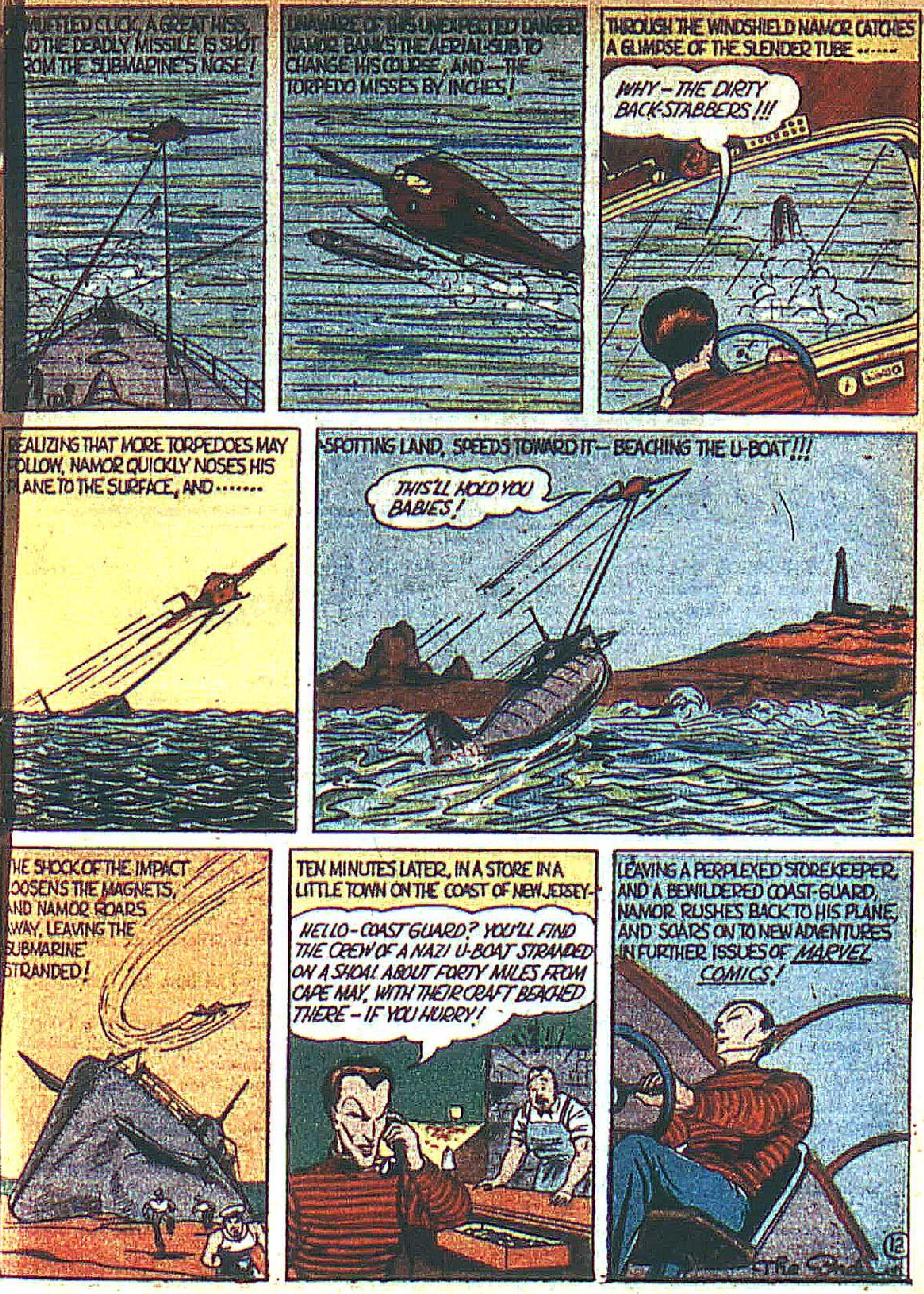

AS NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS RELEASE THEIR MAGNETS AND ROAR AWAY, AN OFFICER REACHES FOR THE CAPSULE.
THERE'S A NOTE HERE CAPTAIN, SHALL I OPEN IT?
OF COURSE, FOOL! DID YOU THINK HE MEANT FOR US TO HANG IT ON JUNIOR'S CHRISTMAS TREE? READ IT!
I MIGHT HAVE WARNED YOU OF SABOTAGE - THAT THIS SHIP HAD BEEN DAMAGED - BUT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED ME. I KNOW WHERE THE SABOTEURS ARE LOCATED. IF YOU WILL HAVE THREE MEN MEET ME AT PIER 18 WITH A LIGHT TORPEDO-BOAT TONIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE ME, FOR IT WILL ONLY BRING DESTRUCTION TO YOU - I AM YOUR FRIEND - DO NOT ABUSE THIS FRIENDSHIP - I WARN YOU!
Prince Namor the Sub-Mariner
AFTER READING NAMOR'S MESSAGE, NAVY OFFICIALS DECIDE TO "PLAY BALL" WITH HIM. AT THE APPOINTED TIME, A SMALL FAST TORPEDO BOAT RACES ACROSS THE HARBOR TO PIER 18....
...AND AS NAMOR STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS
WELL, YOUR CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF YOU, EH?
NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, MR SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S YOUR GAME? COME ON, NOW, SHOW US WHERE THESE SO-CALLED "SABOTEURS" ARE — IF YOU KNOW!
NAMOR LEAPS INTO THE BOAT AND DIRECTS THEM TO A SPOT ABOVE THE SUBMARINE
ALL RIGHT, MISTER, IF YOU DOUBT ME, DIVE DOWN ABOUT THREE FATHOMS!
YOU'LL FIND A GERMAN U-BOAT THERE, OR I'LL EAT YOUR HAT! NOW I'VE SHOWN YOU, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? PROVIDING YOU BELIEVE ME, OF COURSE!
OKAY, SUPPOSING YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.... WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? I'VE GOT NO AUTHORITY TO SINK IT. WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH ANYBODY. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?


AT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU- U CAN EITHER SINK IT ON UR OWN RESPONSIBILITY, R LET IT GO ON TO WREAK RTHER STRUCTION!
LISTEN, MISTER, THIS ALL MAKES A VERY INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE OF MELODRAMA; BUT AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I CAN'T SINK A FOREIGN SUBMARINE— ESPECIALLY ONE WHICH I'M NOT SURE EVEN EXISTS!
ALL RIGHT- WHY DON'T YOU SEND ONE OF YOUR MEN DOWN?
IT'S ONLY ABOUT EIGHTEEN FEET DOWN THERE-AND NO ONE IN THE SUB WOULD SEE HIM.
WELL- I DON'T KNOW. I SUPPOSE IT'S WORTH A TRY.
I'LL GO, CAPTAIN- I'M A FAIRLY STRONG SWIMMER
I- I DON'T COME UP IN THREE MINUTES OU'D BETTER SEND SOMEONE DOWN FOR E- I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THESE WATERS! ELL-HERE GOES!
SPLASH!!!
SWIFT AS AN ARROW THE SAILOR DARTS DOWN INTO THE COLD WATER, SEEKING THE SILENT PERIL.
PRESSURE'S GETTING HEAVY, BUT—I GUESS I CAN MAKE IT!
ND TO HIS AMAZEMENT IT SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE HIM- A GREAT GREY SHADOW, TAKING FORM IN THE ERMAN U-BOAT! HIS EARS ARE NEARLY SHATTERED AS THE HUGE PROPELLER BEGINS TO THRASH, AND THE EAS VIBRATE WITH CHURNING POWER!
WOW! HE WASN'T FOOLIN'!

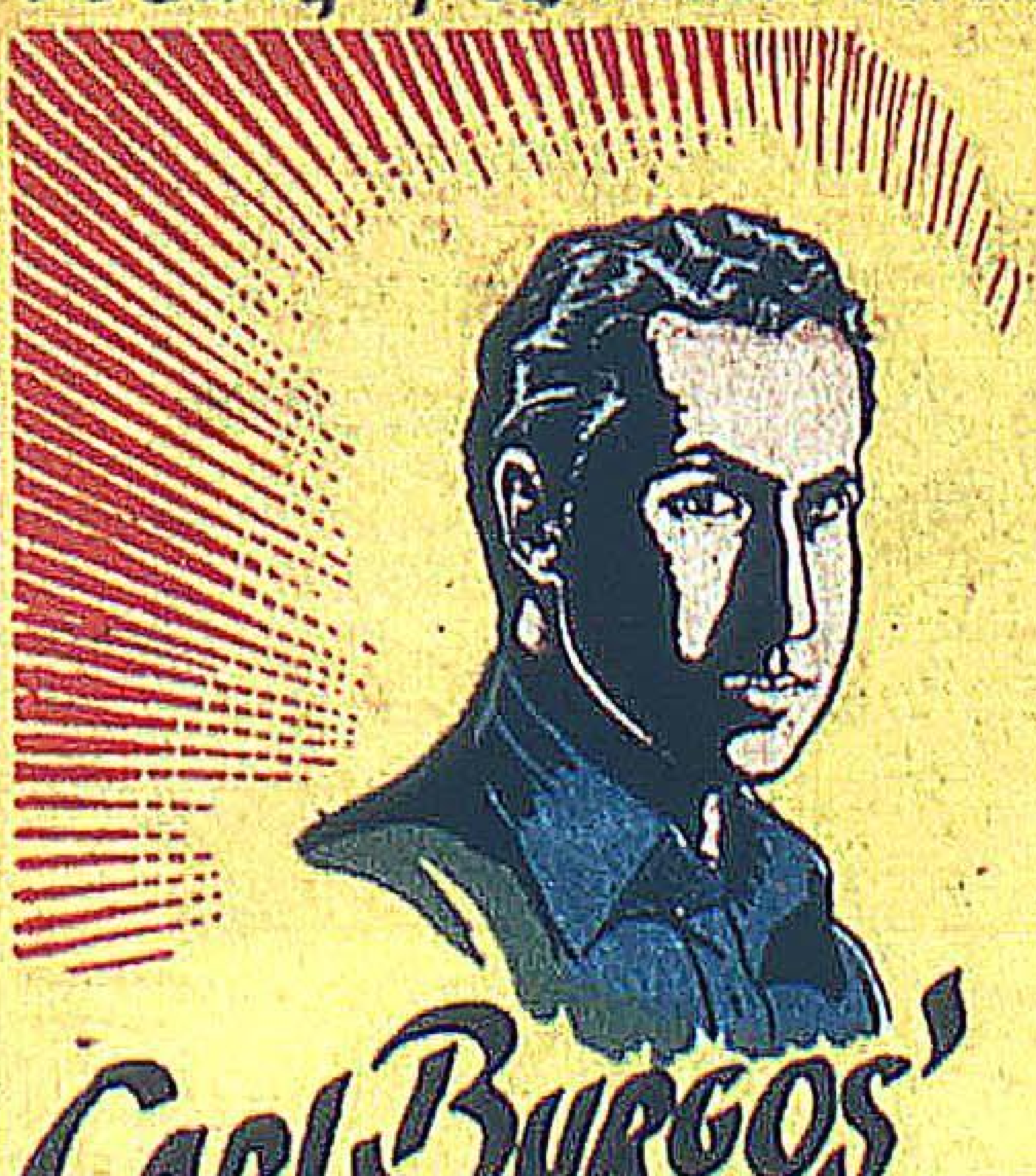

WASTING NOT ANOTHER SECOND, THE SAILOR TURNS ABOUT AND RACES BACK TO THE SURFACE...
HOLY SMOKE, CAPTAIN! HE WAS RIGHT! THERE IS A U-BOAT DOWN THERE! OR, RATHER, THERE WAS. JUST AS I FOUND IT, THE MOTORS STARTED, AND IT MOVED OFF!
THERE — YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? THE SUB-MARINER DOESN'T ALWAYS TELL TALL TALES! NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ARE YOU GOING TO STOP IT, OR WILL YOU LET IT GET AWAY FROM YOU? — COME ON — SPEAK UP, MAN!
MMMMMM!! GOSH I DON'T KNOW! MY HANDS ARE TIED — I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!
WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, OKAY! I ONLY TRIED TO HELP YOU AND YOUR FOOL NATION, BUT IF THIS IS ALL IT MEANS TO YOU — WELL — I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
AS NAMOR LEAPS ACROSS THE STERN OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT, HE REACHES OUT AND SLAMS THE TRIGGER-LEVER OF THE DEPTH-CHARGE MECHANISM!
WITH A CRACK AND A WHINE THE 'ASH CAN' SOARS INTO THE AIR.... NAMOR HITS THE WATER AND DISAPPEARS.
Z-I-I-N-N-G-G
FORMING AN ARC THE DEADLY CYLINDER DIVES DOWN, SMASHING THE WATERS SURFACE
PLUNK!!
— AND SUDDENLY NAMOR'S HEAD POPS UP.......
AHOY THERE!
GET UNDER WEIGH-FAST!!!


EEDING NAMOR'S TIMELY WARNING HE PILOT JAMS THE THROTTLE, AND HE TORPEDO-BOAT LEAPS AWAY!
HALF A MOMENT LATER, THE DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLODES!
BOOM!
SOARING HIGH IN THE AIR TO AVOID THE DETONATION, NAMOR LOOKS DOWN ON THE CHURNING MUDDY RING OF WATER.....
LUCKY SHOT! MUST HAVE HIT DIRECTLY 'MIDSHIPS!
...THEN DIVES DOWN TO INVEST-GATE THE DAMAGE......
BETTER MAKE SURE SHE'S FINISHED—
.....BUT TO HIS SURPRISE HE FINDS THE U-BOAT ONLY SLIGHTLY IMPAIRED, AND STILL UNDER POWER, PLOWING THROUGH CLOUDS OF MUD DISTURBED BY THE EXPLOSION!
HOLY MACKEREL! SO IT MISSED!!!
THAT'S NOT SO GOOD — YET— ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL. THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THESE RATS—THEY SHOULD BE BROUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, GIVEN A TRIAL, AND HUNG IN A PUBLIC SQUARE!!!
WHEELING ABOUT SUDDENLY, HE RACES TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.....
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
....AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IS CLEAVING THE WATER AT 100-MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED!
I'LL FIX THESE SMART GUYS!


IN A FLASH HE DARTS OVER THE ESCAPING SUBMARINE, THE TWO LONG CABLES OF THE GRAPPLING MAGNETS TRAILING LOOSELY.....
WITH A DULL CLANK THE MAGNETS ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE U-BOAT'S DECK.....
AND NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUB ROARS ON, TOWING ITS CAPTIVE BEHIND!!!
HA-HA! YOU DIRTY LICE - I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!
INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, ALL IS CONFUSION.....
DONNERWETTER! ID LOOGS LIGE VUN OFF DER ZUB-MARINER'S PLANES! HE'S GOD US HOOGED MITT ZUM GIND OFF GRABBLING-HOOGS, OR ZUMDING!
QVICK, MEN! TO DER TORPEDO-ROOM! IF HE ISS IN FRONT OFF US VE CAN HIT HIM MITT DER TORPEDOES! ALTOGEDDER, NOW - LED'S GO!
MADLY THE CREW RUSHES TO SLAM A TORPEDO INTO ITS TUBE - A MOMENT LATER......


UFFLED CLICK, A GREAT HISS, ND THE DEADLY MISSILE IS SHOT ROM THE SUBMARINE'S NOSE!
UNAWARE OF THIS UNEXPECTED DANGER, NAMOR BANKS THE AERIAL-SUB TO CHANGE HIS COURSE, AND — THE TORPEDO MISSES BY INCHES!
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD NAMOR CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE SLENDER TUBE ------
WHY — THE DIRTY BACK-STABBERS!!!
EALIZING THAT MORE TORPEDOES MAY OLLOW, NAMOR QUICKLY NOSES HIS LANE TO THE SURFACE, AND ....
-SPOTTING LAND, SPEEDS TOWARD IT — BEACHING THE U-BOAT!!!
THIS'LL HOLD YOU BABIES!
HE SHOCK OF THE IMPACT OOSENS THE MAGNETS, AND NAMOR ROARS WAY, LEAVING THE UBMARINE STRANDED!
TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A STORE IN A LITTLE TOWN ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY-
HELLO — COAST GUARD? YOU'LL FIND THE CREW OF A NAZI U-BOAT STRANDED ON A SHOAL ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM CAPE MAY, WITH THEIR CRAFT BEACHED THERE — IF YOU HURRY!
LEAVING A PERPLEXED STOREKEEPER, AND A BEWILDERED COAST-GUARD, NAMOR RUSHES BACK TO HIS PLANE, AND SOARS ON TO NEW ADVENTURES IN FURTHER ISSUES OF MARVEL COMICS!

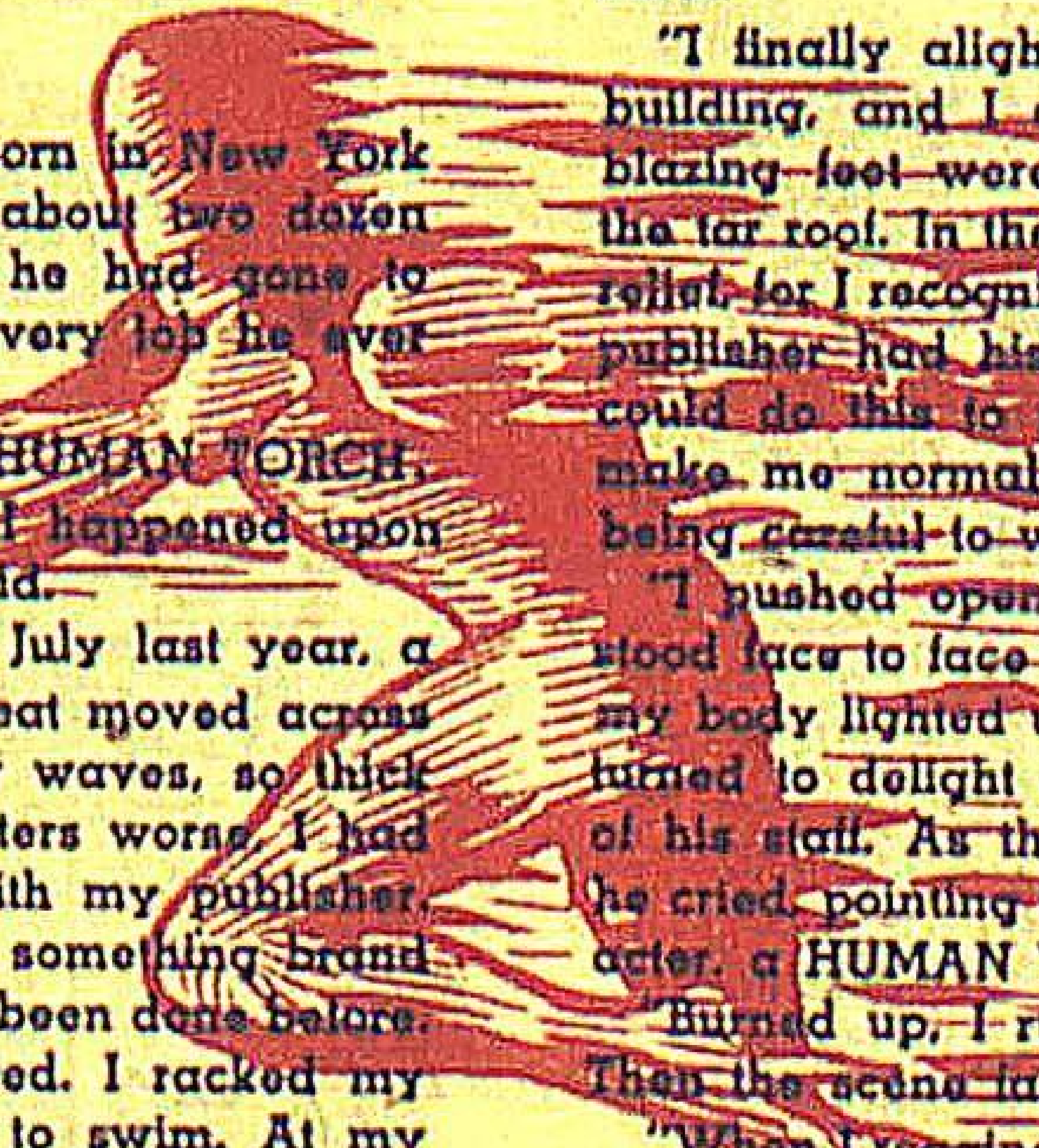
The Story of the Human Torch!



CARL BURGOS' HOT IDEA

CARL BURGOS was sitting half way between his drawing board and his typewriter when we barged into his compact little studio. "How's about an interview, Carl?" we asked.

"Fire away!"



We learned that he was born in New York City, in uptown Manhattan, about two dozen years ago. He told us that he had gone to school there and had held every job he ever had in that city.

We queried him on the HUMAN TORCH.

"You'd be surprised how I happened upon the HUMAN TORCH," he said.

"IT was on the Fourth of July last year, a beastly hot day. The heat moved across my drawing board in heavy waves, so thick I could feel it. To make matters worse, I had just had a hot discussion with my publisher. He wanted a new character, something brand new, an angle that had never been done before.

"I was all hot and bothered. I racked my brain until my head began to swim. At my wit's end, I decided to lie down for a while and try to cool off.

"I lay there for about fifteen minutes, like a man sick with jungle fever, my pulse pounding. The room seemed to take on a red glow.

"Suddenly into the room stormed my publisher, demanding to know where the new character was. In a daze I told him to go to the Devil, that gentleman being rather on my mind. I hoped that he would go away, but he didn't. His fuming only added to the rapidly mounting heat of the room.

"He called to my attention the fact that I was letting down my public. As he spoke the room seemed to fill with boys and girls, all shouting hotly that they wanted a new character. Screaming with this artificial fever, I told them all to go to the Devil! At this they rushed in and grabbed me, and I fainted.

"When I awoke, I was lying on a bed of red hot coals. I figured that it must be the large furnace of the building. I was terrified for an instant, until I realized that I could stand the heat. I was burning.

"Outside the door of the furnace I could hear the laughter of my publisher and the children, but it was rapidly fading for the roar of the fire was filling my ears. A hot draft fanned the flames and I could feel myself being drawn up into the chimney. I seemed to float, my body was lighter than the air, and for a horrible minute I found myself hurtling up through the sooty brick chimney.

"LIKE any other skyrocket, I shot to a great height in a blazing arc. I was relieved to find that I was gradually drifting back to earth.

"I finally alighted on the roof of an office building, and I quickly ran to cover as my blazing feet were leaving smoking prints on the tar roof. In the building I heaved a sigh of relief, for I recognized it as the place where my publisher had his office. I believed that if he could do this to me, he should know how to make me normal again. I went to his office, being careful to walk only on the tile flooring.

"I pushed open the frosted glass door and stood face to face with him. The red glow from my body lighted up his face. His astonishment turned to delight and he called the members of his staff. As they all crowded around him he cried, pointing to me, 'There's our new character, a HUMAN TORCH!'

"Burned up, I rushed at him, but stumbled. Then the scene faded.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the floor of my studio, feeling much better than before it all happened."

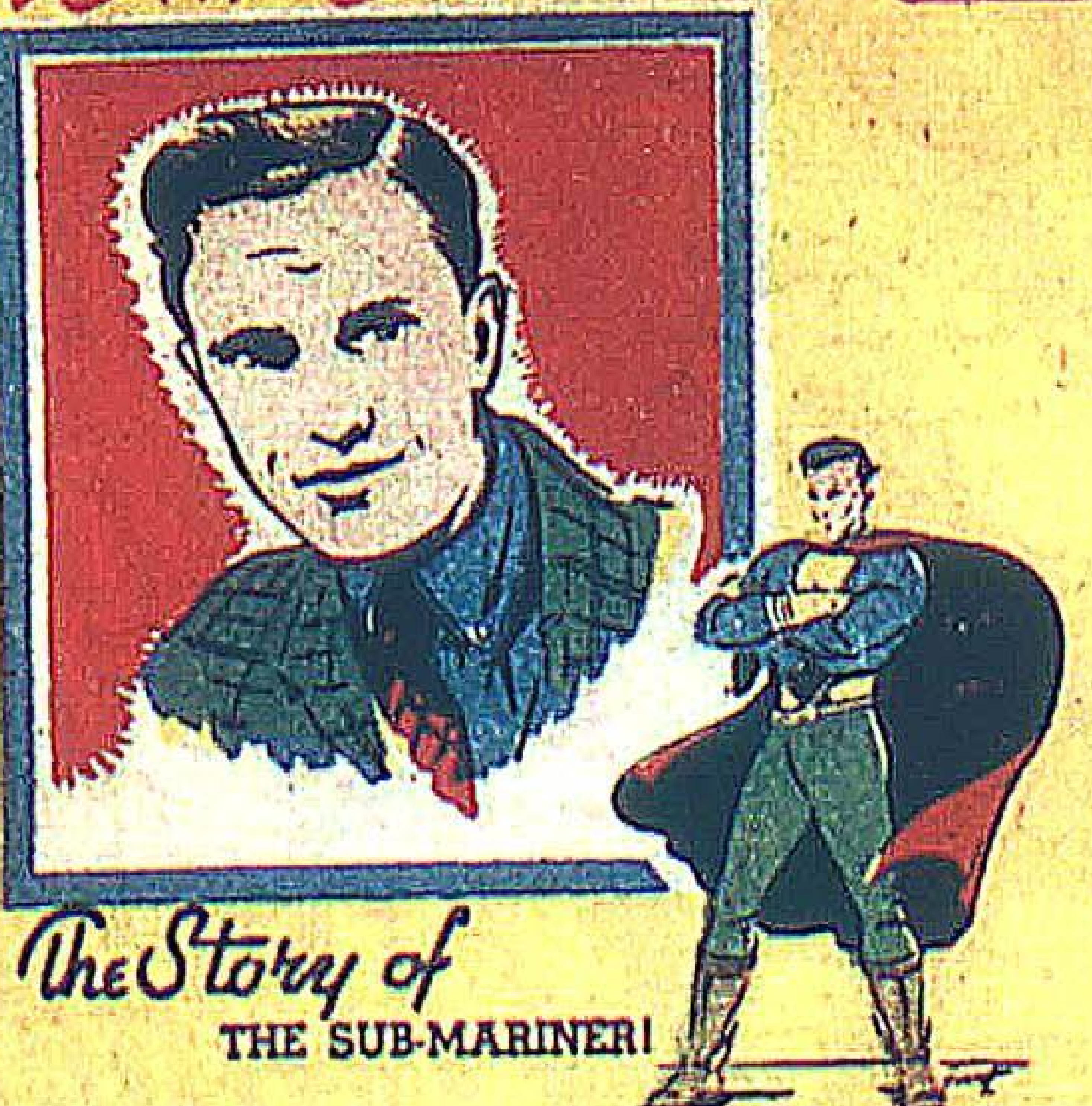
"But Carl," we smiled, "you tell it as if it had really happened."

He looked us squarely in the eyes. "You may not believe me, but my publisher was not a bit surprised when I showed him my new feature—the HUMAN TORCH. He acted as if he had known it all the time!"

We left shortly after that, closing the door quietly behind us.

END

Bill Everett's HURRICANE



The Story of THE SUB-MARINER!

IT was raining pretty hard when we reached Bill Everett's apartment-studio, a dramatic background for the story we hoped to get.

"Hello, Bill," we smiled, "mind if we annoy you for a while?"

"Come on in," Bill said beaming. "I was hoping someone would drop in on me tonight."

True to style, he made us feel right at home. "We've come to ask you to tell us something about yourself, and how you started to write about the SUB-MARINER. Do you mind?"

"Well," Bill said, "I was born in Newton, Massachusetts, and I'm still young enough to be in that first draft—if and when. When I was very young my folks went out to Arizona. We stayed there until after I finished high school.

"But, my folks decided to go back to Massachusetts, and I decided to go back to school. I went to the Vesper George Art School where I made up my mind that I would make art a career.

"While I was studying, I worked in a large advertising agency, but I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to do newspaper work, so I landed a job on the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, after doing a turn on the art staff of the BOSTON TRAVELER. Later I was the art director of a national magazine, but there my flare for cartooning was somewhat stifled, so I free-lanced around until I broke into this field, as the Art Editor of Funnies, Inc., the outfit that creates the features that appear in MARVEL COMICS."

"But, Bill," we asked, "where did you pick up the idea for the SUB-MARINER?"

"THAT'S another story. You see, when we returned to the east coast, I found just as much adventure as I did in the west. What I mean is, I got myself a job on a seagoing tramp that went from Maine to Florida.

"On one run, when we were still a day out of Florida, one of those native Floridian hurricanes hit us broadsides. It shook that old tub like it was a toy. I happened to be at the wheel, and the full force of the storm spun it like a top. One of the bigger men took over for the minute, for there was another job to be done. The wireless antenna had been blown down, and it meant a climb up the slippery rope stays to the top of the mast. I was elected.

"I climbed into my oilskins and started up. The wind cut my face and hands, and I had all I could do to hold on. The rigging was wet and slippery. My job was to carry that loose wire up and tie it back to the mast. Well, I finally reached the top, and stood upright on the crosstrees. The wind lashed my oils and they cracked like thunder. Suddenly, after I had done my job, I felt myself being swept off my perch into thin air!

"I grabbed, and luckily caught the end of a rope. I swung there, half dazed for a moment, only to realize that my hand was slowly slipping off the wet hemp. Below I could see the washed deck glaring up at me. The cold wind had numbed my spirit, and a strange feeling came over me. I felt I was not alone.

"Something seemed to take hold of me and lift me, bodily, back onto the crosstrees. I lay there for a moment, and when I finally got a grip on myself, I looked up to see who, or what, had helped me.

"THERE WAS NO ONE THERE!"

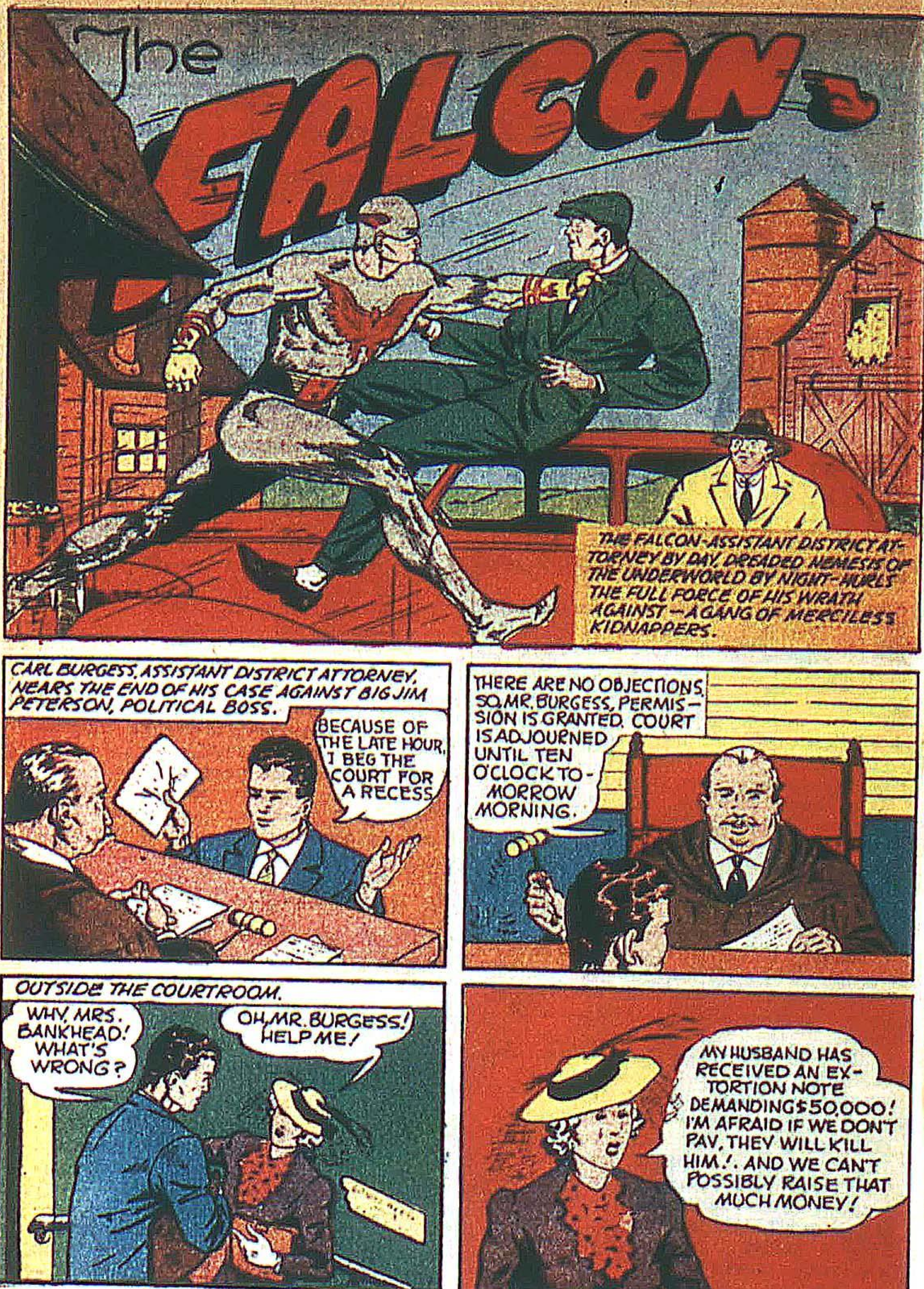
WE couldn't help but notice the sincere look in Bill's eyes as he spoke. "Whew, that was a corker, Bill. But, where does the SUB-MARINER come in?"

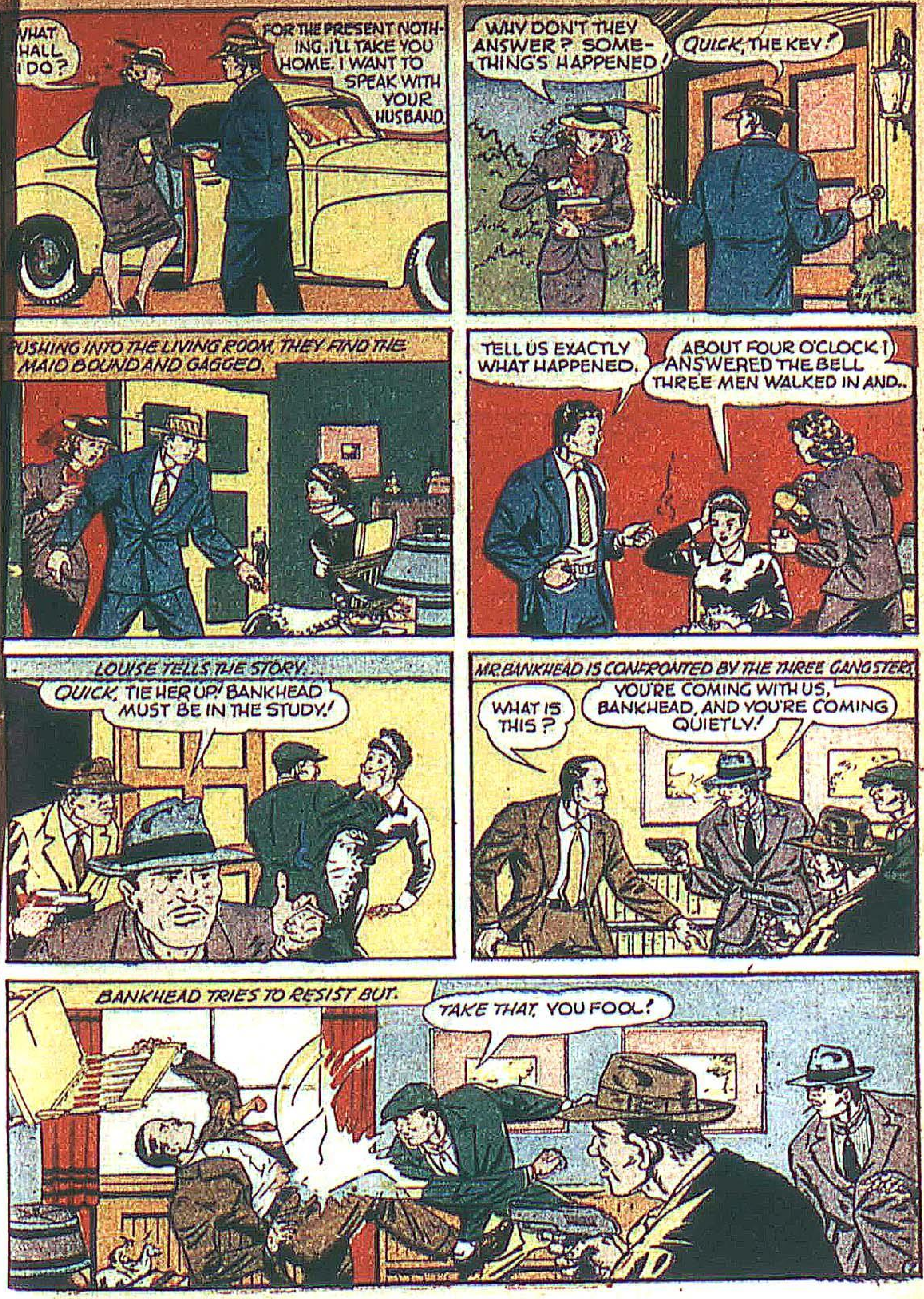
He smiled that slow smile of his and said, "Who knows? To me it was HE who helped me that night.

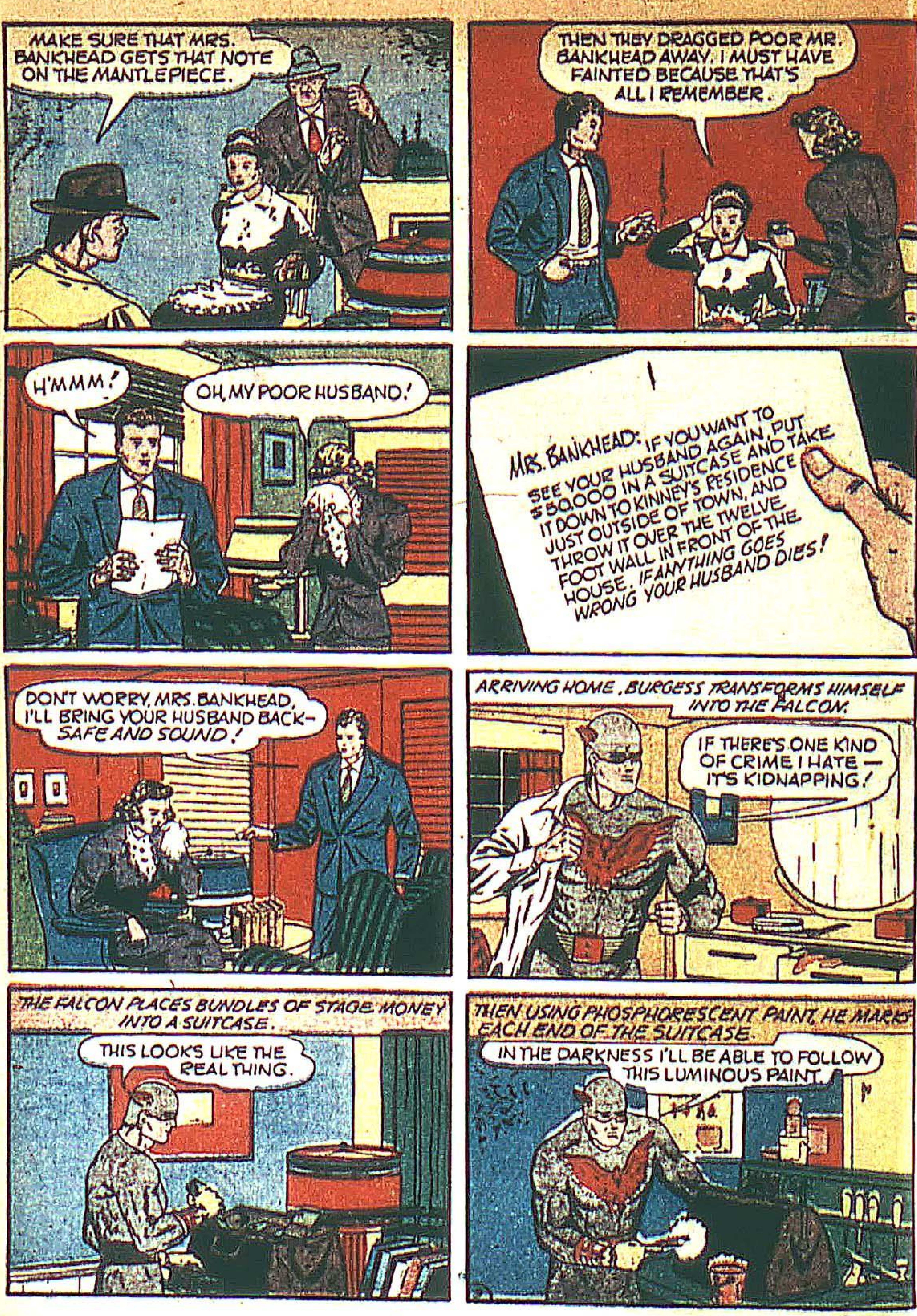
"For the duration of that trip I was constantly reminded of Coleridge's ANCIENT MARINER, the poem that tells about the supernatural powers of the sea. I suppose that had some bearing on my title, SUB-MARINER.

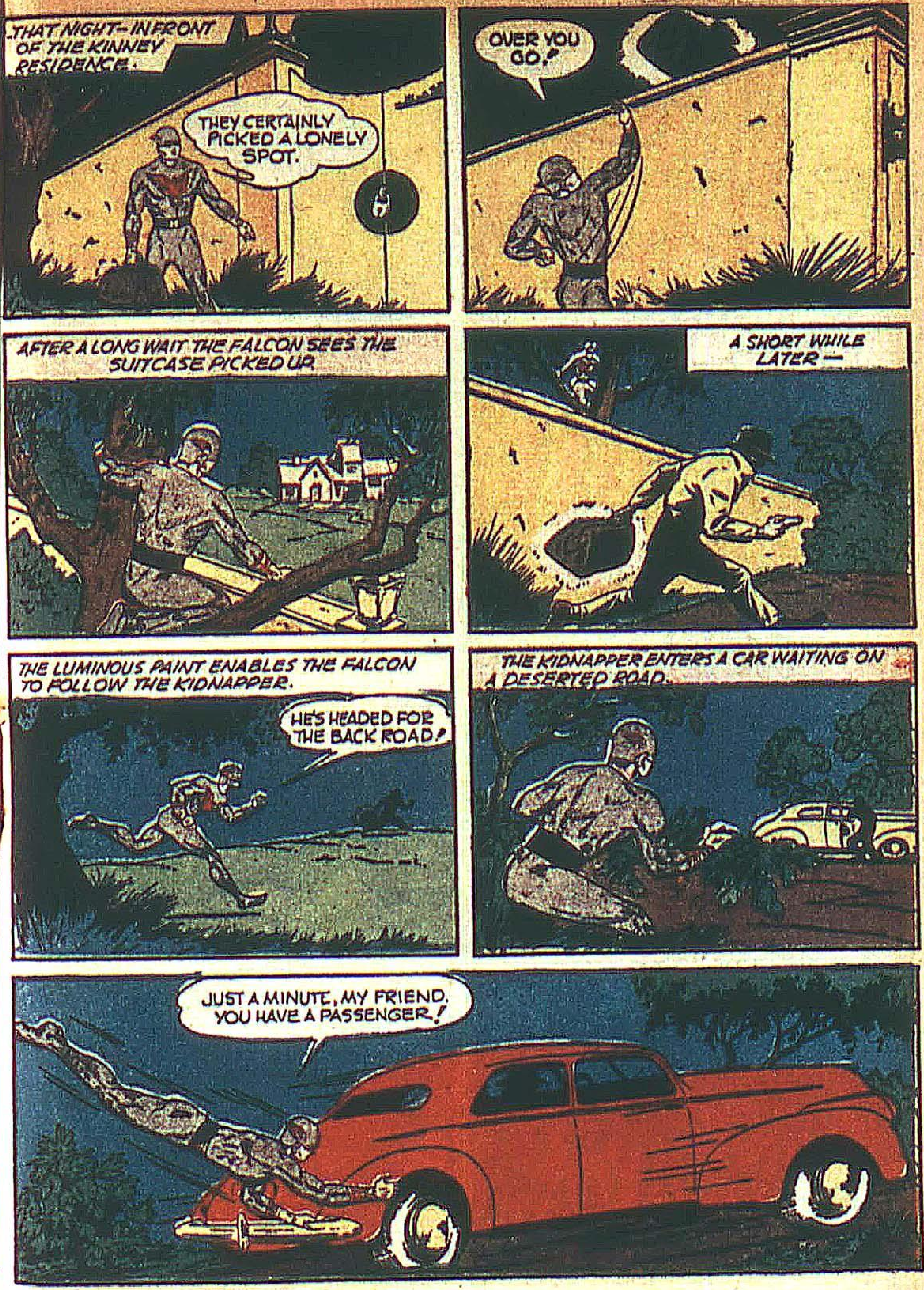
"To me, I owe my life to that something—whether wind, a strong subconscious motion, or a supernatural being. But I shall always think of it as my friend . . . THE SUB-MARINER!"

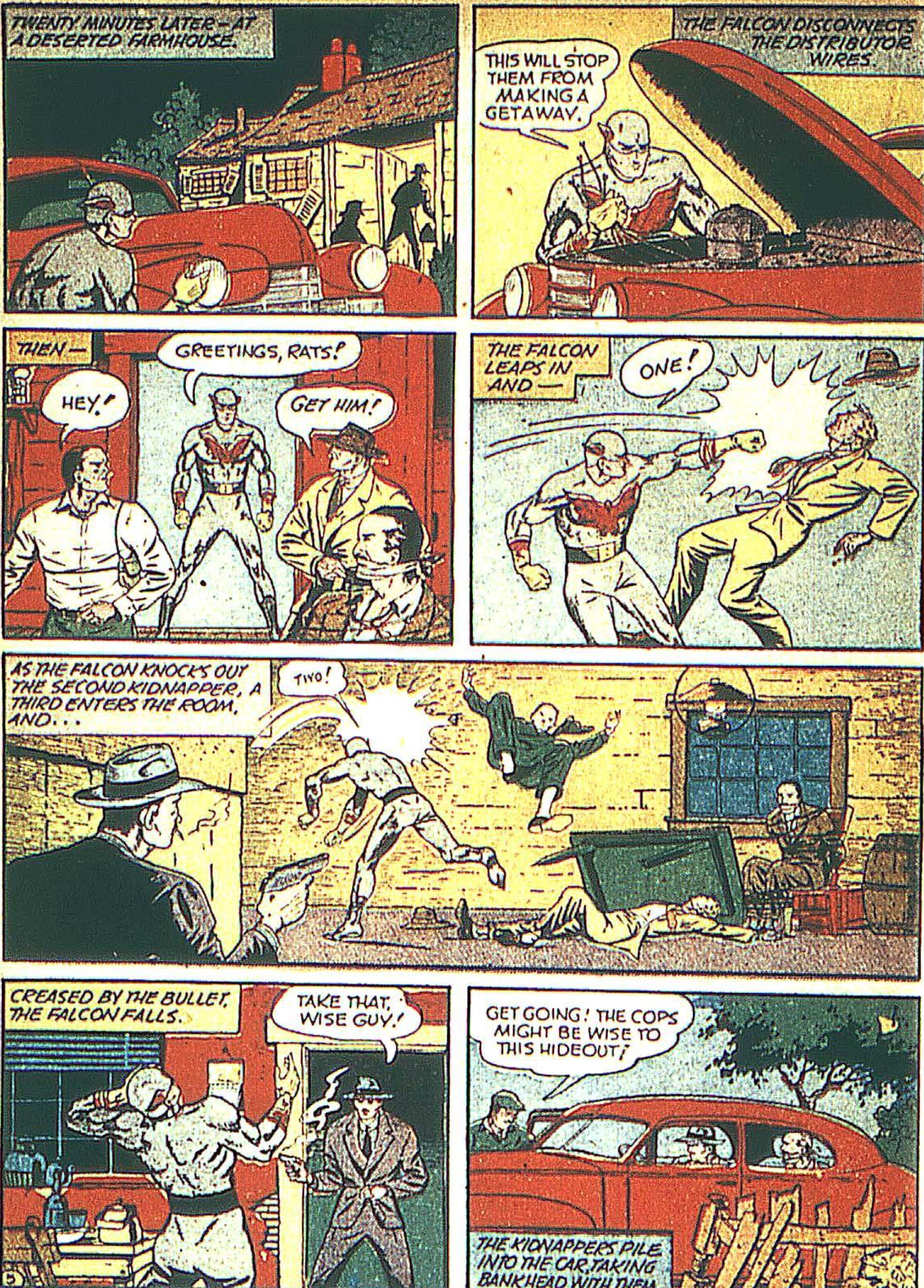
END

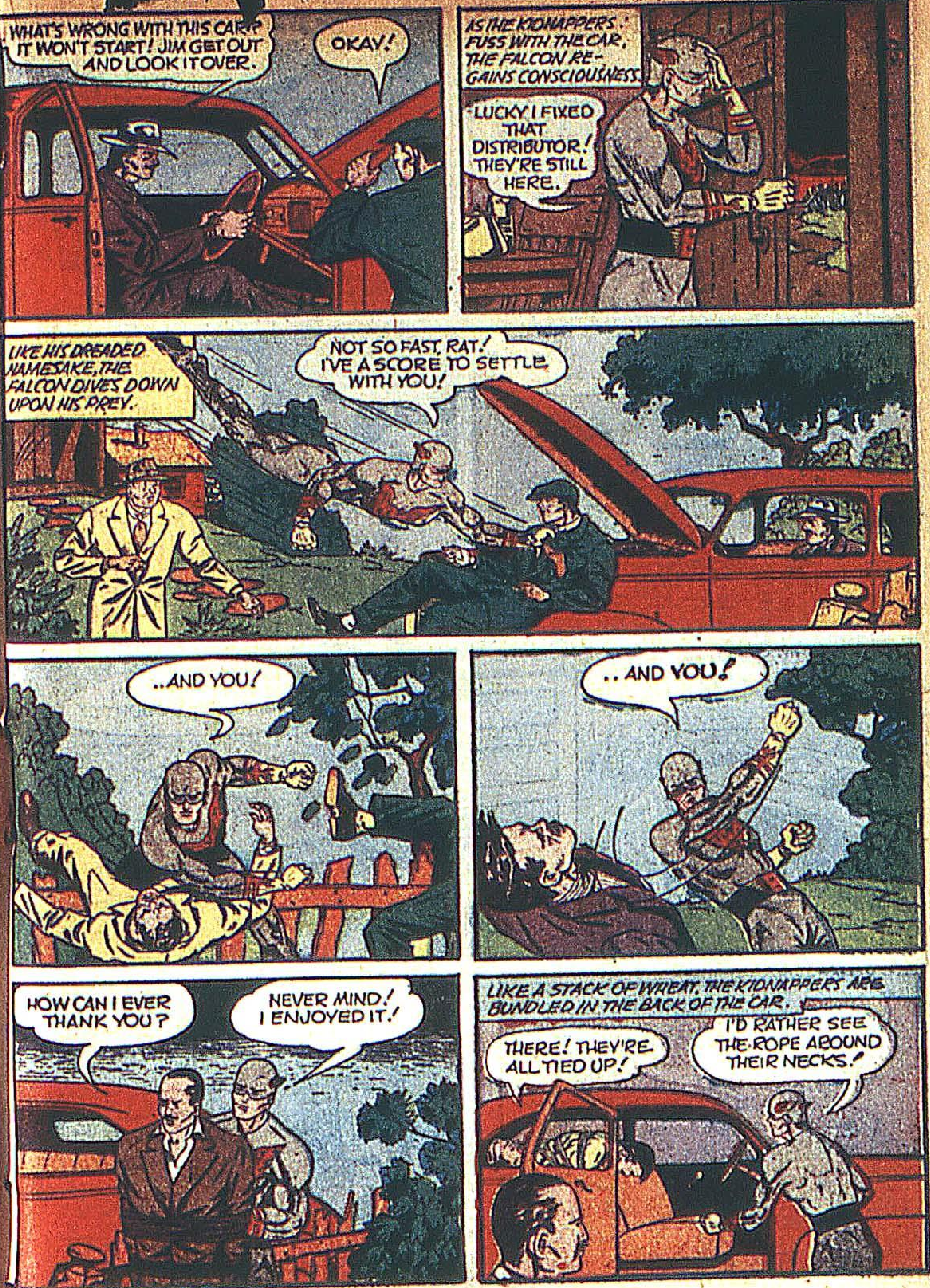

The FALCON
THE FALCON-ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY BY DAY, DREADED NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD BY NIGHT-HURLS THE FULL FORCE OF HIS WRATH AGAINST—A GANG OF MERCILESS KIDNAPPERS.
CARL BURGESS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, NEARS THE END OF HIS CASE AGAINST BIG JIM PETERSON, POLITICAL BOSS.
BECAUSE OF THE LATE HOUR, I BEG THE COURT FOR A RECESS
THERE ARE NO OBJECTIONS, SO, MR. BURGESS, PERMISSION IS GRANTED. COURT IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING.
OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM.
WHY, MRS. BANKHEAD! WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, MR. BURGESS! HELP ME!
MY HUSBAND HAS RECEIVED AN EXTORTION NOTE DEMANDING $50,000! I'M AFRAID IF WE DON'T PAY, THEY WILL KILL HIM!. AND WE CAN'T POSSIBLY RAISE THAT MUCH MONEY!

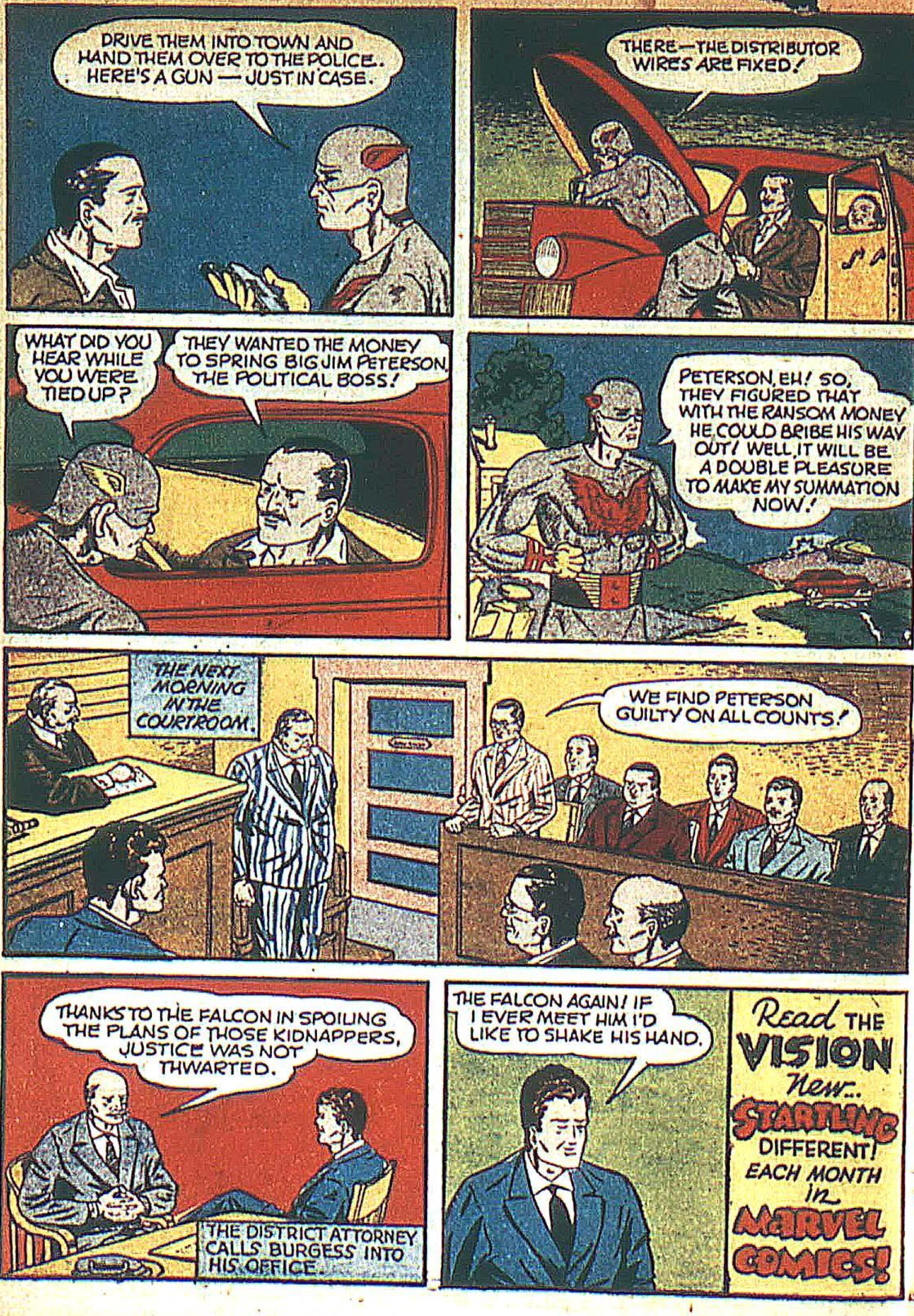

WHAT HALL I DO?
FOR THE PRESENT NOTHING. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOUR HUSBAND.
WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
QUICK, THE KEY!
USHING INTO THE LIVING ROOM, THEY FIND THE MAID BOUND AND GAGGED.
TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED.
ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK I ANSWERED THE BELL THREE MEN WALKED IN AND..
LOUISE TELLS THE STORY...
QUICK, TIE HER UP! BANKHEAD MUST BE IN THE STUDY!
MR. BANKHEAD IS CONFRONTED BY THE THREE GANGSTER
WHAT IS THIS?
YOU'RE COMING WITH US, BANKHEAD, AND YOU'RE COMING QUIETLY!
BANKHEAD TRIES TO RESIST BUT.
TAKE THAT, YOU FOOL!

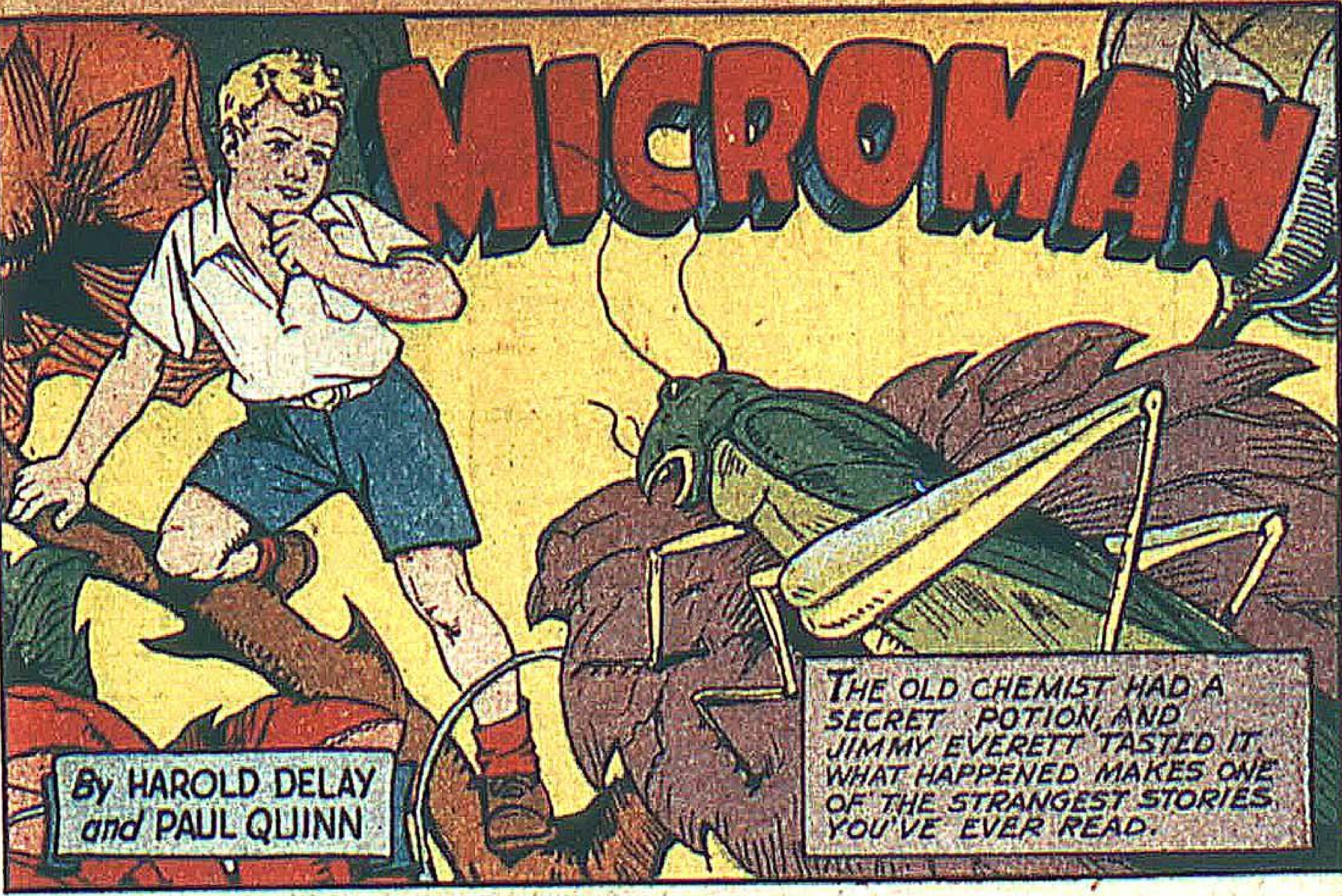

MAKE SURE THAT MRS. BANKHEAD GETS THAT NOTE ON THE MANTLEPIECE.
THEN THEY DRAGGED POOR MR. BANKHEAD AWAY. I MUST HAVE FAINTED BECAUSE THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER.
H'MMM!
OH, MY POOR HUSBAND!
MRS. BANKHEAD: IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND AGAIN, PUT $50,000 IN A SUITCASE AND TAKE IT DOWN TO KINNEY'S RESIDENCE JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN, AND THROW IT OVER THE TWELVE FOOT WALL IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG YOUR HUSBAND DIES!
DON'T WORRY, MRS. BANKHEAD, I'LL BRING YOUR HUSBAND BACK- SAFE AND SOUND!
ARRIVING HOME, BURGESS TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO THE FALCON.
IF THERE'S ONE KIND OF CRIME I HATE — IT'S KIDNAPPING!
THE FALCON PLACES BUNDLES OF STAGE MONEY INTO A SUITCASE.
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING.
THEN USING PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT, HE MARKS EACH END OF THE SUITCASE.
IN THE DARKNESS I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THIS LUMINOUS PAINT.

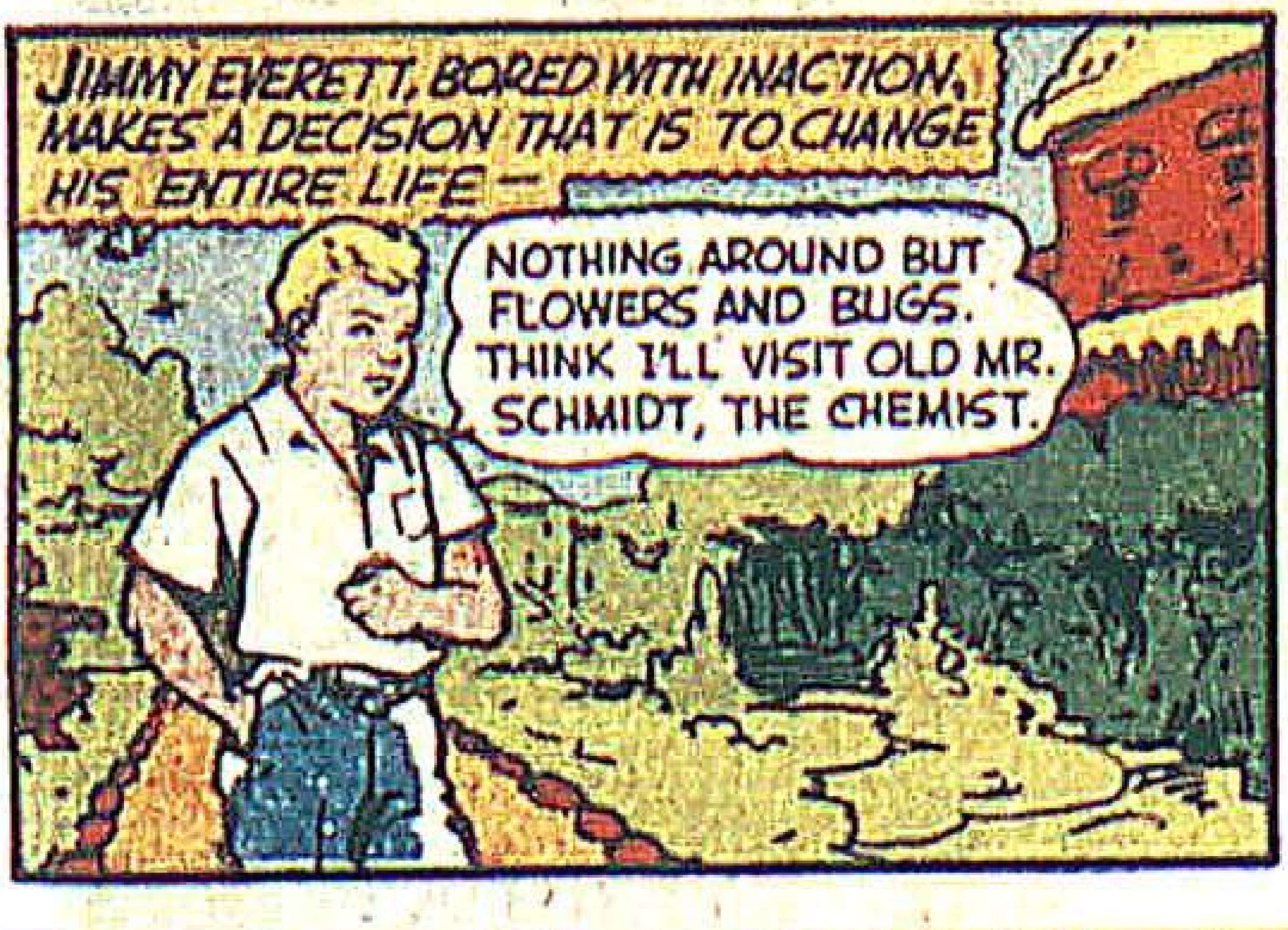

THAT NIGHT—IN FRONT OF THE KINNEY RESIDENCE.
THEY CERTAINLY PICKED A LONELY SPOT.
OVER YOU GO.!
AFTER A LONG WAIT THE FALCON SEES THE SUITCASE PICKED UP.
A SHORT WHILE LATER—
THE LUMINOUS PAINT ENABLES THE FALCON TO FOLLOW THE KIDNAPPER.
HE'S HEADED FOR THE BACK ROAD!
THE KIDNAPPER ENTERS A CAR WAITING ON A DESERTED ROAD.
JUST A MINUTE, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE A PASSENGER!

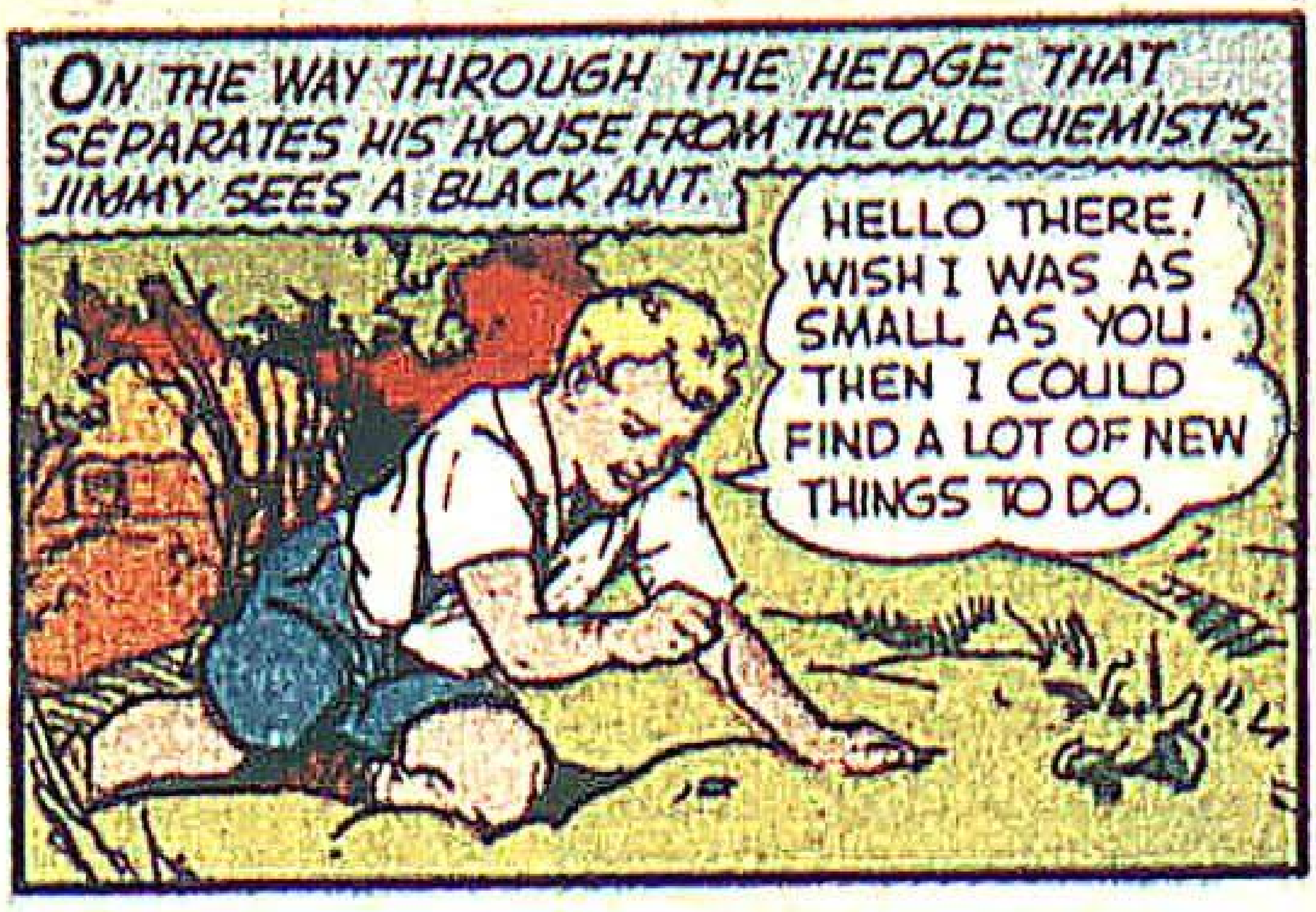

TWENTY MINUTES LATER—AT A DESERTED FARMHOUSE.
THE FALCON DISCONNECTS THE DISTRIBUTOR WIRES.
THIS WILL STOP THEM FROM MAKING A GETAWAY.
THEN—
GREETINGS, RATS!
HEY!
GET HIM!
THE FALCON LEAPS IN AND—
ONE!
AS THE FALCON KNOCKS OUT THE SECOND KIDNAPPER, A THIRD ENTERS THE ROOM, AND...
TWO!
CREASED BY THE BULLET, THE FALCON FALLS.
TAKE THAT, WISE GUY!
GET GOING! THE COPS MIGHT BE WISE TO THIS HIDEOUT!
THE KIDNAPPERS PILE INTO THE CAR, TAKING BANKHEAD WITH THEM.

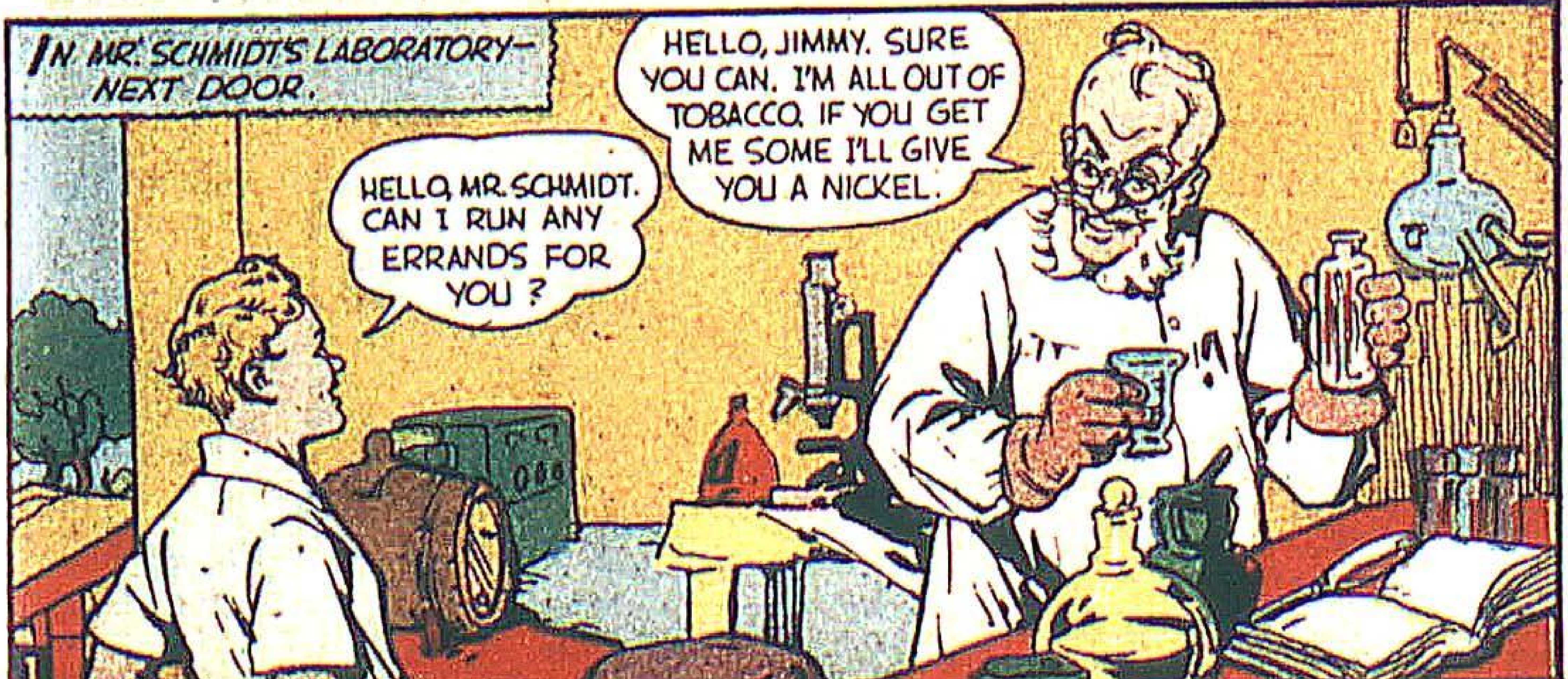

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CAR? IT WON'T START! JIM GET OUT AND LOOK IT OVER.
OKAY!
AS THE KIDNAPPERS FUSS WITH THE CAR, THE FALCON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.
LUCKY I FIXED THAT DISTRIBUTOR! THEY'RE STILL HERE.
LIKE HIS DREADED NAMESAKE, THE FALCON DIVES DOWN UPON HIS PREY.
NOT SO FAST, RAT! I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!
..AND YOU!
..AND YOU!
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
NEVER MIND! I ENJOYED IT!
LIKE A STACK OF WHEAT, THE KIDNAPPERS ARE BUNDLED IN THE BACK OF THE CAR.
THERE! THEY'RE ALL TIED UP!
I'D RATHER SEE THE ROPE ABOUND THEIR NECKS!

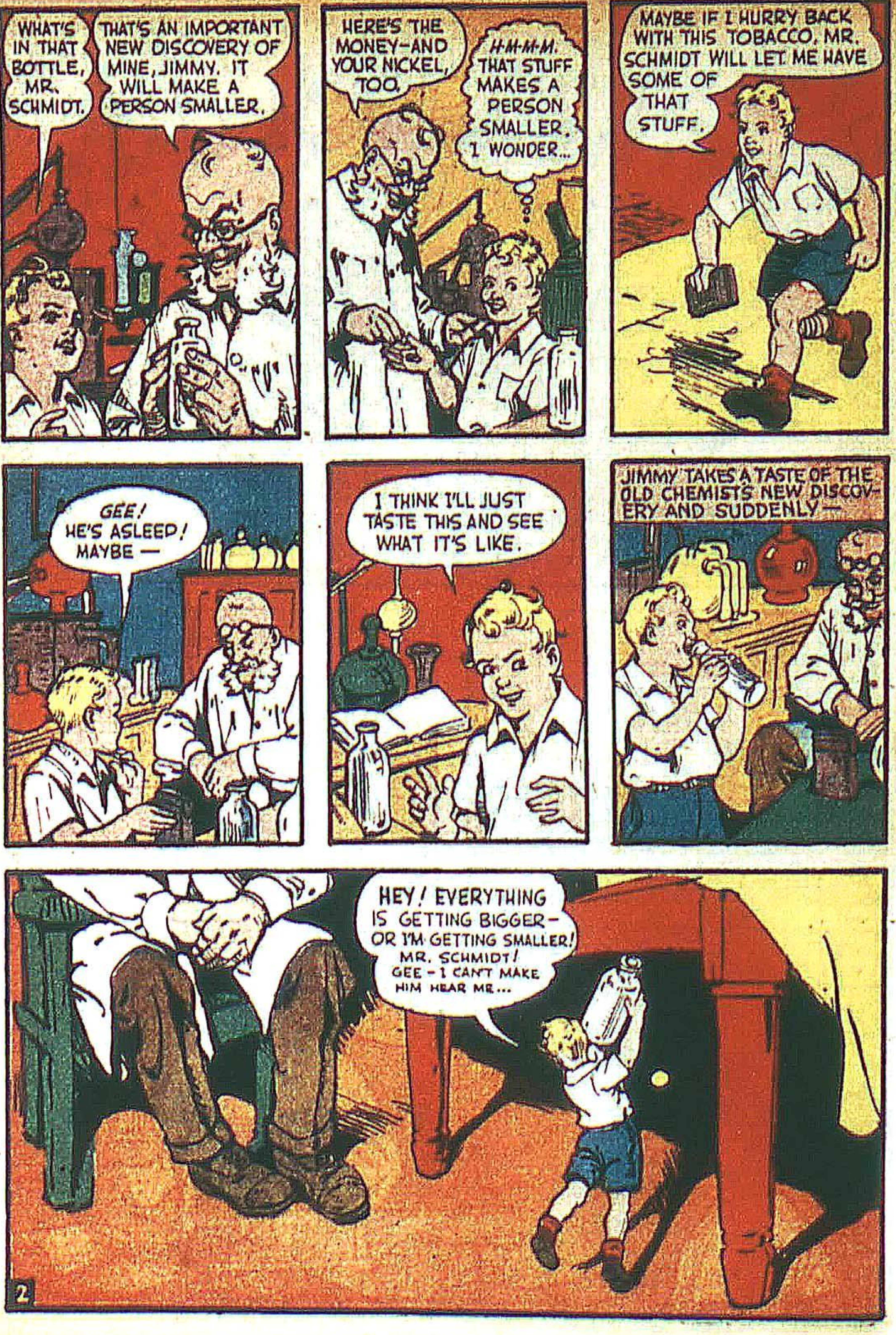

DRIVE THEM INTO TOWN AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE. HERE'S A GUN — JUST IN CASE.
THERE—THE DISTRIBUTOR WIRES ARE FIXED!
WHAT DID YOU HEAR WHILE YOU WERE TIED UP?
THEY WANTED THE MONEY TO SPRING BIG JIM PETERSON, THE POLITICAL BOSS!
PETERSON, EH! SO, THEY FIGURED THAT WITH THE RANSOM MONEY HE COULD BRIBE HIS WAY OUT! WELL, IT WILL BE A DOUBLE PLEASURE TO MAKE MY SUMMATION NOW!
THE NEXT MORNING IN THE COURTROOM.
WE FIND PETERSON GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS!
THANKS TO THE FALCON IN SPOILING THE PLANS OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS, JUSTICE WAS NOT THWARTED.
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CALLS BURGESS INTO HIS OFFICE.
THE FALCON AGAIN! IF I EVER MEET HIM I'D LIKE TO SHAKE HIS HAND.
Read THE VISION New.. STARTLING DIFFERENT! EACH MONTH in MARVEL COMICS!

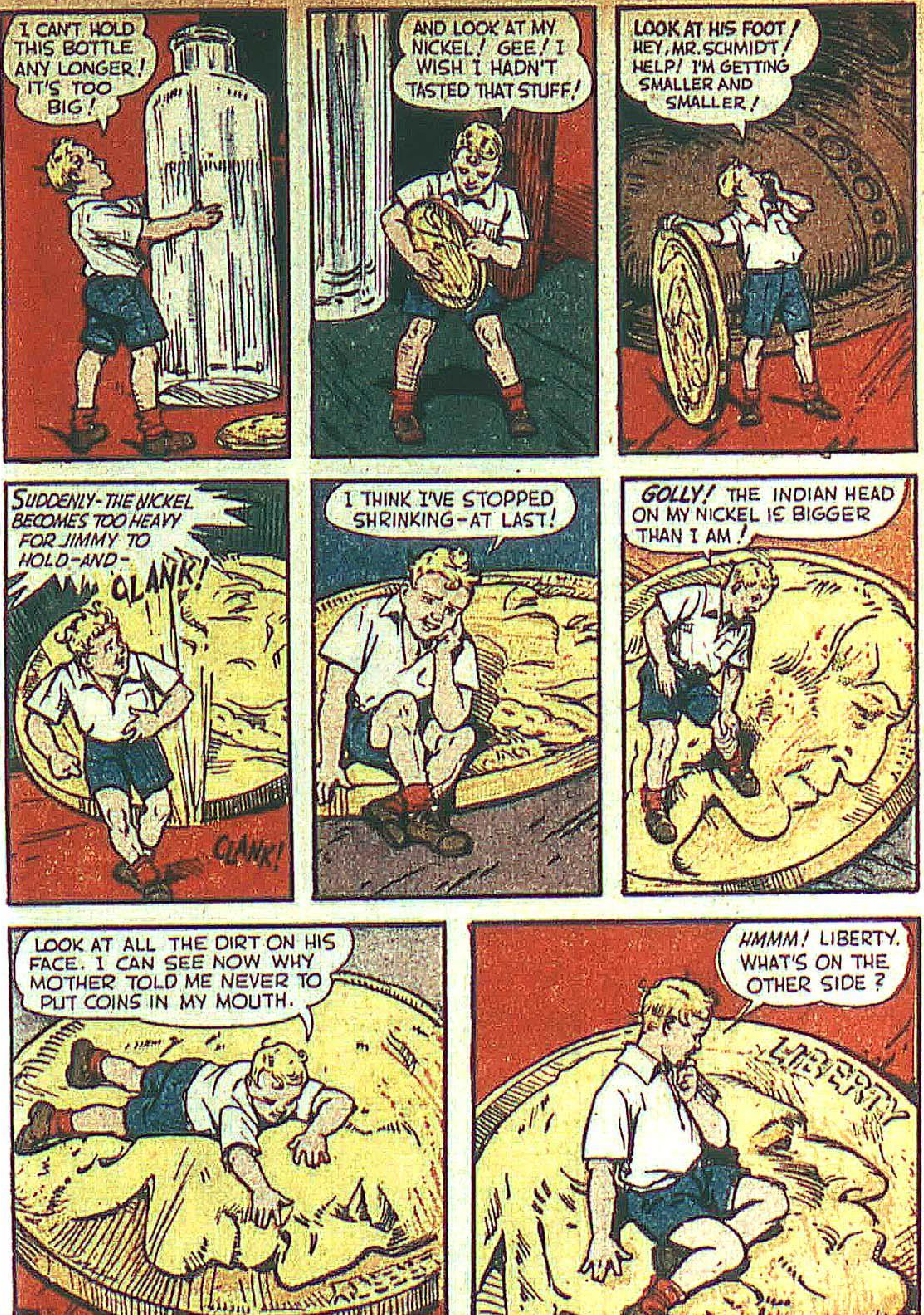

MICROMAN
By HAROLD DELAY and PAUL QUINN
THE OLD CHEMIST HAD A SECRET POTION, AND JIMMY EVERETT TASTED IT. WHAT HAPPENED MAKES ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ.

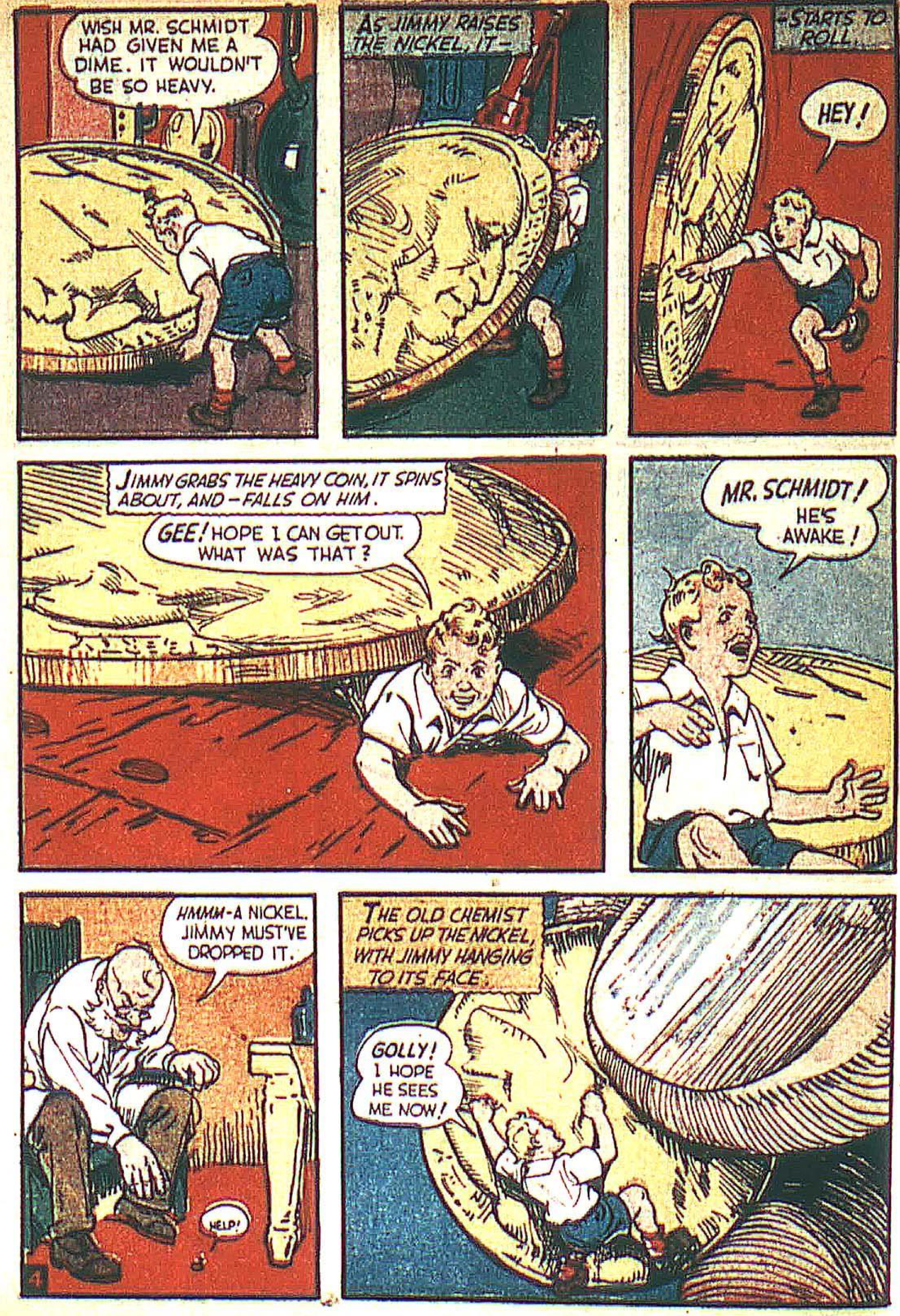

JIMMY EVERETT, BORED WITH INACTION, MAKES A DECISION THAT IS TO CHANGE HIS ENTIRE LIFE—
NOTHING AROUND BUT FLOWERS AND BUGS. THINK I'LL VISIT OLD MR. SCHMIDT, THE CHEMIST.

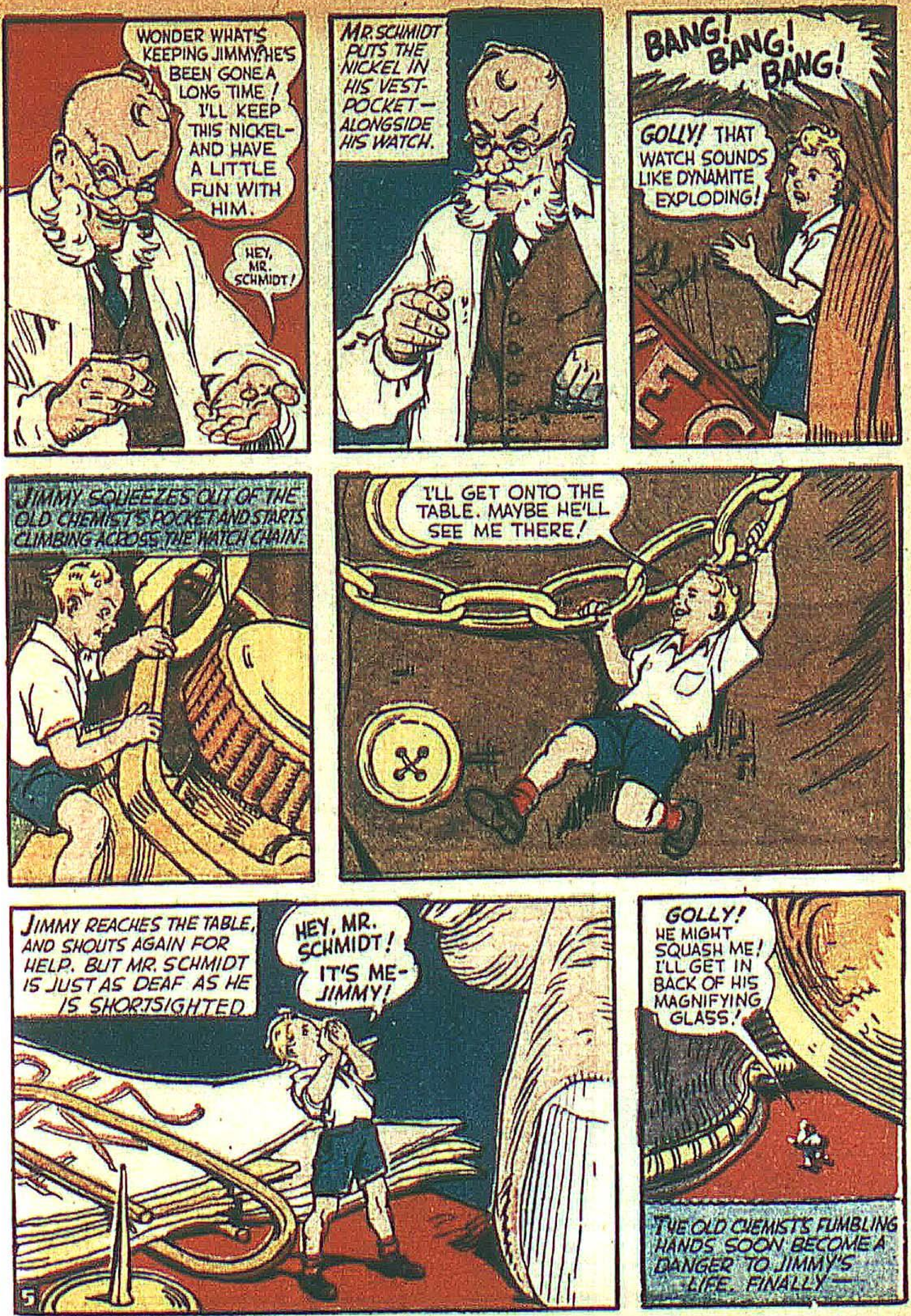

ON THE WAY THROUGH THE HEDGE THAT SEPARATES HIS HOUSE FROM THE OLD CHEMIST'S, JIMMY SEES A BLACK ANT.
HELLO THERE! WISH I WAS AS SMALL AS YOU. THEN I COULD FIND A LOT OF NEW THINGS TO DO.

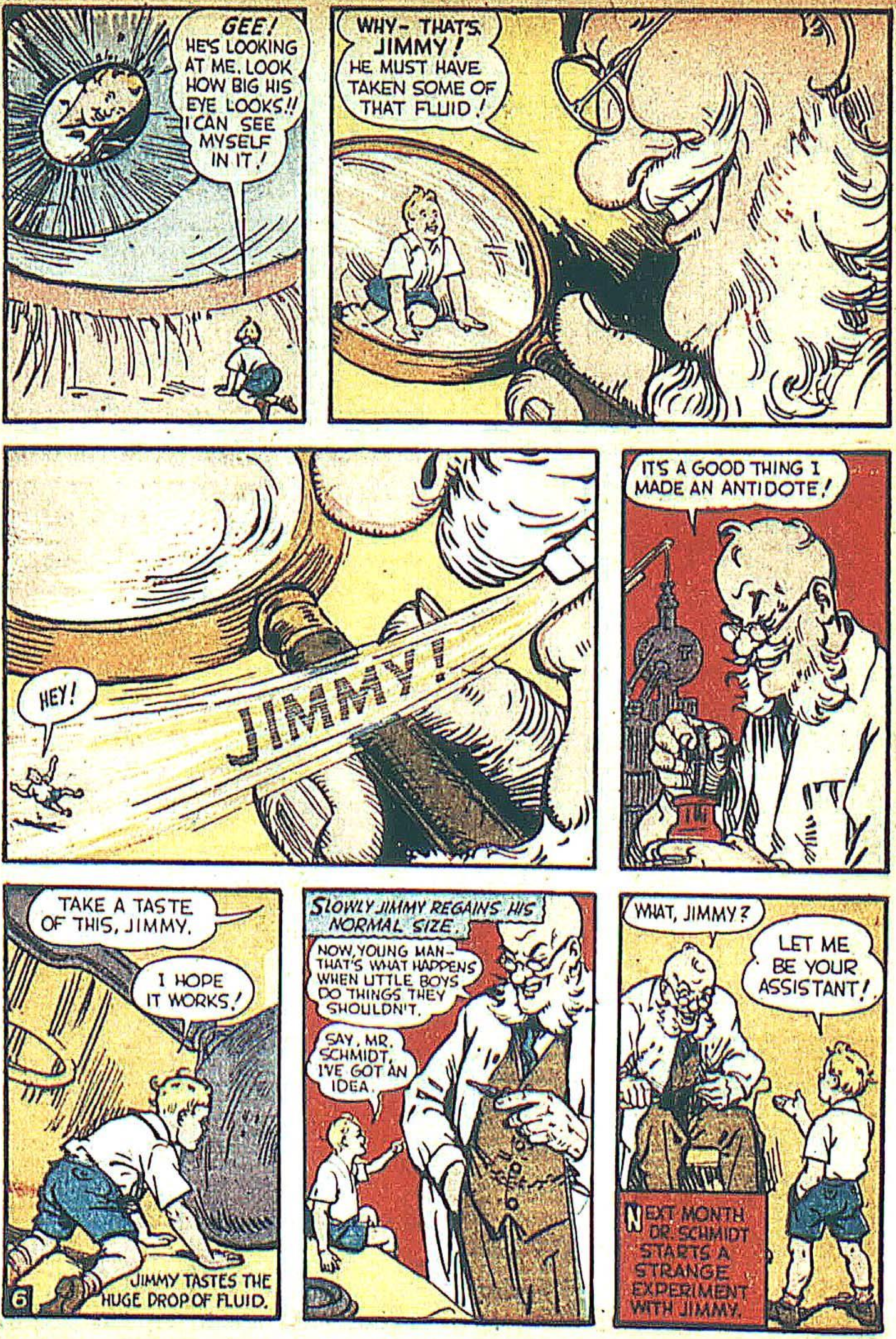

IN MR. SCHMIDT'S LABORATORY—NEXT DOOR.
HELLO, MR. SCHMIDT. CAN I RUN ANY ERRANDS FOR YOU ?
HELLO, JIMMY. SURE YOU CAN. I'M ALL OUT OF TOBACCO. IF YOU GET ME SOME I'LL GIVE YOU A NICKEL.

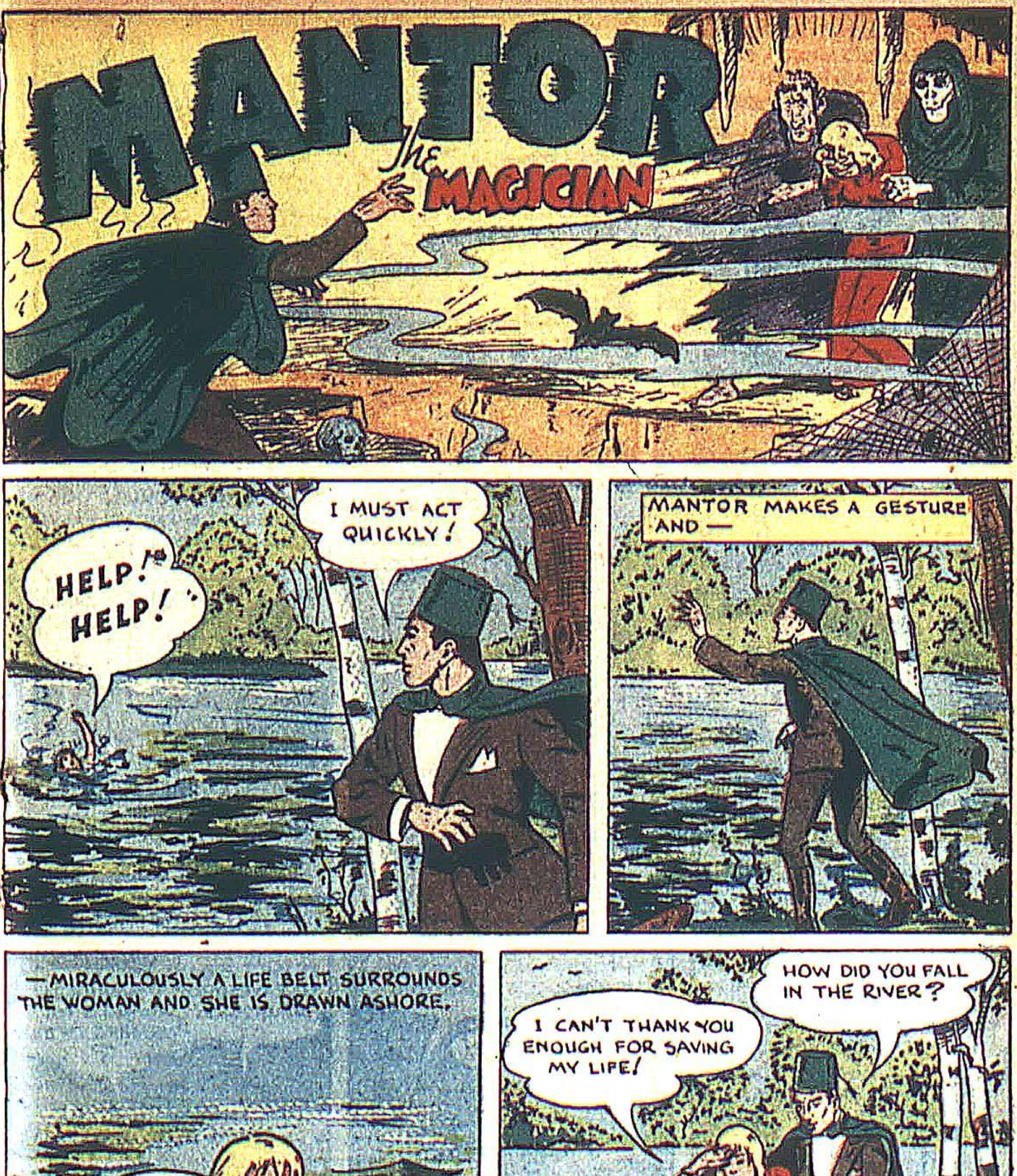

WHAT'S IN THAT BOTTLE, MR. SCHMIDT.
THAT'S AN IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY OF MINE, JIMMY. IT WILL MAKE A PERSON SMALLER.
HERE'S THE MONEY—AND YOUR NICKEL, TOO.
H-M-M-M. THAT STUFF MAKES A PERSON SMALLER. I WONDER...
MAYBE IF I HURRY BACK WITH THIS TOBACCO, MR. SCHMIDT WILL LET ME HAVE SOME OF THAT STUFF.
GEE! HE'S ASLEEP! MAYBE —
I THINK I'LL JUST TASTE THIS AND SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE.
JIMMY TAKES A TASTE OF THE OLD CHEMIST'S NEW DISCOVERY AND SUDDENLY—
HEY! EVERYTHING IS GETTING BIGGER—OR I'M GETTING SMALLER! MR. SCHMIDT! GEE – I CAN'T MAKE HIM HEAR ME...

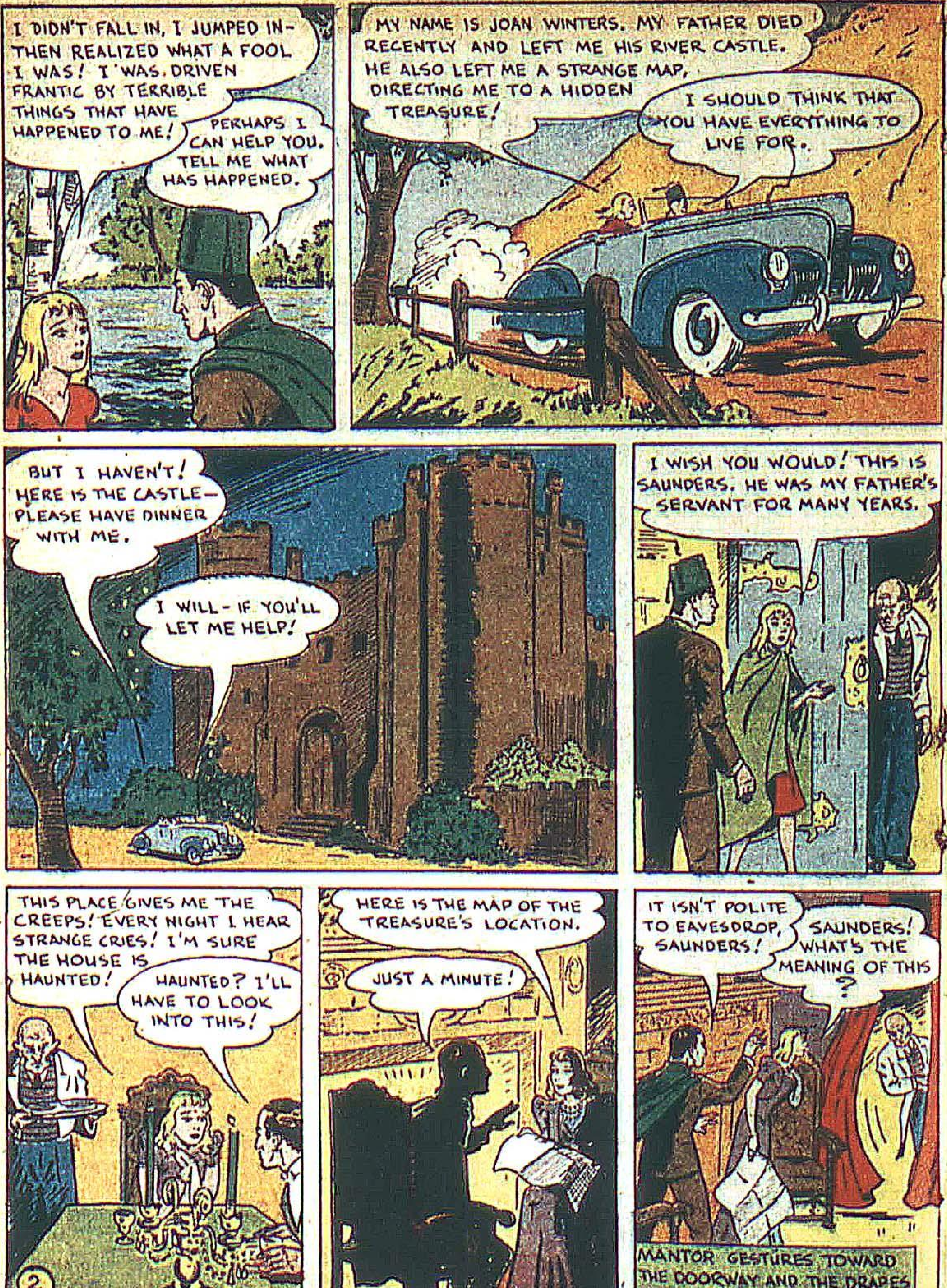

I CAN'T HOLD THIS BOTTLE ANY LONGER! IT'S TOO BIG!
AND LOOK AT MY NICKEL! GEE! I WISH I HADN'T TASTED THAT STUFF!
LOOK AT HIS FOOT! HEY, MR. SCHMIDT! HELP! I'M GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER!
SUDDENLY-THE NICKEL BECOMES TOO HEAVY FOR JIMMY TO HOLD-AND-
CLANK!
CLANK!
I THINK I'VE STOPPED SHRINKING-AT LAST!
GOLLY! THE INDIAN HEAD ON MY NICKEL IS BIGGER THAN I AM!
LOOK AT ALL THE DIRT ON HIS FACE. I CAN SEE NOW WHY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO PUT COINS IN MY MOUTH.
HMMM! LIBERTY. WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE?
LIBERTY

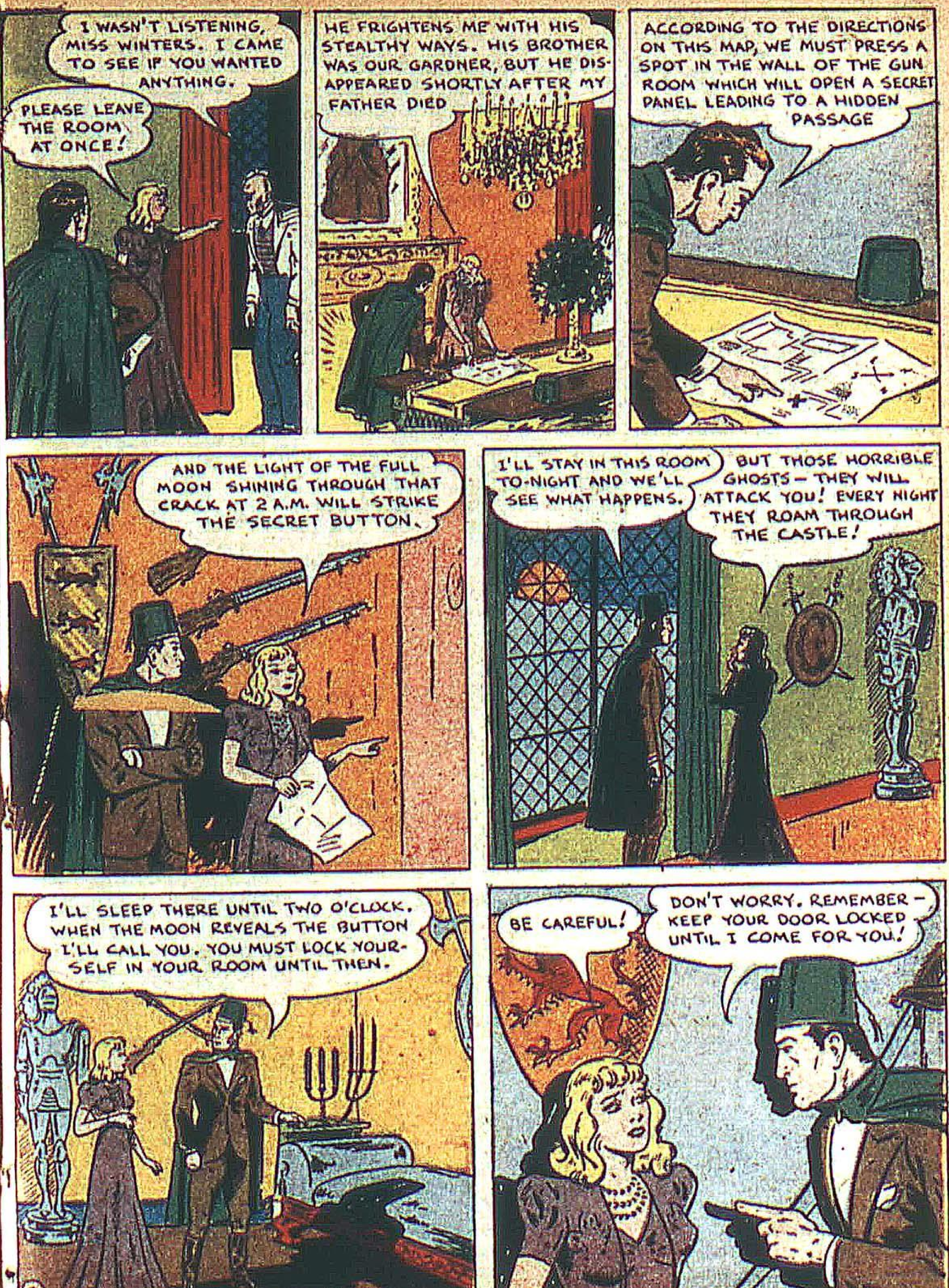

WISH MR. SCHMIDT HAD GIVEN ME A DIME. IT WOULDN'T BE SO HEAVY.
AS JIMMY RAISES THE NICKEL, IT—
—STARTS TO ROLL.
HEY!
JIMMY GRABS THE HEAVY COIN, IT SPINS ABOUT, AND—FALLS ON HIM.
GEE! HOPE I CAN GET OUT. WHAT WAS THAT?
MR. SCHMIDT! HE'S AWAKE!
HMMM—A NICKEL. JIMMY MUST'VE DROPPED IT.
HELP!
4
THE OLD CHEMIST PICKS UP THE NICKEL, WITH JIMMY HANGING TO ITS FACE.
GOLLY! I HOPE HE SEES ME NOW!

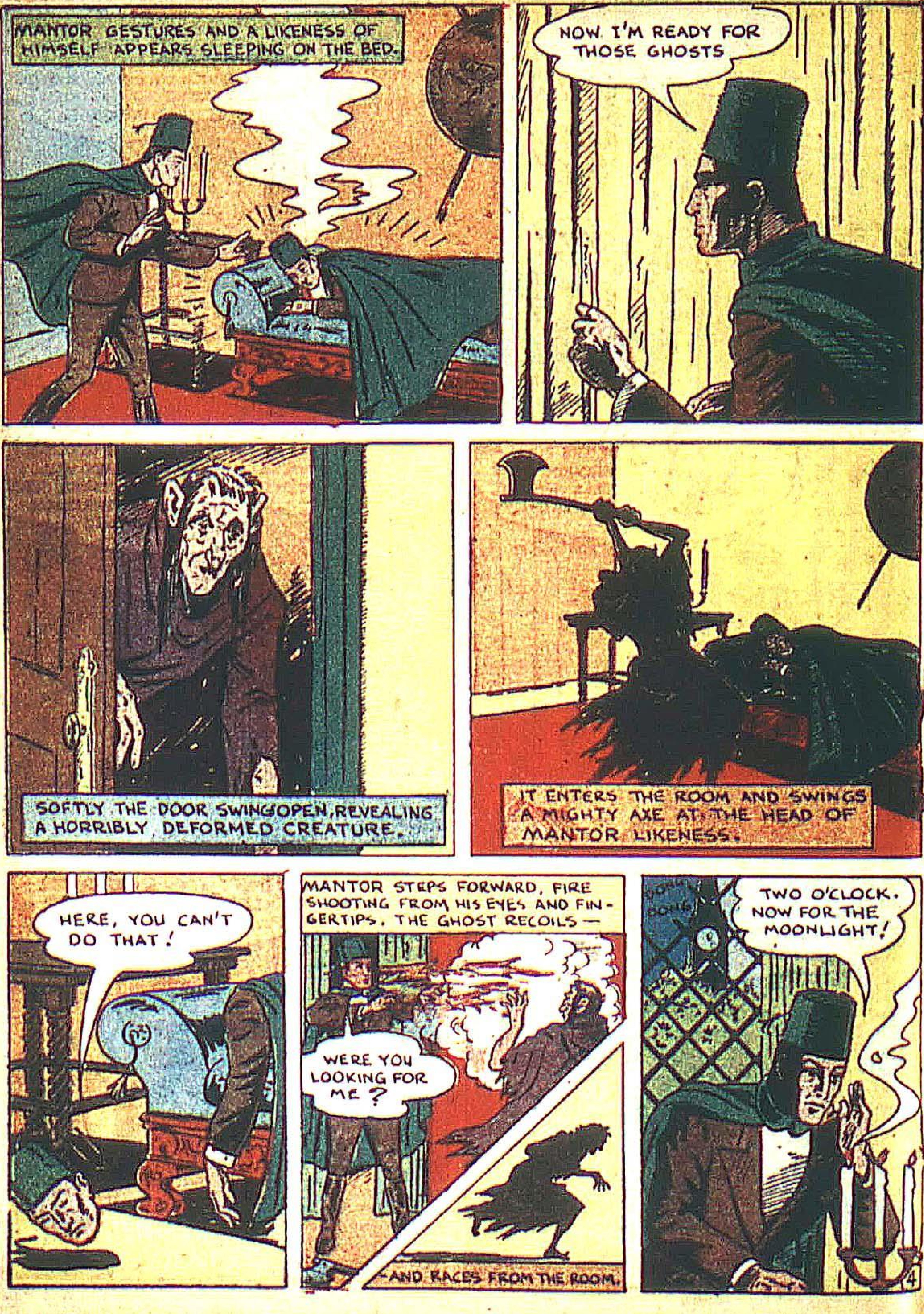

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING JIMMY? HE'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME! I'LL KEEP THIS NICKEL- AND HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH HIM.
HEY, MR. SCHMIDT!
MR. SCHMIDT PUTS THE NICKEL IN HIS VEST-POCKET— ALONGSIDE HIS WATCH.
BANG! BANG! BANG!
GOLLY! THAT WATCH SOUNDS LIKE DYNAMITE EXPLODING!
JIMMY SQUEEZES OUT OF THE OLD CHEMIST'S POCKET AND STARTS CLIMBING ACROSS THE WATCH CHAIN.
I'LL GET ONTO THE TABLE. MAYBE HE'LL SEE ME THERE!
JIMMY REACHES THE TABLE, AND SHOUTS AGAIN FOR HELP. BUT MR. SCHMIDT IS JUST AS DEAF AS HE IS SHORTSIGHTED
HEY, MR. SCHMIDT! IT'S ME- JIMMY!
5
GOLLY! HE MIGHT SQUASH ME! I'LL GET IN BACK OF HIS MAGNIFYING GLASS!
THE OLD CHEMIST'S FUMBLING HANDS SOON BECOME A DANGER TO JIMMY'S LIFE. FINALLY—

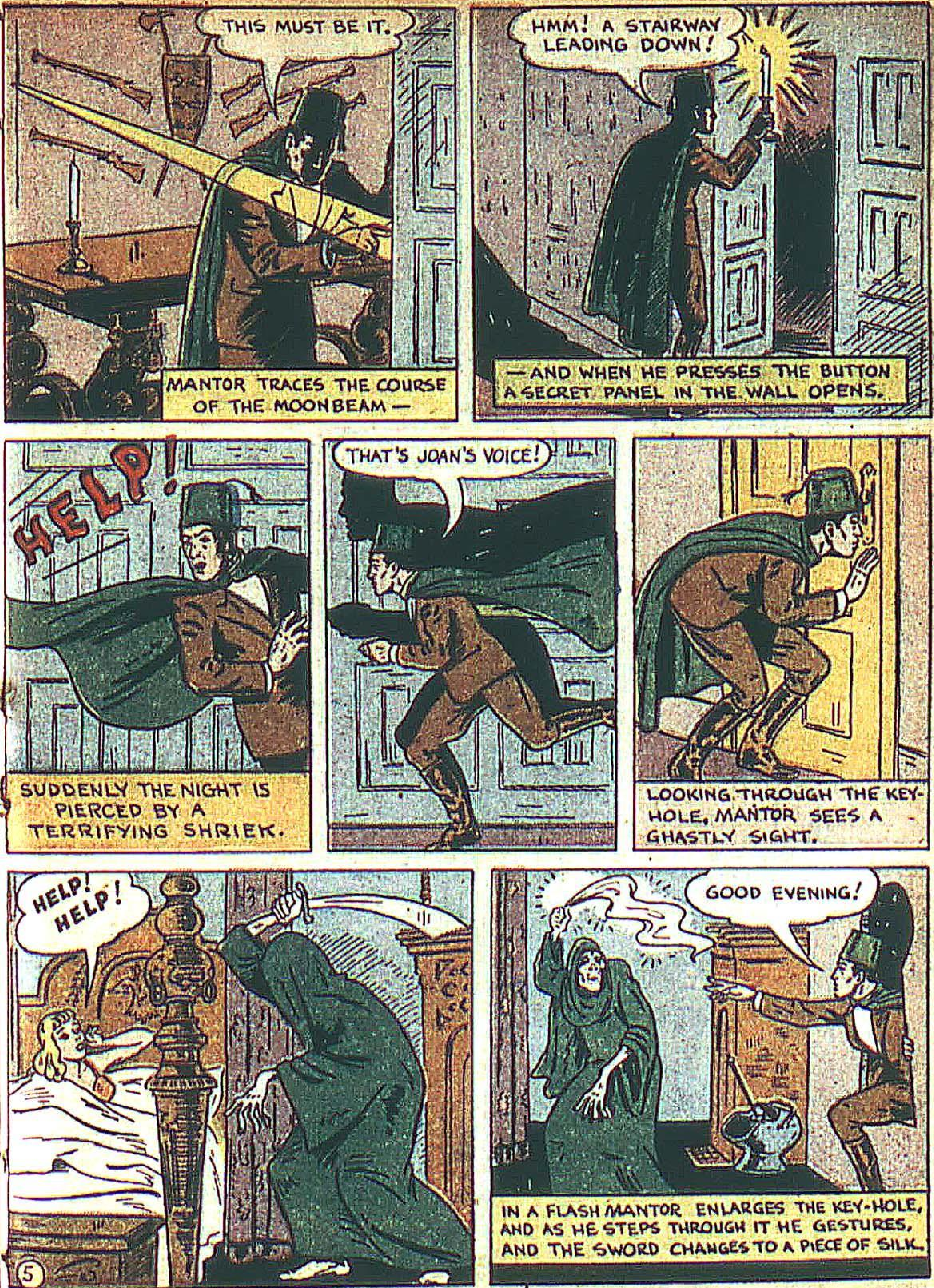

GEE! HE'S LOOKING AT ME. LOOK HOW BIG HIS EYE LOOKS!! I CAN SEE MYSELF IN IT!
WHY- THAT'S JIMMY! HE MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME OF THAT FLUID!
HEY!
JIMMY!
IT'S A GOOD THING I MADE AN ANTIDOTE!
TAKE A TASTE OF THIS, JIMMY.
I HOPE IT WORKS!
JIMMY TASTES THE HUGE DROP OF FLUID.
SLOWLY JIMMY REGAINS HIS NORMAL SIZE.
NOW, YOUNG MAN- THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN LITTLE BOYS DO THINGS THEY SHOULDN'T.
SAY, MR. SCHMIDT, I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
WHAT, JIMMY?
LET ME BE YOUR ASSISTANT!
NEXT MONTH DR. SCHMIDT STARTS A STRANGE EXPERIMENT WITH JIMMY.

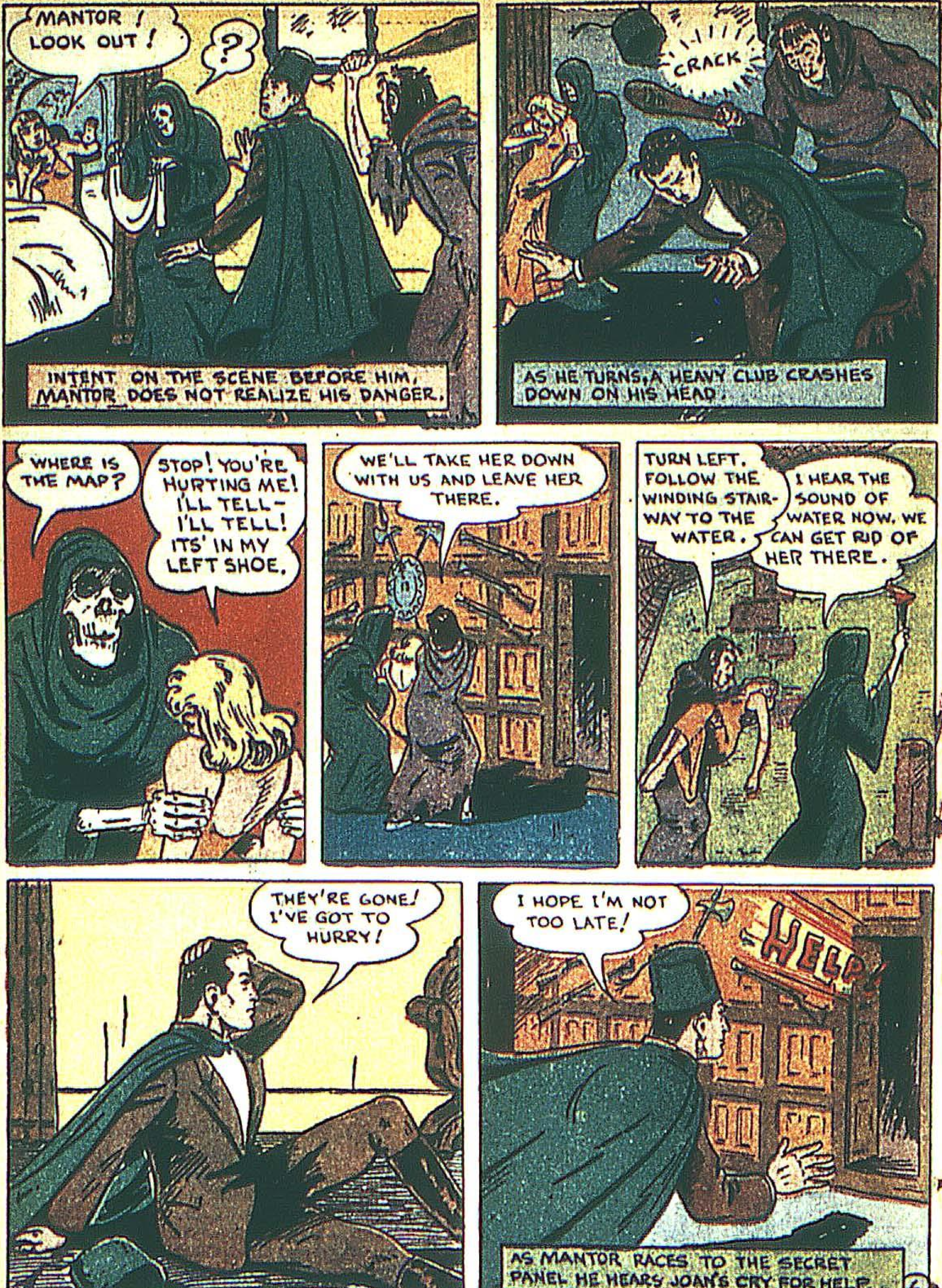

MANTOR
The MAGICIAN
HELP! HELP!
I MUST ACT QUICKLY!
MANTOR MAKES A GESTURE AND —
—MIRACULOUSLY A LIFE BELT SURROUNDS THE WOMAN AND SHE IS DRAWN ASHORE.
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR SAVING MY LIFE!
HOW DID YOU FALL IN THE RIVER?

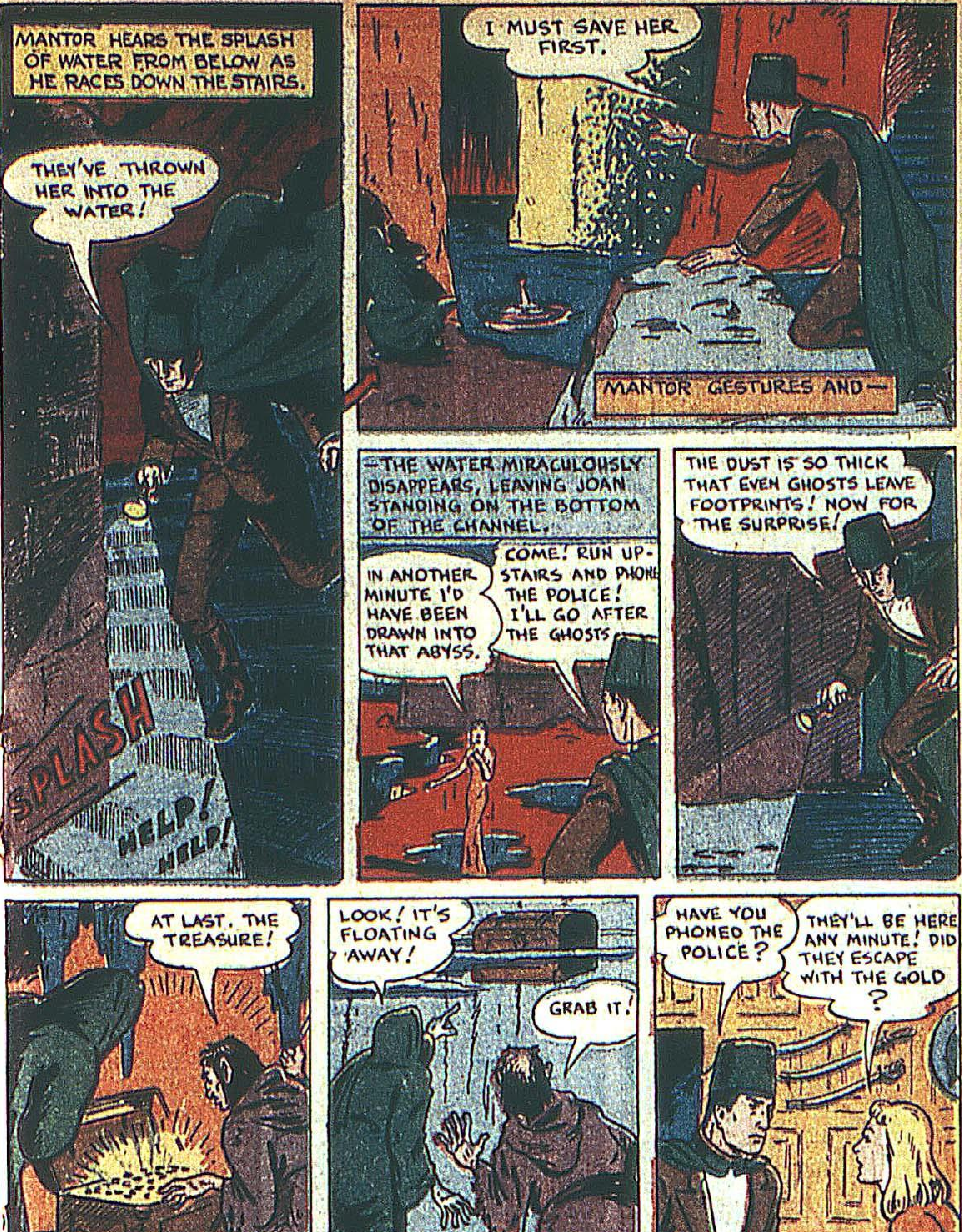

I DIDN'T FALL IN, I JUMPED IN— THEN REALIZED WHAT A FOOL I WAS! I WAS DRIVEN FRANTIC BY TERRIBLE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED TO ME!
PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU. TELL ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED.
MY NAME IS JOAN WINTERS. MY FATHER DIED RECENTLY AND LEFT ME HIS RIVER CASTLE. HE ALSO LEFT ME A STRANGE MAP, DIRECTING ME TO A HIDDEN TREASURE!
I SHOULD THINK THAT YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR.
BUT I HAVEN'T! HERE IS THE CASTLE— PLEASE HAVE DINNER WITH ME.
I WILL— IF YOU'LL LET ME HELP!
I WISH YOU WOULD! THIS IS SAUNDERS. HE WAS MY FATHER'S SERVANT FOR MANY YEARS.
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! EVERY NIGHT I HEAR STRANGE CRIES! I'M SURE THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED!
HAUNTED? I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!
2
HERE IS THE MAP OF THE TREASURE'S LOCATION.
JUST A MINUTE!
IT ISN'T POLITE TO EAVESDROP, SAUNDERS!
SAUNDERS! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
MANTOR GESTURES TOWARD THE DOORWAY AND THE DRAPES ARE SUDDENLY DRAWN ASIDE.

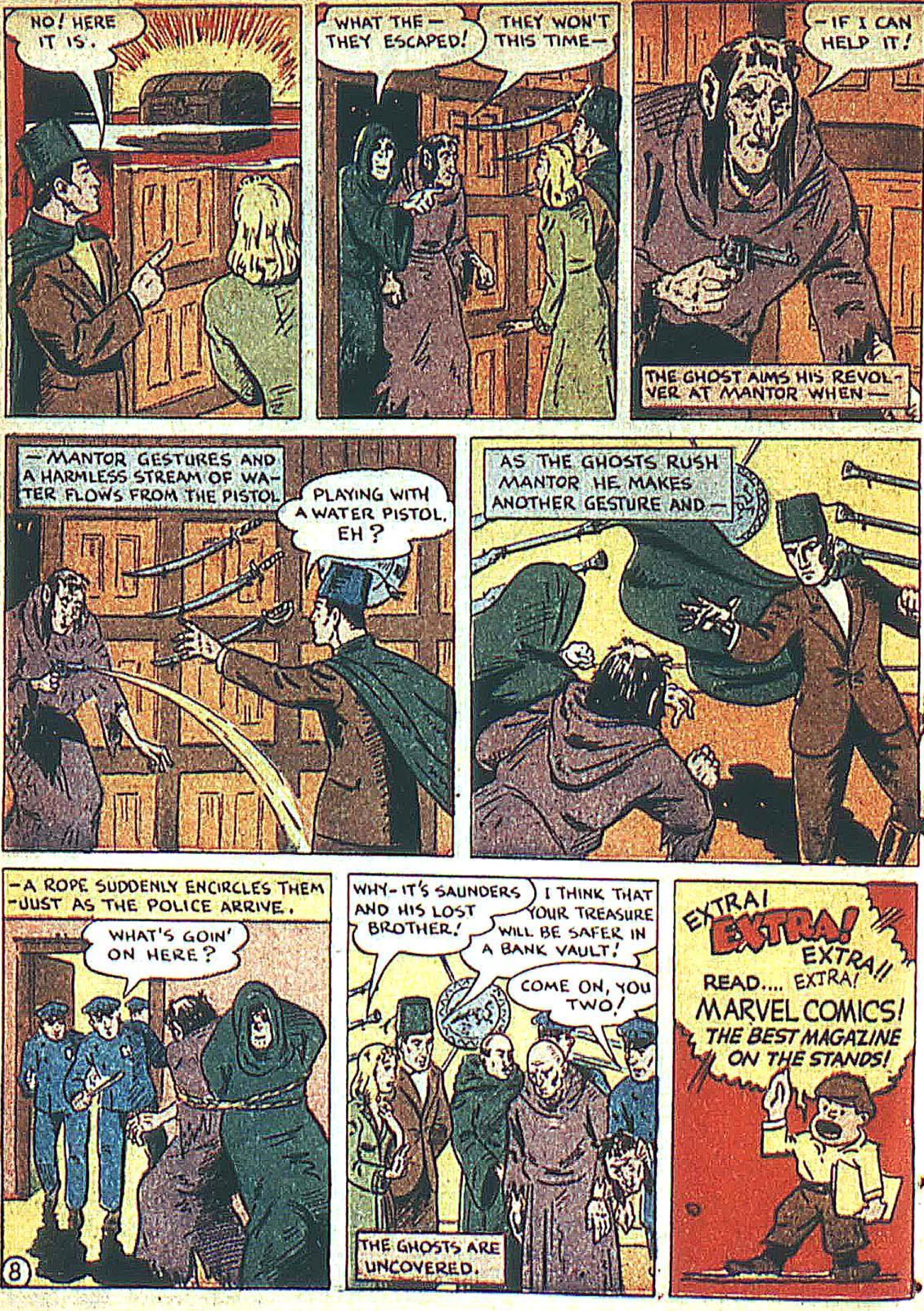

I WASN'T LISTENING, MISS WINTERS. I CAME TO SEE IF YOU WANTED ANYTHING.
PLEASE LEAVE THE ROOM AT ONCE!
HE FRIGHTENS ME WITH HIS STEALTHY WAYS. HIS BROTHER WAS OUR GARDNER, BUT HE DISAPPEARED SHORTLY AFTER MY FATHER DIED
ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS ON THIS MAP, WE MUST PRESS A SPOT IN THE WALL OF THE GUN ROOM WHICH WILL OPEN A SECRET PANEL LEADING TO A HIDDEN PASSAGE
AND THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON SHINING THROUGH THAT CRACK AT 2 A.M. WILL STRIKE THE SECRET BUTTON.
I'LL STAY IN THIS ROOM TO-NIGHT AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
BUT THOSE HORRIBLE GHOSTS — THEY WILL ATTACK YOU! EVERY NIGHT THEY ROAM THROUGH THE CASTLE!
I'LL SLEEP THERE UNTIL TWO O'CLOCK. WHEN THE MOON REVEALS THE BUTTON I'LL CALL YOU. YOU MUST LOCK YOURSELF IN YOUR ROOM UNTIL THEN.
3
BE CAREFUL!
DON'T WORRY. REMEMBER — KEEP YOUR DOOR LOCKED UNTIL I COME FOR YOU!

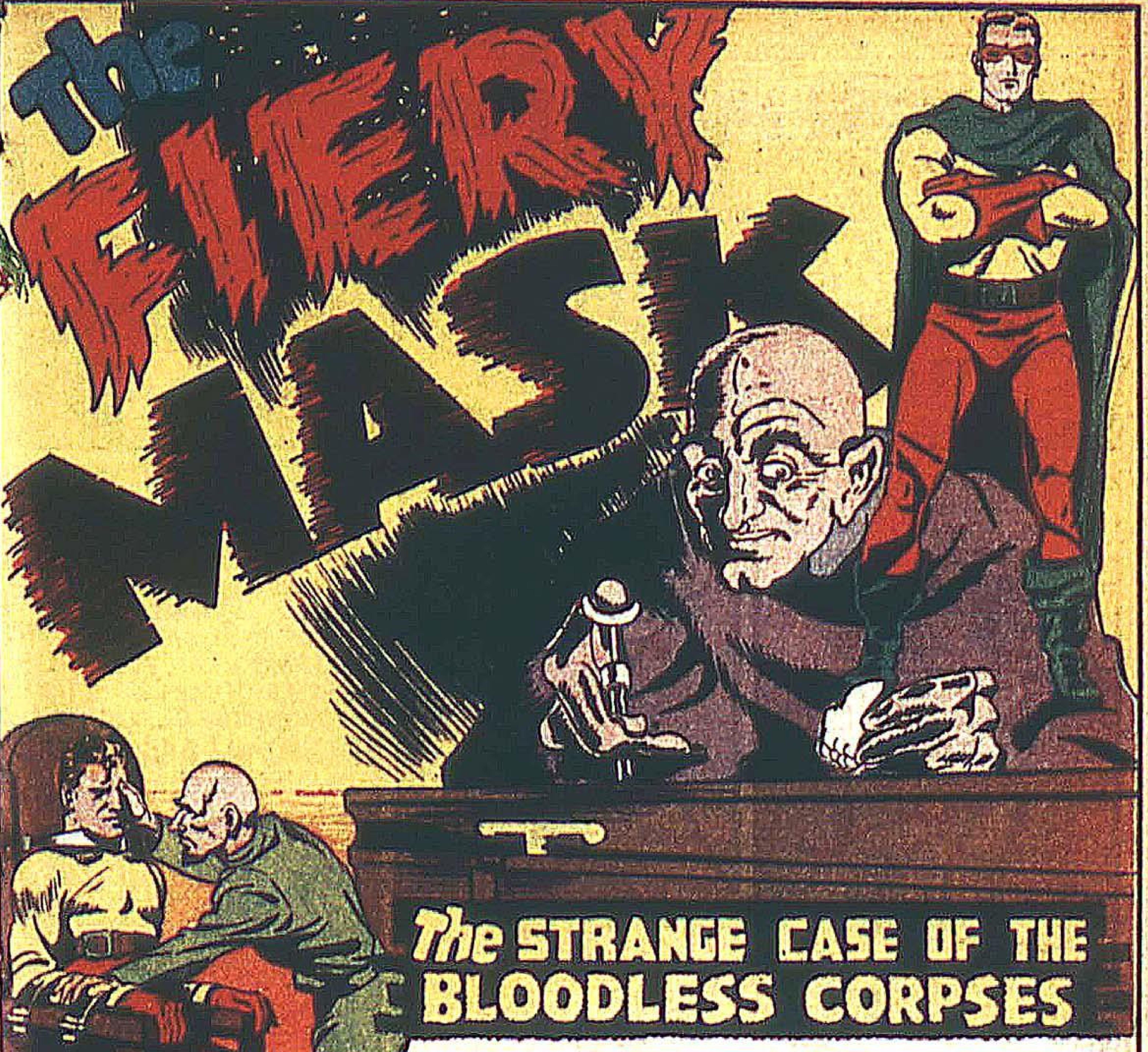

MANTOR GESTURES AND A LIKENESS OF HIMSELF APPEARS SLEEPING ON THE BED.
NOW I'M READY FOR THOSE GHOSTS
SOFTLY THE DOOR SWINGOPEN, REVEALING A HORRIBLY DEFORMED CREATURE.
IT ENTERS THE ROOM AND SWINGS A MIGHTY AXE AT THE HEAD OF MANTOR LIKENESS.
HERE, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
MANTOR STEPS FORWARD, FIRE SHOOTING FROM HIS EYES AND FINGERTIPS. THE GHOST RECOILS —
WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?
—AND RACES FROM THE ROOM.
DONG DONG
TWO O'CLOCK. NOW FOR THE MOONLIGHT!


THIS MUST BE IT.
MANTOR TRACES THE COURSE OF THE MOONBEAM —
HMM! A STAIRWAY LEADING DOWN!
— AND WHEN HE PRESSES THE BUTTON A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL OPENS.
HELP!
SUDDENLY THE NIGHT IS PIERCED BY A TERRIFYING SHRIEK.
THAT'S JOAN'S VOICE!
LOOKING THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE, MANTOR SEES A GHASTLY SIGHT.
HELP! HELP!
5
GOOD EVENING!
IN A FLASH MANTOR ENLARGES THE KEY-HOLE, AND AS HE STEPS THROUGH IT HE GESTURES, AND THE SWORD CHANGES TO A PIECE OF SILK.


MANTOR! LOOK OUT!
?
INTENT ON THE SCENE BEFORE HIM, MANTOR DOES NOT REALIZE HIS DANGER.
CRACK
AS HE TURNS, A HEAVY CLUB CRASHES DOWN ON HIS HEAD.
WHERE IS THE MAP?
STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME! I'LL TELL— I'LL TELL! ITS' IN MY LEFT SHOE.
WE'LL TAKE HER DOWN WITH US AND LEAVE HER THERE.
TURN LEFT. FOLLOW THE WINDING STAIRWAY TO THE WATER.
I HEAR THE SOUND OF WATER NOW. WE CAN GET RID OF HER THERE.
THEY'RE GONE! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
HELP!
AS MANTOR RACES TO THE SECRET PANEL HE HEARS JOAN'S CRY FOR HELP.


MANTOR HEARS THE SPLASH OF WATER FROM BELOW AS HE RACES DOWN THE STAIRS.
THEY'VE THROWN HER INTO THE WATER!
SPLASH
HELP! HELP!
I MUST SAVE HER FIRST.
MANTOR GESTURES AND—
—THE WATER MIRACULOUSLY DISAPPEARS, LEAVING JOAN STANDING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CHANNEL.
IN ANOTHER MINUTE I'D HAVE BEEN DRAWN INTO THAT ABYSS.
COME! RUN UPSTAIRS AND PHONE THE POLICE! I'LL GO AFTER THE GHOSTS.
THE DUST IS SO THICK THAT EVEN GHOSTS LEAVE FOOTPRINTS! NOW FOR THE SURPRISE!
AT LAST. THE TREASURE!
MEANWHILE—
LOOK! IT'S FLOATING AWAY!
GRAB IT!
SUDDENLY THE CHEST OF GOLD FLOATS UPWARD AND MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR!
HAVE YOU PHONED THE POLICE?
THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! DID THEY ESCAPE WITH THE GOLD?
7

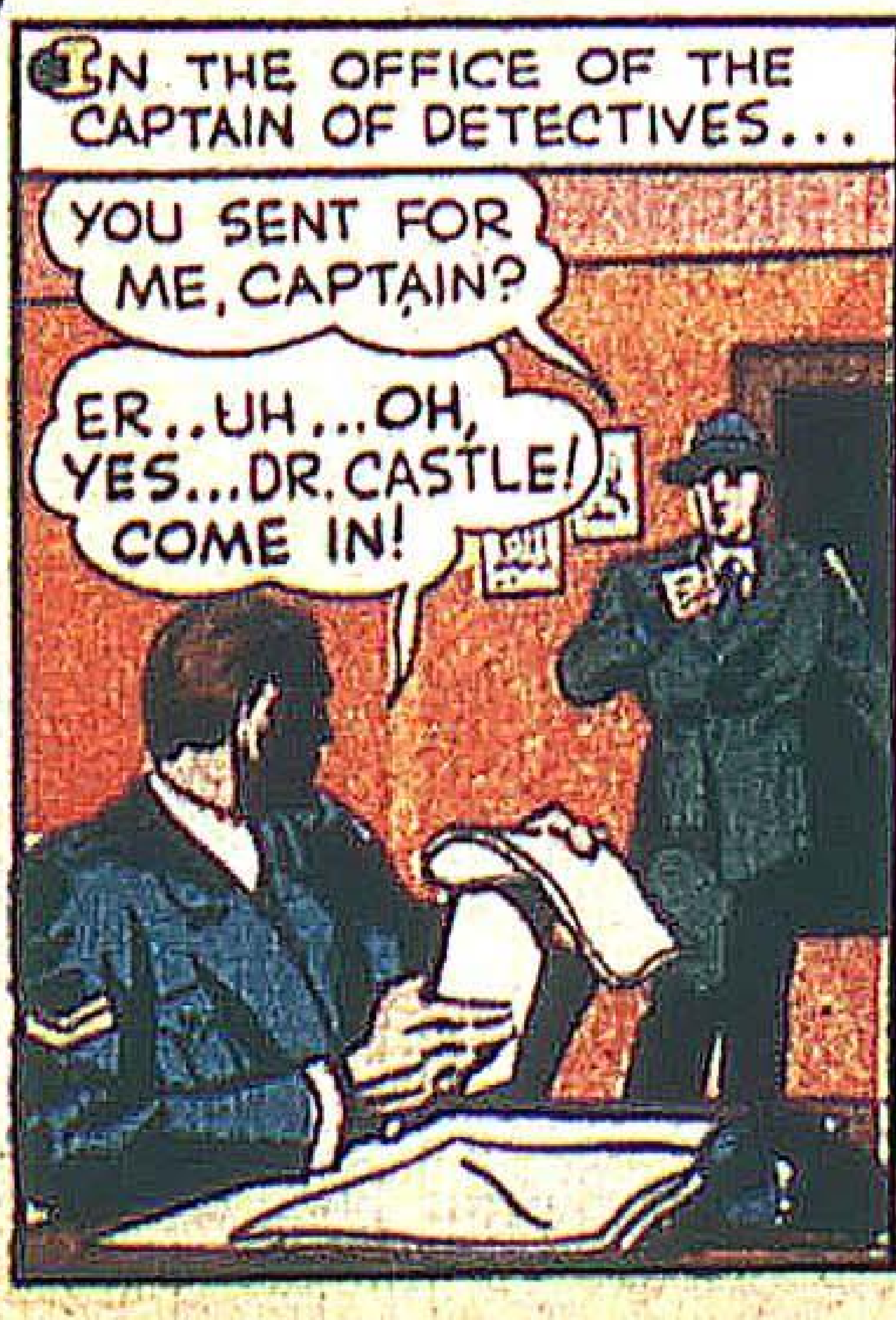

NO! HERE IT IS.
WHAT THE — THEY ESCAPED!
THEY WON'T THIS TIME —
— IF I CAN HELP IT!
THE GHOST AIMS HIS REVOLVER AT MANTOR WHEN —
— MANTOR GESTURES AND A HARMLESS STREAM OF WATER FLOWS FROM THE PISTOL
PLAYING WITH A WATER PISTOL, EH ?
AS THE GHOSTS RUSH MANTOR HE MAKES ANOTHER GESTURE AND —
— A ROPE SUDDENLY ENCIRCLES THEM — JUST AS THE POLICE ARRIVE.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE ?
8
WHY - IT'S SAUNDERS AND HIS LOST BROTHER!
I THINK THAT YOUR TREASURE WILL BE SAFER IN A BANK VAULT!
COME ON, YOU TWO!
THE GHOSTS ARE UNCOVERED.
EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!! READ.... EXTRA! MARVEL COMICS! THE BEST MAGAZINE ON THE STANDS!

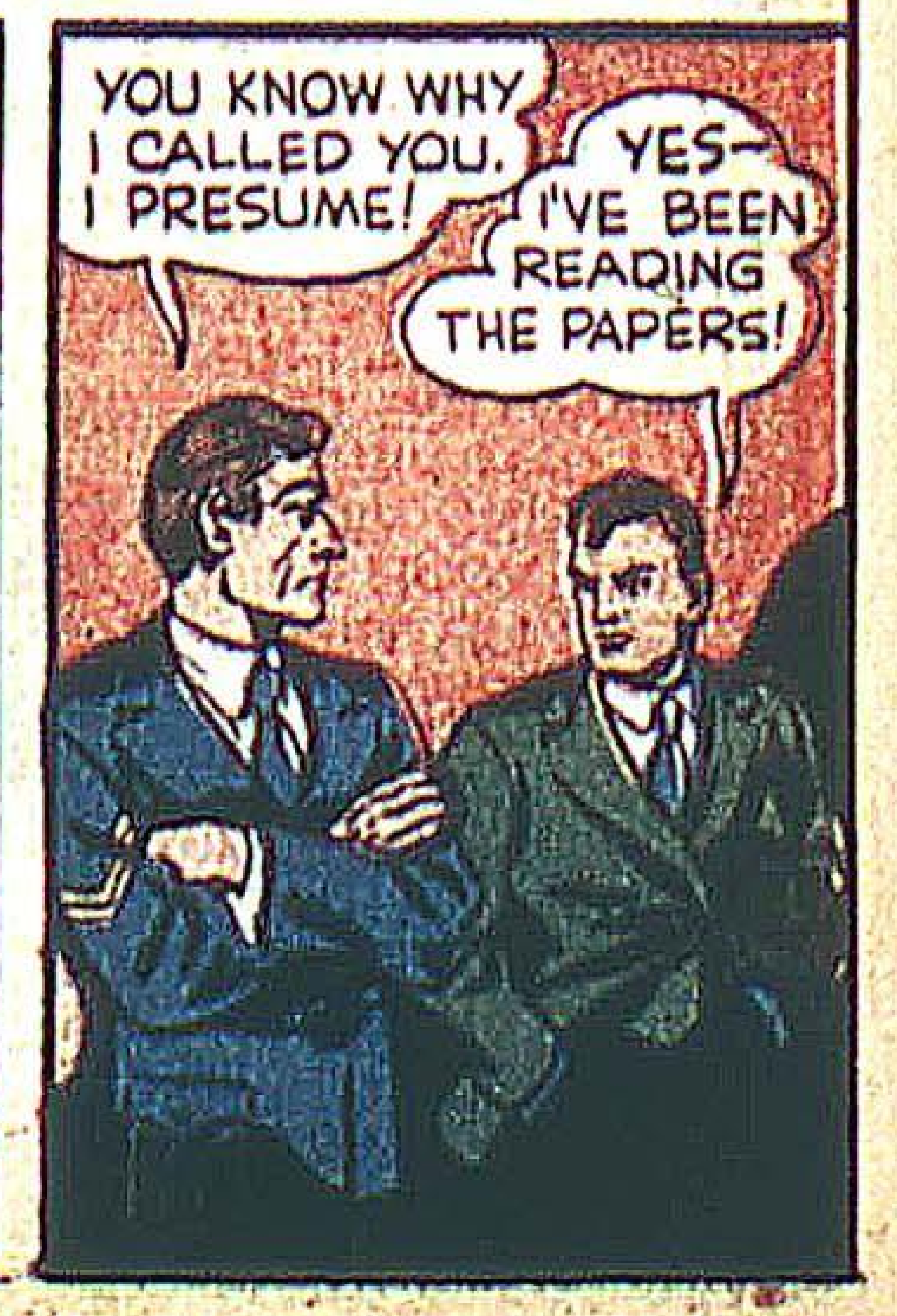


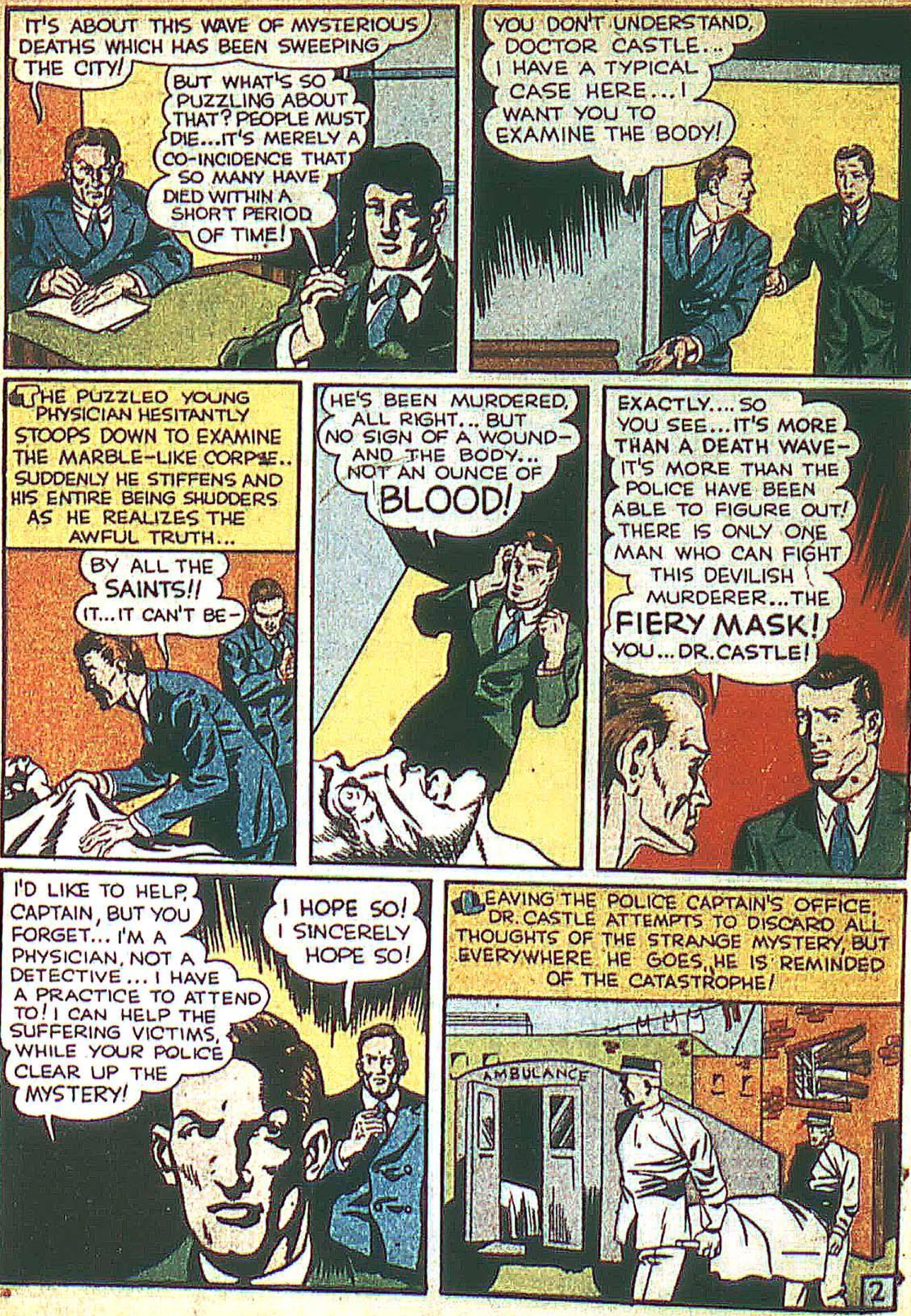
The FIERY MASK

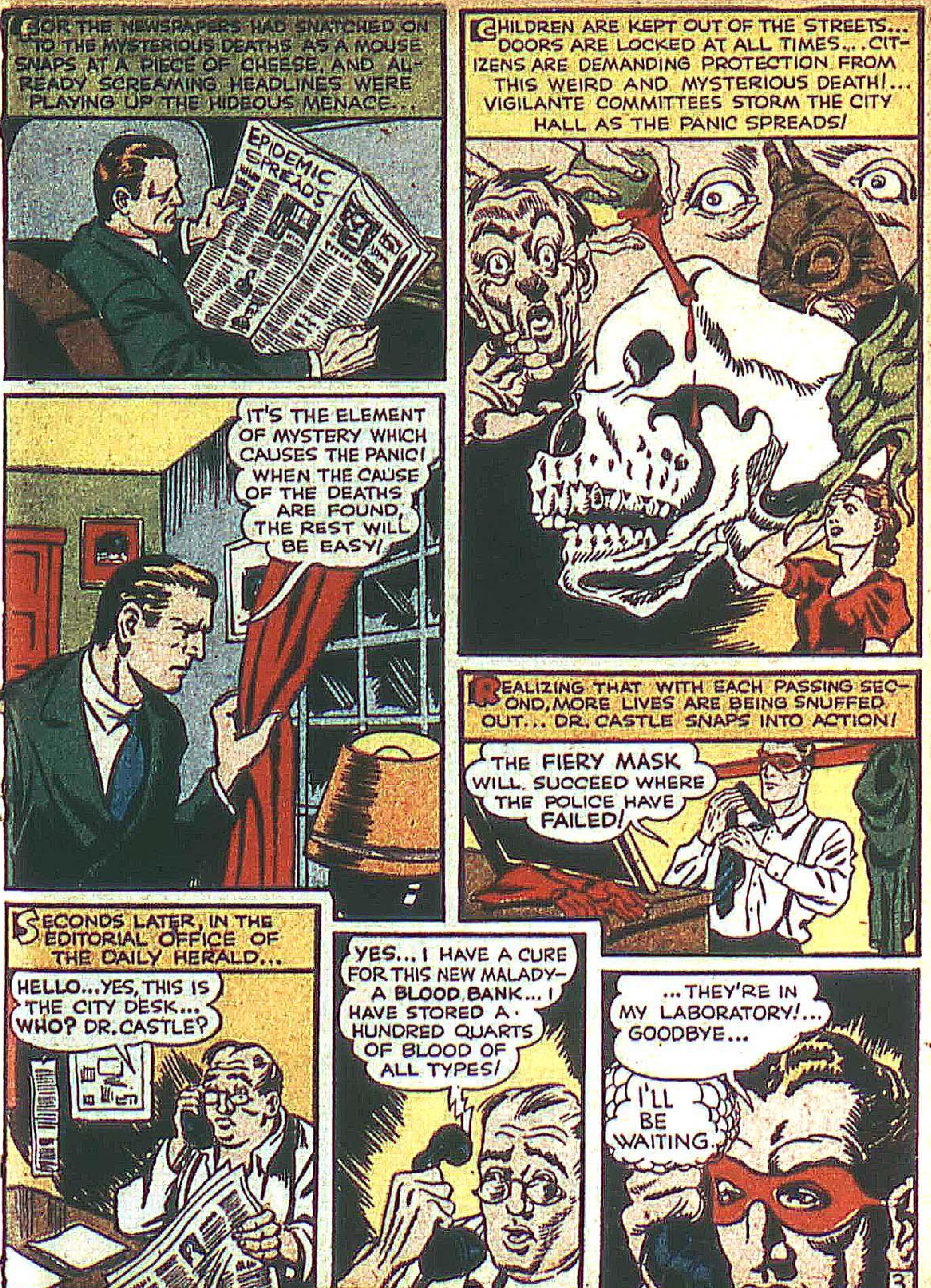
The STRANGE CASE OF THE BLOODLESS CORPSES

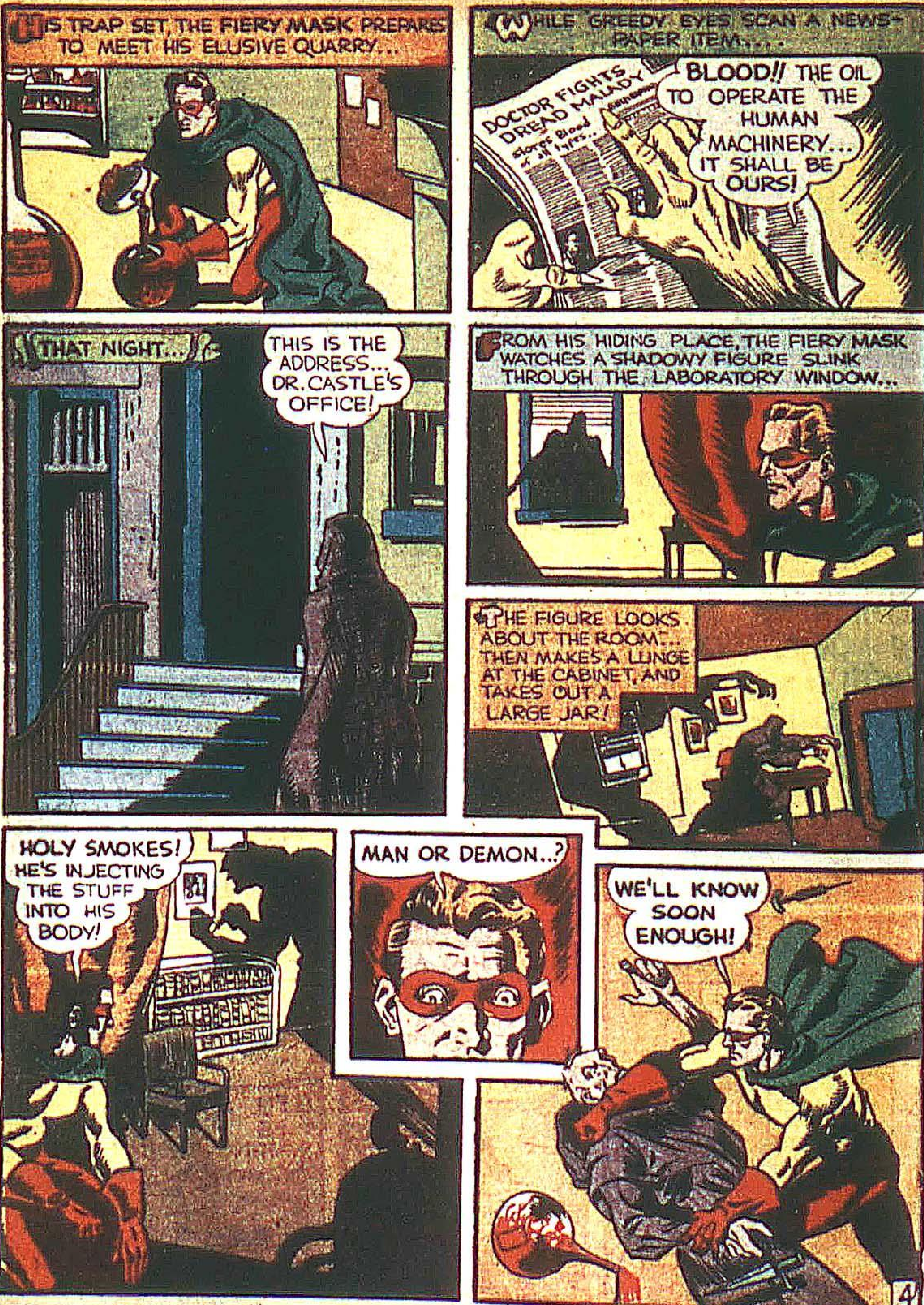
JACK CASTLE, A YOUNG PHYSICIAN ... BECAME ENDOWED WITH ALL THE POWERS OF THE ELEMENTS WHEN HE TANGLED WITH A MAD SCIENTIST IN HIS FIRST ESCAPADE AS A SPECIAL POLICE OFFICER.. HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH AND ABILITY TO CAST ELECTRICAL RAYS FROM HIS BODY HAVE EARNED HIM THE TITLE OF *The* FIERY MASK SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD!

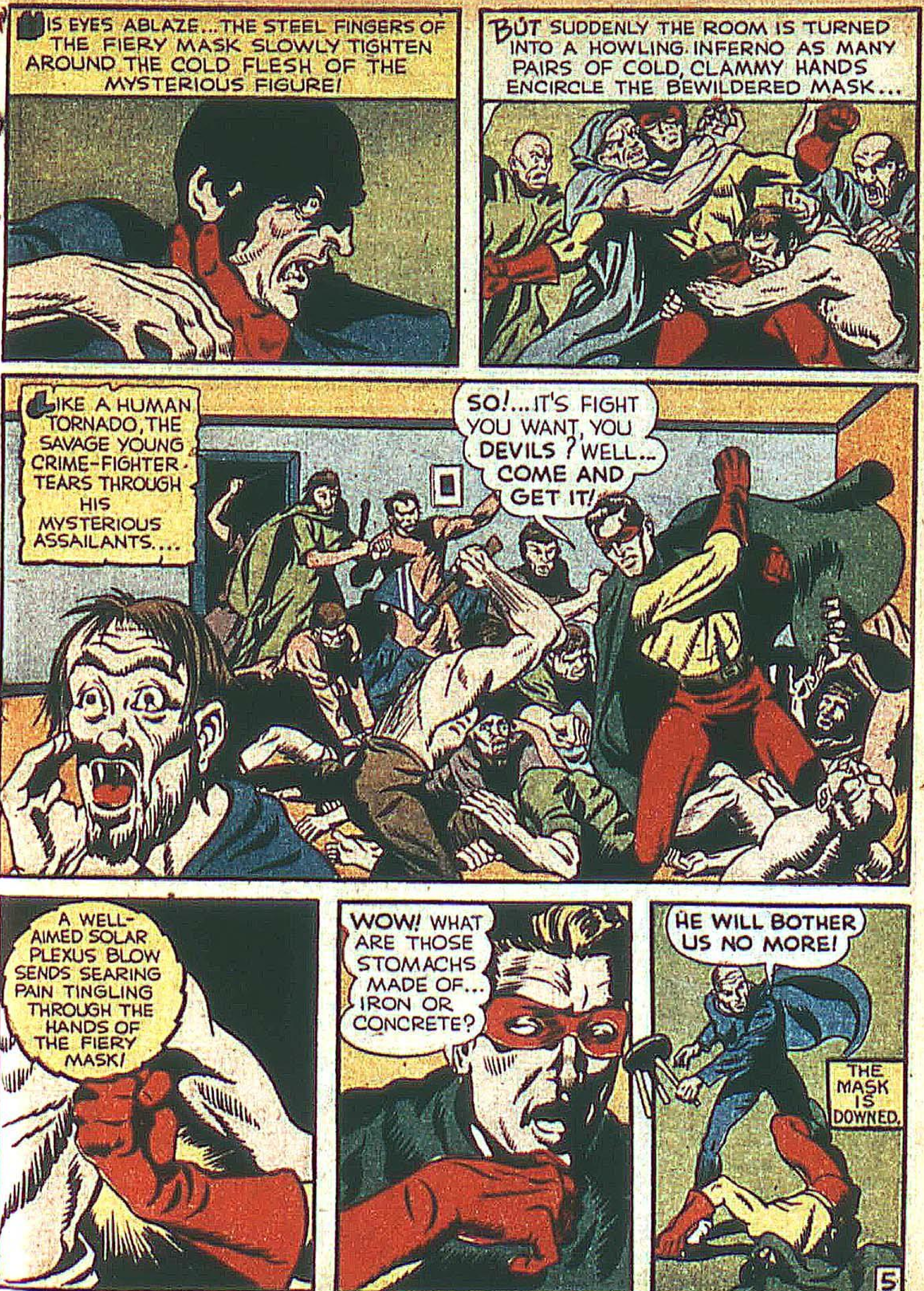

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES...
YOU SENT FOR ME, CAPTAIN?
ER..UH...OH, YES...DR. CASTLE! COME IN!

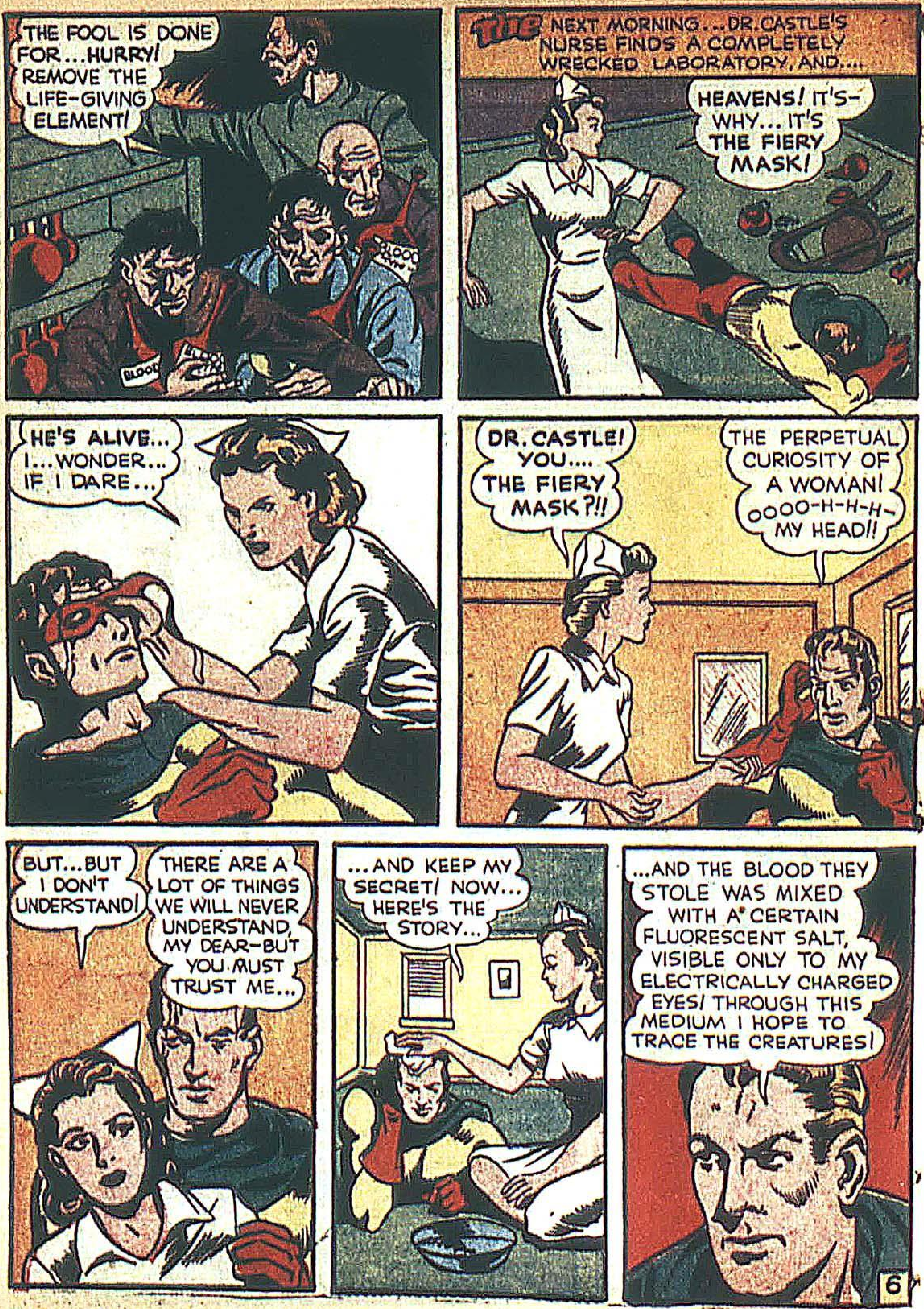

YOU KNOW WHY I CALLED YOU, I PRESUME!
YES— I'VE BEEN READING THE PAPERS!

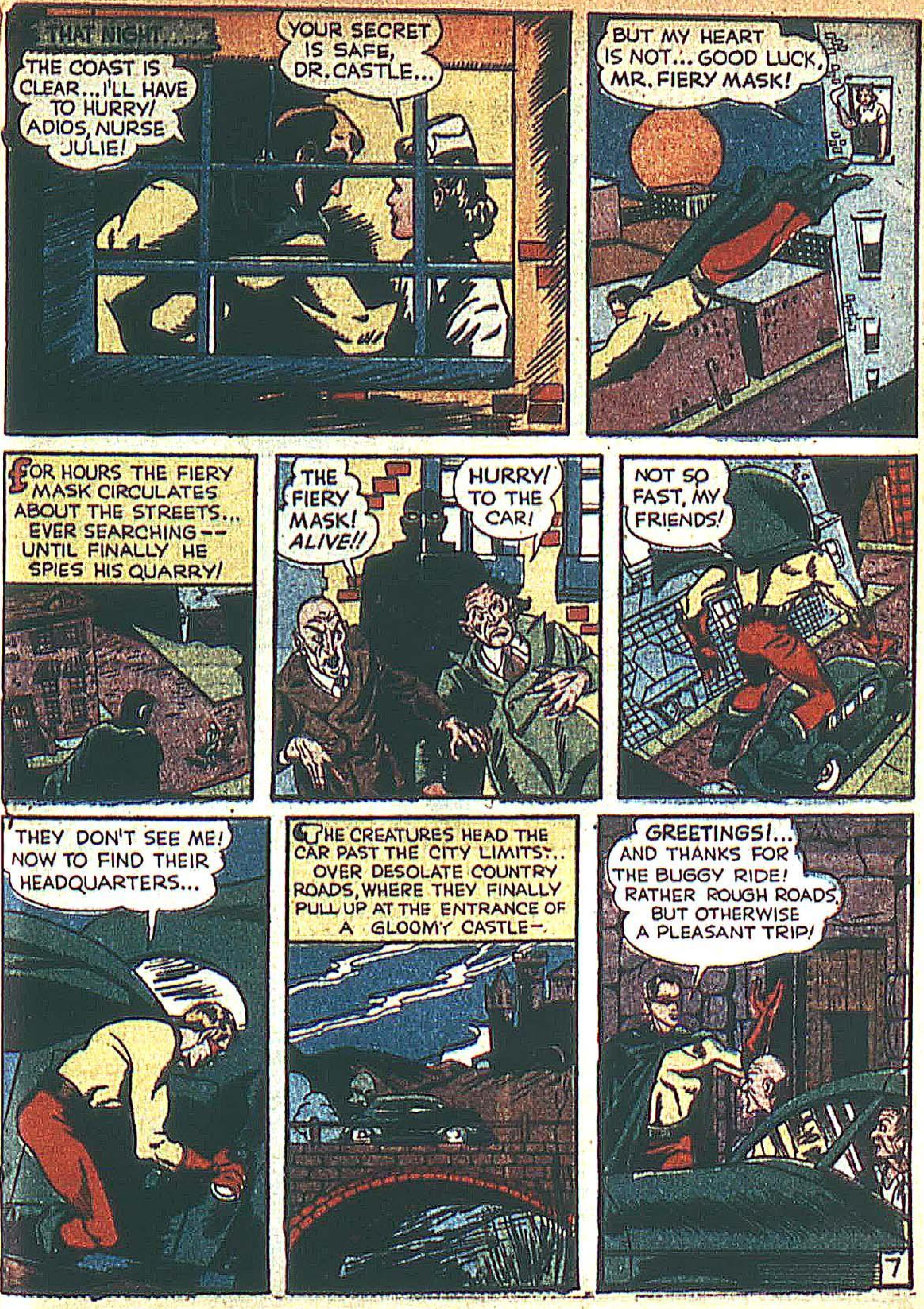

IT'S ABOUT THIS WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS DEATHS WHICH HAS BEEN SWEEPING THE CITY!
BUT WHAT'S SO PUZZLING ABOUT THAT? PEOPLE MUST DIE...IT'S MERELY A CO-INCIDENCE THAT SO MANY HAVE DIED WITHIN A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR CASTLE... I HAVE A TYPICAL CASE HERE...I WANT YOU TO EXAMINE THE BODY!
THE PUZZLED YOUNG PHYSICIAN HESITANTLY STOOPS DOWN TO EXAMINE THE MARBLE-LIKE CORPSE.. SUDDENLY HE STIFFENS AND HIS ENTIRE BEING SHUDDERS AS HE REALIZES THE AWFUL TRUTH...
BY ALL THE SAINTS!! IT...IT CAN'T BE-
HE'S BEEN MURDERED, ALL RIGHT... BUT NO SIGN OF A WOUND- AND THE BODY... NOT AN OUNCE OF BLOOD!
EXACTLY.... SO YOU SEE...IT'S MORE THAN A DEATH WAVE- IT'S MORE THAN THE POLICE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT! THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN FIGHT THIS DEVILISH MURDERER...THE FIERY MASK! YOU...DR. CASTLE!
I'D LIKE TO HELP, CAPTAIN, BUT YOU FORGET... I'M A PHYSICIAN, NOT A DETECTIVE... I HAVE A PRACTICE TO ATTEND TO! I CAN HELP THE SUFFERING VICTIMS, WHILE YOUR POLICE CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY!
I HOPE SO! I SINCERELY HOPE SO!
LEAVING THE POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, DR. CASTLE ATTEMPTS TO DISCARD ALL THOUGHTS OF THE STRANGE MYSTERY, BUT EVERYWHERE HE GOES, HE IS REMINDED OF THE CATASTROPHE!
AMBULANCE
2

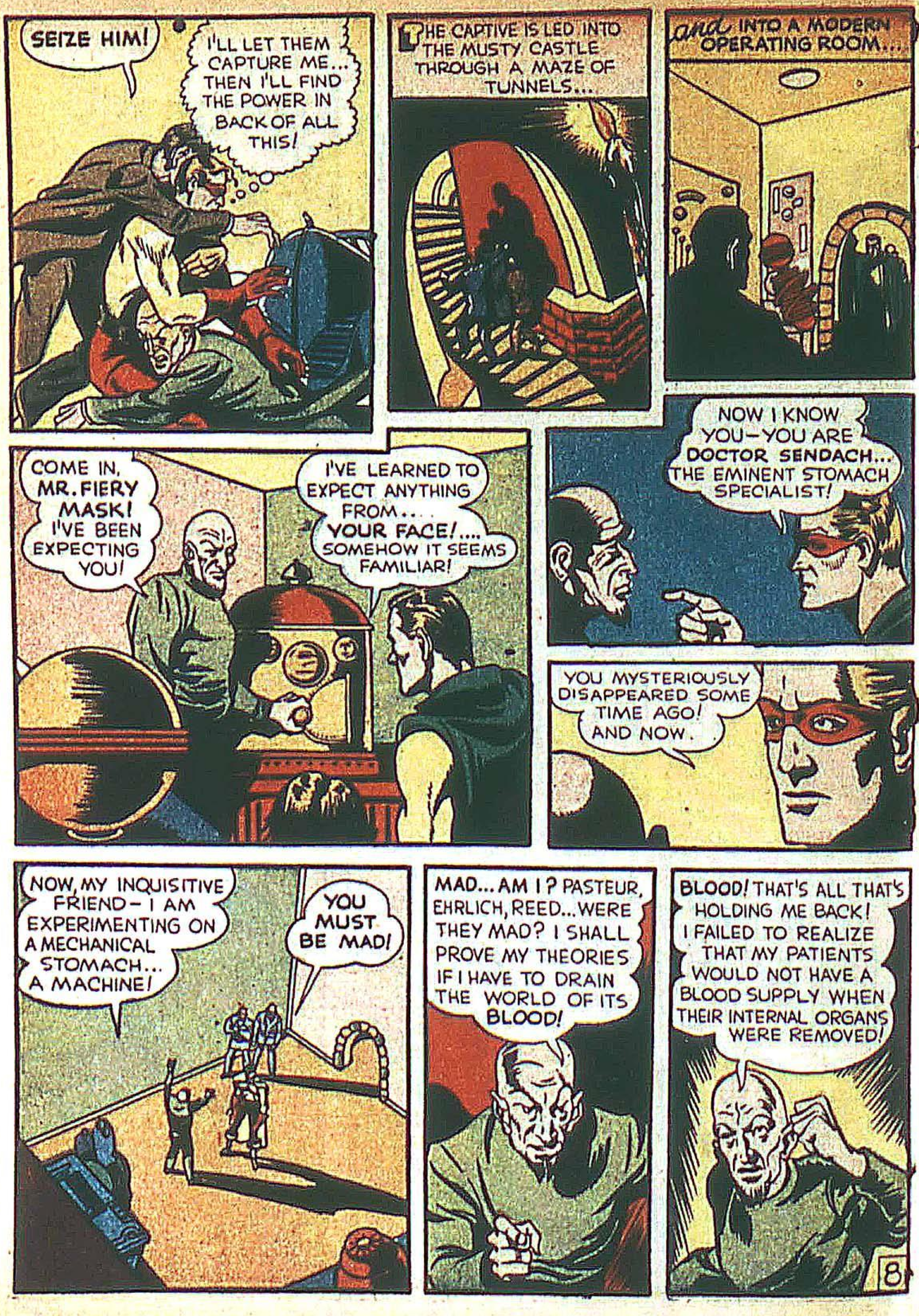

FOR THE NEWSPAPERS HAD SNATCHED ON TO THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AS A MOUSE SNAPS AT A PIECE OF CHEESE, AND ALREADY SCREAMING HEADLINES WERE PLAYING UP THE HIDEOUS MENACE...
EPIDEMIC SPREADS
CHILDREN ARE KEPT OUT OF THE STREETS... DOORS ARE LOCKED AT ALL TIMES... CITIZENS ARE DEMANDING PROTECTION FROM THIS WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH!... VIGILANTE COMMITTEES STORM THE CITY HALL AS THE PANIC SPREADS!
IT'S THE ELEMENT OF MYSTERY WHICH CAUSES THE PANIC! WHEN THE CAUSE OF THE DEATHS ARE FOUND, THE REST WILL BE EASY!
REALIZING THAT WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, MORE LIVES ARE BEING SNUFFED OUT... DR. CASTLE SNAPS INTO ACTION!
THE FIERY MASK WILL SUCCEED WHERE THE POLICE HAVE FAILED!
SECONDS LATER, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY HERALD...
HELLO... YES, THIS IS THE CITY DESK... WHO? DR. CASTLE?
YES... I HAVE A CURE FOR THIS NEW MALADY— A BLOOD BANK... I HAVE STORED A HUNDRED QUARTS OF BLOOD OF ALL TYPES!
...THEY'RE IN MY LABORATORY!... GOODBYE...
I'LL BE WAITING.

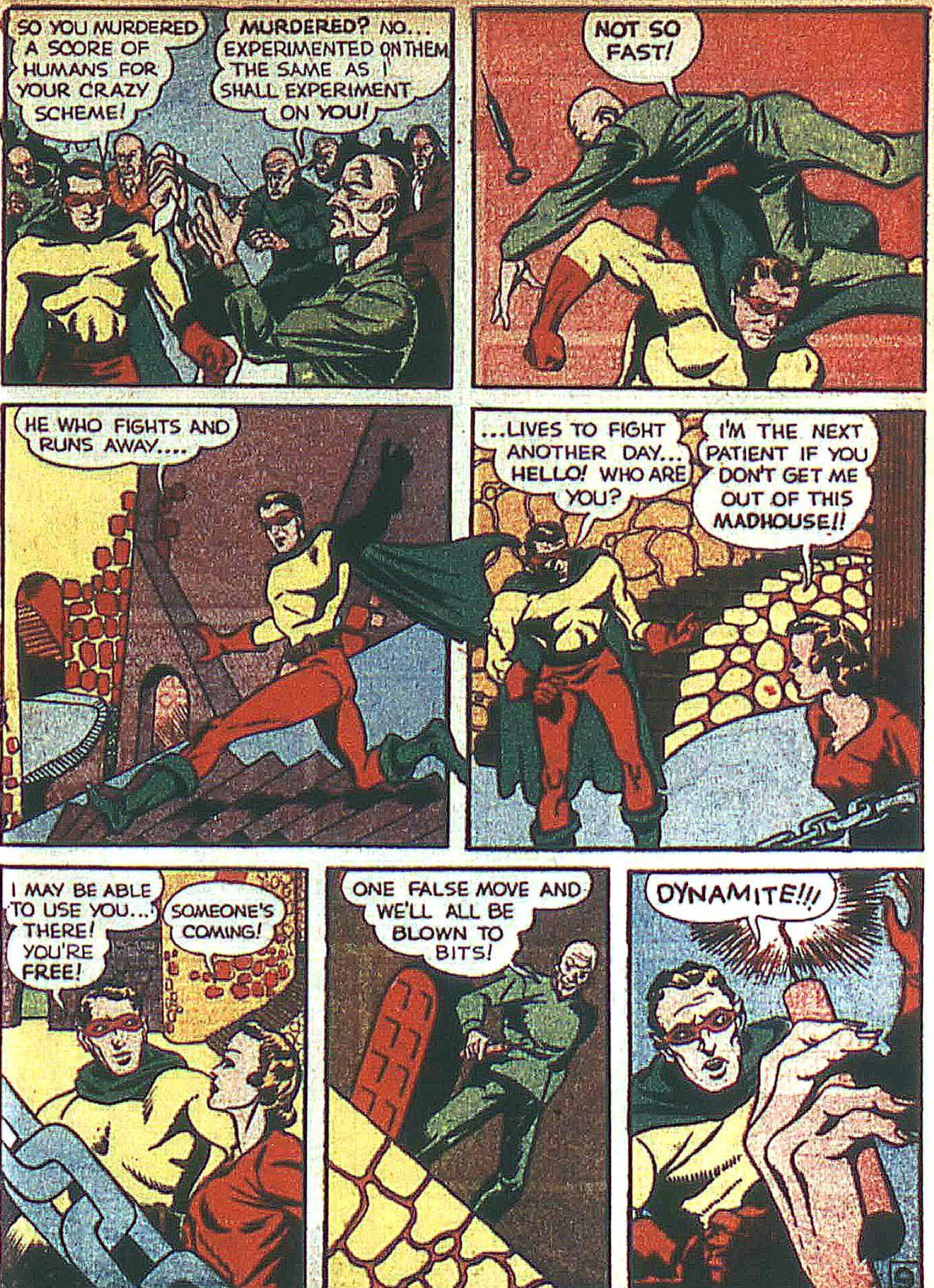

HIS TRAP SET, THE FIERY MASK PREPARES TO MEET HIS ELUSIVE QUARRY...
WHILE GREEDY EYES SCAN A NEWSPAPER ITEM...
DOCTOR FIGHTS DREAD MALADY
stores Blood of all types...
BLOOD!! THE OIL TO OPERATE THE HUMAN MACHINERY... IT SHALL BE OURS!
THAT NIGHT...
THIS IS THE ADDRESS... DR. CASTLE'S OFFICE!
FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, THE FIERY MASK WATCHES A SHADOWY FIGURE SLINK THROUGH THE LABORATORY WINDOW...
THE FIGURE LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM... THEN MAKES A LUNGE AT THE CABINET, AND TAKES OUT A LARGE JAR!
HOLY SMOKES! HE'S INJECTING THE STUFF INTO HIS BODY!
MAN OR DEMON..?
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!
4

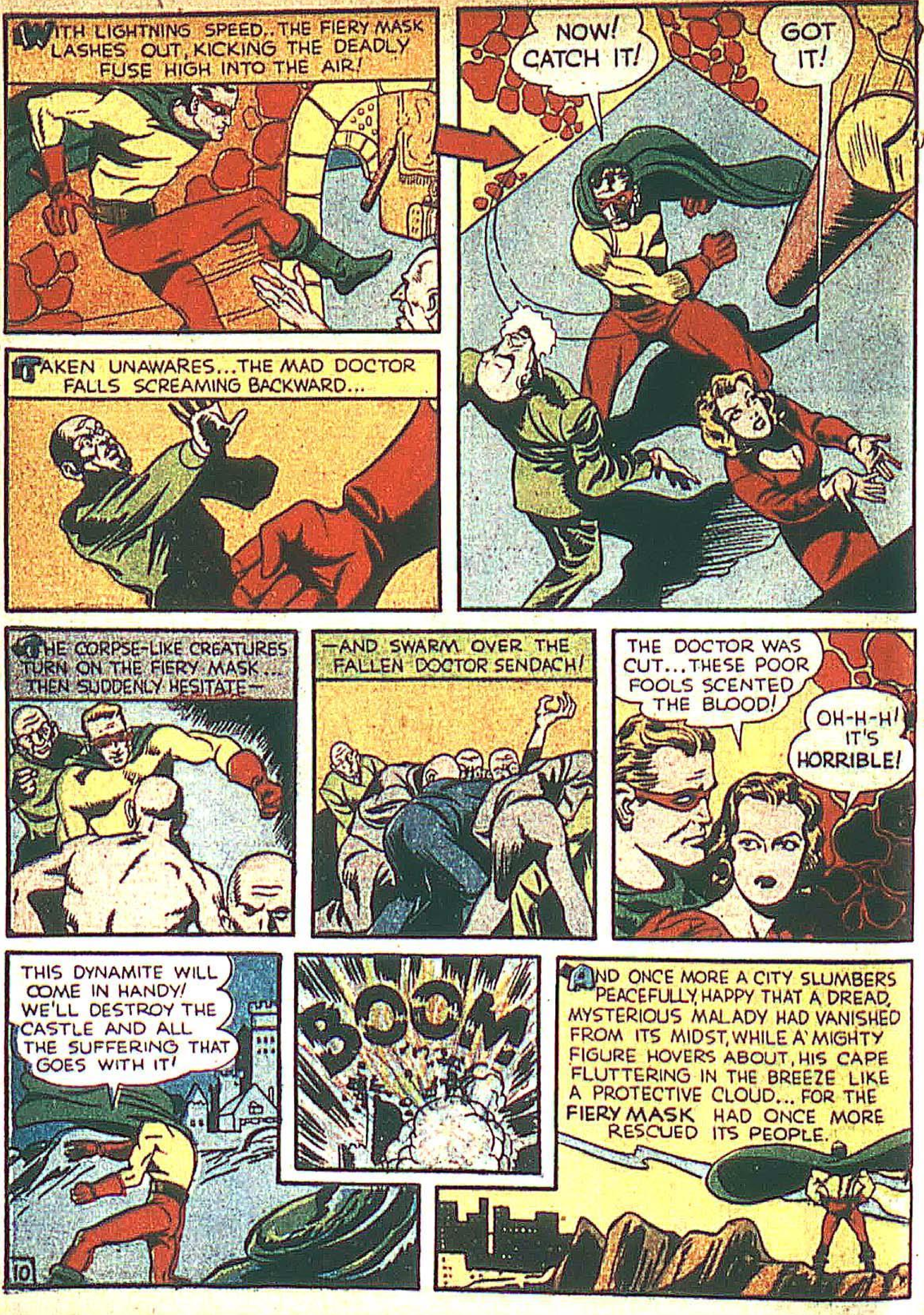

HIS EYES ABLAZE...THE STEEL FINGERS OF THE FIERY MASK SLOWLY TIGHTEN AROUND THE COLD FLESH OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE!
BUT SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS TURNED INTO A HOWLING INFERNO AS MANY PAIRS OF COLD, CLAMMY HANDS ENCIRCLE THE BEWILDERED MASK...
LIKE A HUMAN TORNADO, THE SAVAGE YOUNG CRIME-FIGHTER TEARS THROUGH HIS MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANTS....
SO!...IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU DEVILS? WELL... COME AND GET IT!
A WELL-AIMED SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW SENDS SEARING PAIN TINGLING THROUGH THE HANDS OF THE FIERY MASK!
WOW! WHAT ARE THOSE STOMACHS MADE OF... IRON OR CONCRETE?
HE WILL BOTHER US NO MORE!
THE MASK IS DOWNED.

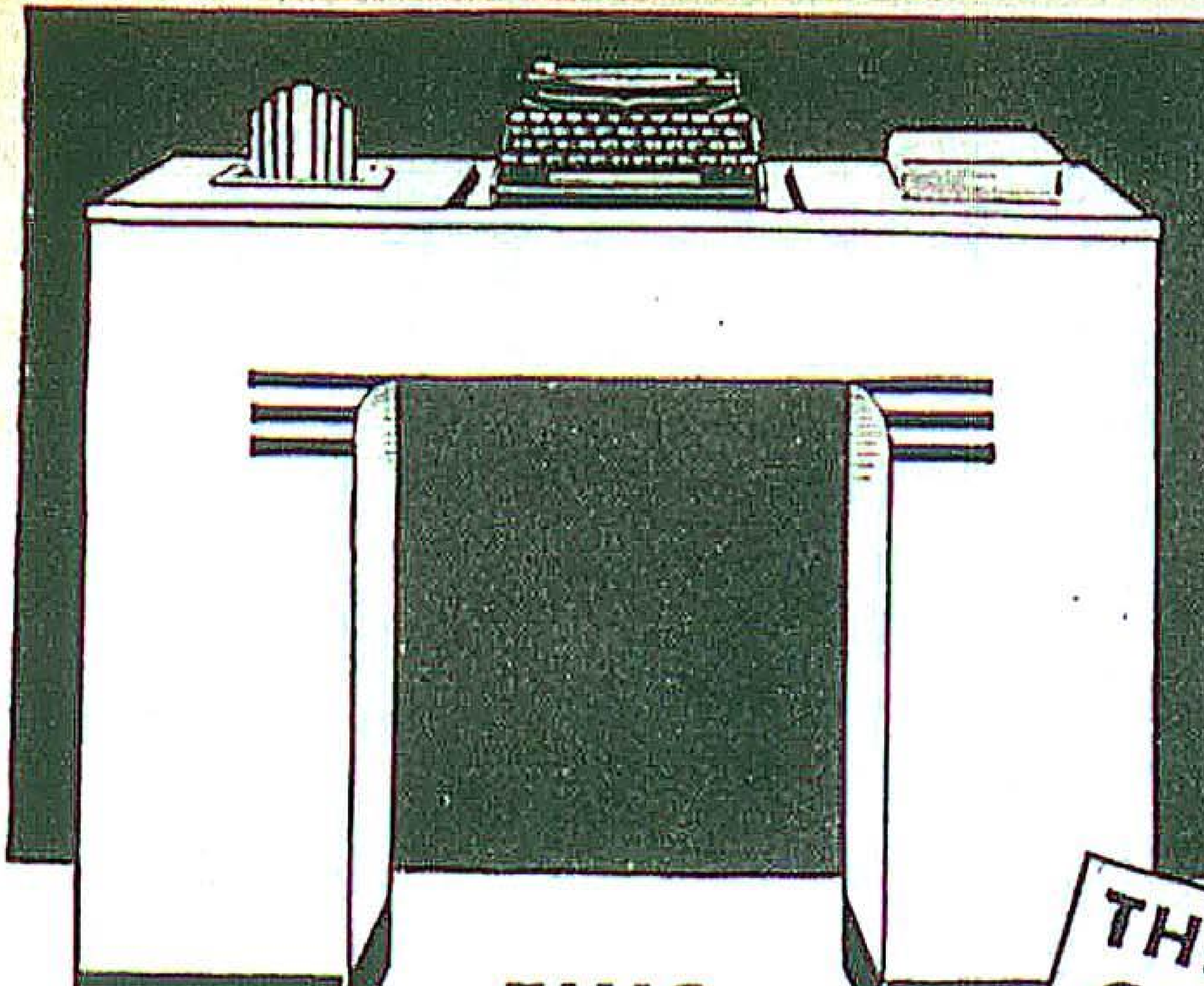

THE FOOL IS DONE FOR...HURRY! REMOVE THE LIFE-GIVING ELEMENT!
BLOOD
BLOOD
THE NEXT MORNING...DR. CASTLE'S NURSE FINDS A COMPLETELY WRECKED LABORATORY, AND....
HEAVENS! IT'S— WHY... IT'S THE FIERY MASK!
HE'S ALIVE... I... WONDER... IF I DARE...
DR. CASTLE! YOU.... THE FIERY MASK?!!
THE PERPETUAL CURIOSITY OF A WOMAN! OOOO-H-H-H— MY HEAD!!
BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND, MY DEAR—BUT YOU MUST TRUST ME...
...AND KEEP MY SECRET! NOW... HERE'S THE STORY...
...AND THE BLOOD THEY STOLE WAS MIXED WITH A CERTAIN FLUORESCENT SALT, VISIBLE ONLY TO MY ELECTRICALLY CHARGED EYES! THROUGH THIS MEDIUM I HOPE TO TRACE THE CREATURES!


THAT NIGHT...
THE COAST IS CLEAR... I'LL HAVE TO HURRY! ADIOS, NURSE JULIE!
YOUR SECRET IS SAFE, DR. CASTLE...
BUT MY HEART IS NOT... GOOD LUCK, MR. FIERY MASK!
FOR HOURS THE FIERY MASK CIRCULATES ABOUT THE STREETS... EVER SEARCHING-- UNTIL FINALLY HE SPIES HIS QUARRY!
THE FIERY MASK! *ALIVE!!*
HURRY! TO THE CAR!
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS!
THEY DON'T SEE ME! NOW TO FIND THEIR HEADQUARTERS...
THE CREATURES HEAD THE CAR PAST THE CITY LIMITS... OVER DESOLATE COUNTRY ROADS, WHERE THEY FINALLY PULL UP AT THE ENTRANCE OF A GLOOMY CASTLE-
GREETINGS!... AND THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE! RATHER ROUGH ROADS, BUT OTHERWISE A PLEASANT TRIP!


SEIZE HIM!
I'LL LET THEM CAPTURE ME... THEN I'LL FIND THE POWER IN BACK OF ALL THIS!
THE CAPTIVE IS LED INTO THE MUSTY CASTLE THROUGH A MAZE OF TUNNELS...
and INTO A MODERN OPERATING ROOM...
COME IN, MR. FIERY MASK! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
I'VE LEARNED TO EXPECT ANYTHING FROM... YOUR FACE!.... SOMEHOW IT SEEMS FAMILIAR!
NOW I KNOW YOU—YOU ARE DOCTOR SENDACH... THE EMINENT STOMACH SPECIALIST!
YOU MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED SOME TIME AGO! AND NOW.
NOW, MY INQUISITIVE FRIEND—I AM EXPERIMENTING ON A MECHANICAL STOMACH... A MACHINE!
YOU MUST BE MAD!
MAD... AM I? PASTEUR, EHRLICH, REED... WERE THEY MAD? I SHALL PROVE MY THEORIES IF I HAVE TO DRAIN THE WORLD OF ITS BLOOD!
BLOOD! THAT'S ALL THAT'S HOLDING ME BACK! I FAILED TO REALIZE THAT MY PATIENTS WOULD NOT HAVE A BLOOD SUPPLY WHEN THEIR INTERNAL ORGANS WERE REMOVED!


SO YOU MURDERED A SCORE OF HUMANS FOR YOUR CRAZY SCHEME!
MURDERED? NO... EXPERIMENTED ON THEM THE SAME AS I SHALL EXPERIMENT ON YOU!
NOT SO FAST!
HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY....
...LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY... HELLO! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE NEXT PATIENT IF YOU DON'T GET ME OUT OF THIS MADHOUSE!!
I MAY BE ABLE TO USE YOU... THERE! YOU'RE FREE!
SOMEONE'S COMING!
ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
DYNAMITE!!!


WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.. THE FIERY MASK LASHES OUT, KICKING THE DEADLY FUSE HIGH INTO THE AIR!
NOW! CATCH IT!
GOT IT!
TAKEN UNAWARES... THE MAD DOCTOR FALLS SCREAMING BACKWARD...
THE CORPSE-LIKE CREATURES TURN ON THE FIERY MASK... THEN SUDDENLY HESITATE—
—AND SWARM OVER THE FALLEN DOCTOR SENDACH!
THE DOCTOR WAS CUT... THESE POOR FOOLS SCENTED THE BLOOD!
OH-H-H! IT'S HORRIBLE!
THIS DYNAMITE WILL COME IN HANDY! WE'LL DESTROY THE CASTLE AND ALL THE SUFFERING THAT GOES WITH IT!
BOOM
AND ONCE MORE A CITY SLUMBERS PEACEFULLY, HAPPY THAT A DREAD, MYSTERIOUS MALADY HAD VANISHED FROM ITS MIDST, WHILE A MIGHTY FIGURE HOVERS ABOUT, HIS CAPE FLUTTERING IN THE BREEZE LIKE A PROTECTIVE CLOUD... FOR THE FIERY MASK HAD ONCE MORE RESCUED ITS PEOPLE.



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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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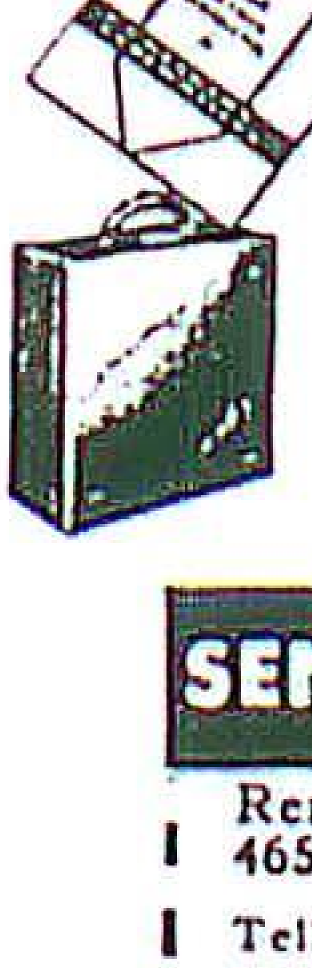
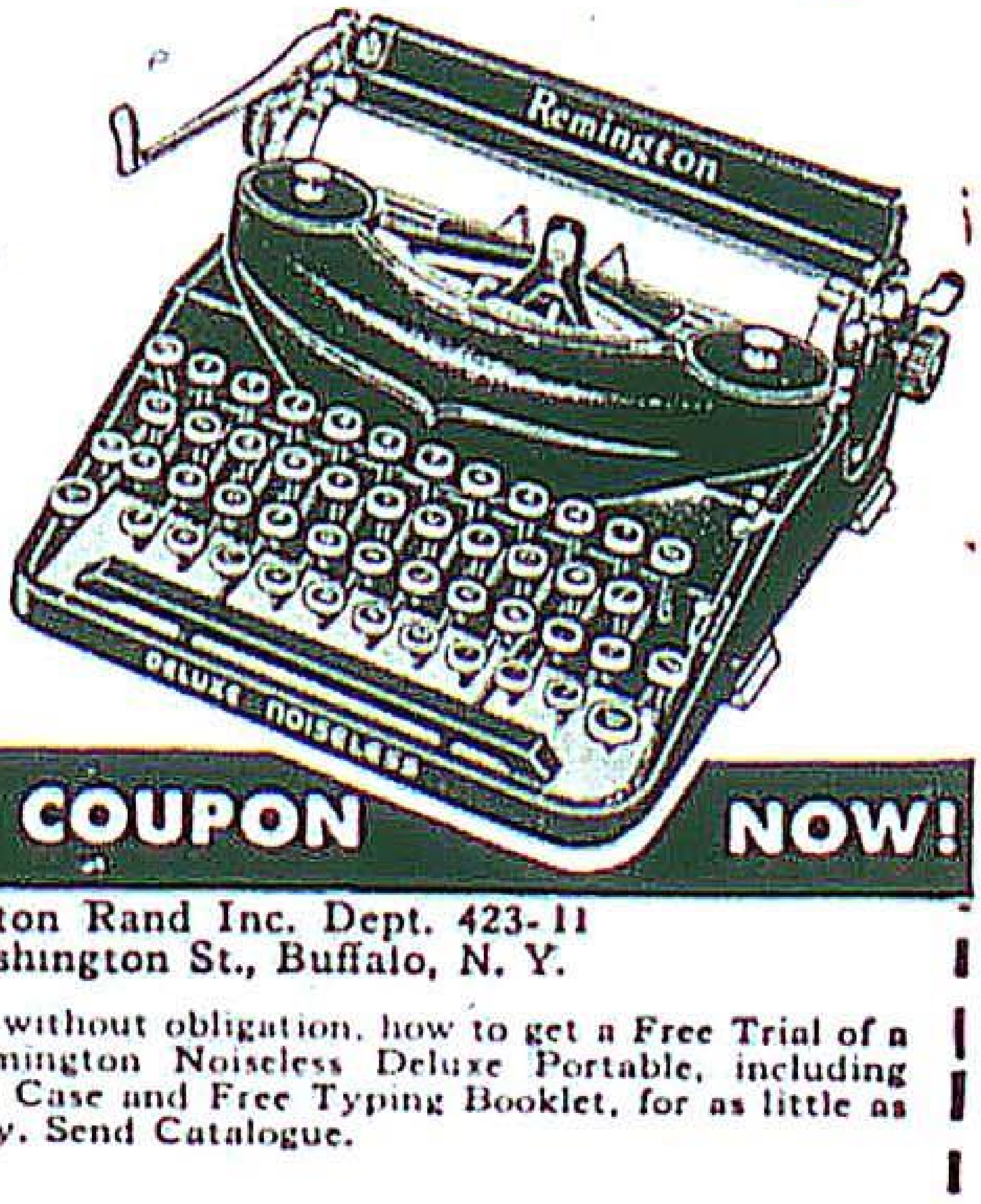
The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trail, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.





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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

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1000-shot repeater. Sell one order.

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Sell one order.

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Given for selling one order.

Sell one
order and get
your choice of
Eastman
Cameras.

5-pc. Train
outfit with track.
Sell one
order.

Electric
Movie Outfit. Sell one order.

10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set.
Given for selling only one order.

GENE AUTRY
HOLSTER SET

FREE RING

Be a "two-gun" cowboy—
belt, two holsters, two
Gene Autry revolvers,
all given for selling
one order. Gene Autry Ring FREE.

Yale
Football
Set. Given for
selling one order

BOYS! GIRLS! Here are swell prizes for You—or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here, or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors—a bargain at 10c! When sold return the money and choose your prize. It is sent AT ONCE.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 610, LANCASTER, PA.

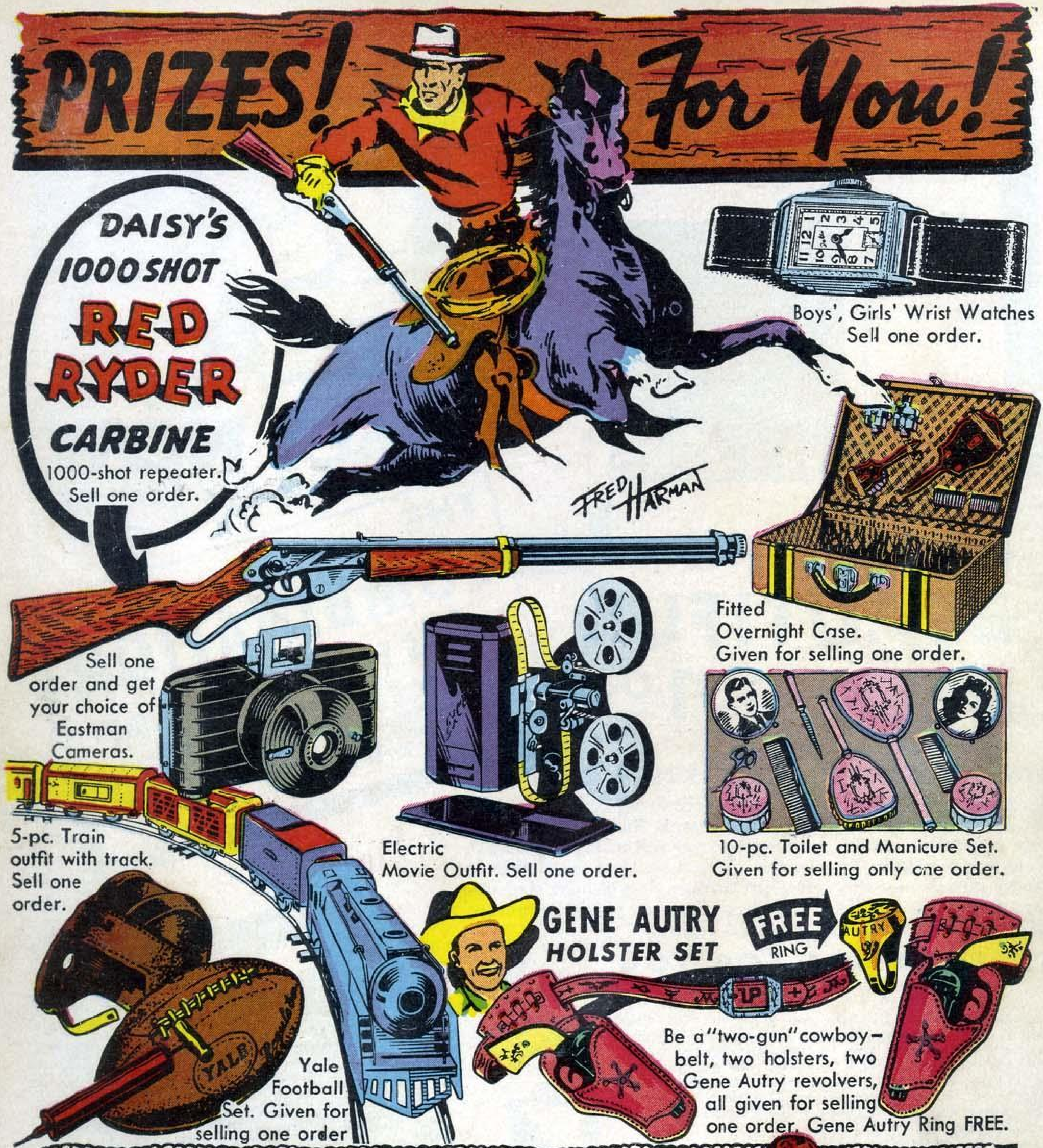
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 610, Lancaster, Pa.
Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize.
My choice of prize is __________

Name __________

Street Address
or R.F.D Box __________

City __________

State __________



1000-shot repeater. Sell one order.

Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches Sell one order.

Fitted Overnight Case. Given for selling one order.

Sell one order and get your choice of Eastman Cameras.

5-pc. Train outfit with track. Sell one order.

Electric Movie Outfit. Sell one order.

10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set. Given for selling only one order.

Be a "two-gun" cowboy—belt, two holsters, two Gene Autry revolvers, all given for selling one order. Gene Autry Ring FREE.

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